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NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Dar-Es-Salaam calling

AFRICA
THE BRIGHT CONTINENT

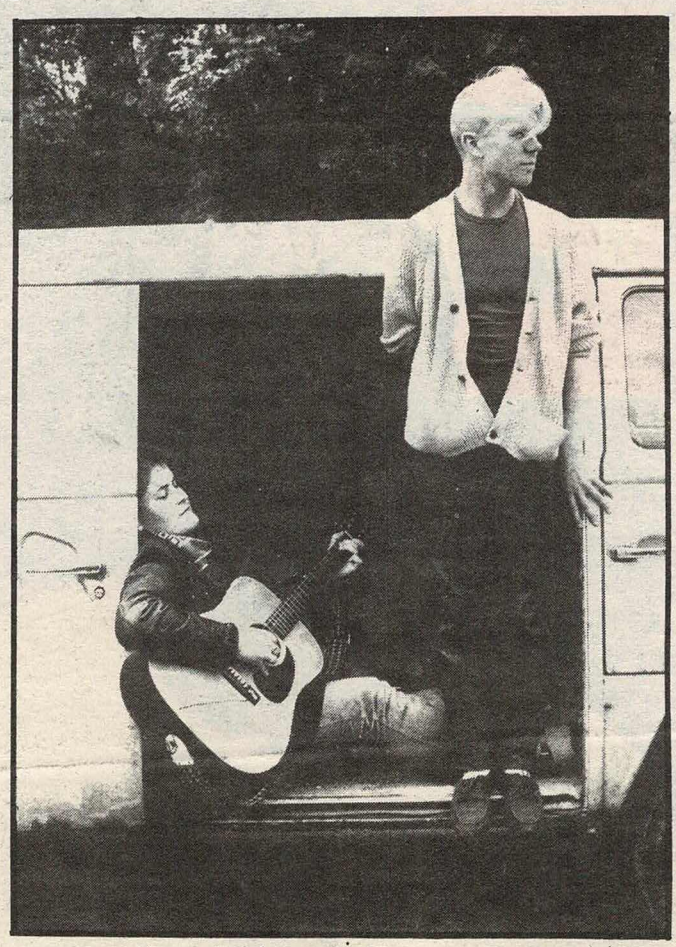
TRAVELS IN TANZANIA
SPECIAL REPORT BY RICHARD COOK

Mzee Makassy, pride of East Africa, prepares for take-off. Photo by Anton Corbijn.

DEXY'S-A BRIDGE TO TOUR A CERTAIN RATIO BLADERUNNER
STRANGLERS TYGERS OF PAN TANG DAVID JENSEN

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**EYE OF THE TIGER**	**Survivor (Scotti Brothers)**	6	1
2	5	**SAVE A PRAYER**	Duran Duran (EMI)	3	2
3	2	**COME ON EILEEN**	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	8	1
4	3	**WHAT**	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	3	3
5	6	**HI FIDELITY**	The Kids From Fame (RCA)	5	5
6	4	**CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU**	Boys Town Gang (EMI)	4	3
7	13	**WALKING ON SUNSHINE**	Rockers Revenge (London)	2	7
8	7	**I EAT CANNIBALS PART I**	Toto Coelo (Radial Choice)	4	7
9	23	**GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	2	9
10	(—)	**PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	1	10
11	8	**NOBODY'S FOOL**	Haircut 100 (Arista)	3	8
12	26	**TODAY**	Talk Talk (EMI)	2	12
13	9	**FAME**	Irene Cara (RSO)	10	1
14	20	**THE MESSAGE.**	Grandmaster Flash (Sugarhill)	2	14
15	15	**CHERRY PINK & APPLE BLOSSOM WHITE**	Modern Romance (WEA)	3	15
16	12	**JOHN WAYNE IS BIG LEGGY**	Haysi Fantayzee (Regard)	5	12
17	25	**SPREAD A LITTLE HAPPINESS**	Sting (A&M)	4	17
18	(—)	**ALL OF MY HEART**	ABC (Neutron)	1	18
19	14	**BIG FUN**	Kool & The Gang (De Lite)	4	14
20	16	**WHITE BOYS & HEROES**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	16
21	11	**DON'T GO**	Yazoo (Mute)	8	3
22	10	**IT STARTED WITH A KISS**	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	9	3
23	19	**UNDER THE BOARDWALK**	Tom Tom Club (Island)	2	19
24	28	**HURRY HOME**	Wavelength (Ariola)	4	14
25	22	**THE CLAPPING SONG**	The Belle Stars (Stiff)	6	10
26	(—)	**LEAVE IN SILENCE**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	1	26
27	(—)	**THERE IT IS**	Shalamar (Solar)	1	27
28	(—)	**SO HERE I AM**	UB40 (Dep Int)	1	28
29	18	**MY GIRL LOLLIPOP**	Bad Manners (Magnet)	7	9
30	(—)	**SADDLE UP**	David Christie (KR)	1	30



Upstairs . . . Yazoo straight in at No 1 *Pic: Peter Anderson*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	(—)	**UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S**	**Yazoo (Mute)**	1	1
2	1	**THE KIDS FROM FAME**	Various (BBC)	7	1
3	2	**TOO-RYE-AY**	Kevin Rowlands & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	6	1
4	6	**RIO**	Duran Duran (EMI)	16	2
5	4	**LEXICON OF LOVE**	ABC (Neutron)	11	1
6	5	**TROPICAL GANGSTERS**	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	15	4
7	24	**NOW YOU SEE ME**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	7
8	15	**LOVE SONGS**	Commodores (K-Tel)	4	8
9	3	**LOVE & DANCE**	League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	9	3
10	7	**COMPLETE MADNESS**	Madness (Stiff)	20	1
11	10	**FAME**	Original Soundtrack/Various (RSO)	9	2
12	12	**TALKING BACK TO THE NIGHT**	Steve Winwood (Island)	4	11
13	9	**AVALON**	Roxy Music (EG)	15	1
14	8	**EYE OF THE TIGER**	Survivor (Scotti Bros)	3	8
15	16	**THE SINGLES ALBUM**	UB40 (Graduate)	2	15
16	18	**MIRAGE**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	9	11
17	21	**THE JIMI HENDRIX CONCERTS**	Jimi Hendrix (CBS)	4	17
18	23	**ROUGH DIAMONDS**	Bad Company (Swan Song)	2	18
19	(—)	**DEEP PURPLE LIVE IN LONDON**	Deep Purple (Harvest)	1	19
20	(—)	**ROCKY III**	Original Soundtrack (Liberty)	1	20
21	22	**NON-STOP EXOTIC DANCE**	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	11	4
22	13	**CAN'T STOP THE CLASSICS**	Louis Clark & The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (K-Tel)	6	13
23	14	**THE CAGE**	Tygers Of Pan Tang (MCA)	2	14
24	(—)	**WELL KEPT SECRET**	John Martyn (WEA)	1	24
25	(—)	**ASIA**	Asia (Geffen)	1	25
26	(—)	**THE PARTY'S OVER**	Talk Talk (EMI)	1	26
27	19	**THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK**	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	12	7
28	27	**NIGHT BIRDS**	Shakatak (Polydor)	17	6
29	11	**DONNA SUMMER**	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	6	10
30	20	**CHRIST THE ALBUM**	Crass (Crass)	2	20

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Don't Go**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(6)	**Leave In Silence**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
3	(4)	**Warriors**	Blitz (No Future)
4	(2)	**Asylums**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
5	(3)	**Bleed For Me**	Dead Kennedys (Statik)
6	(5)	**So Here I Am**	UB40 (Dept Int)
7	(14)	**Mutant Rock**	Meteors (WXYZ)
8	(9)	**Whatever Is He Like**	Farmers Boys (Back)
9	(7)	**Run Like Hell**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
10	(8)	**Religious Wars**	Subhumans (Spider Leg)
11	(—)	**Have You Got 10p (EP)**	The Ejected (Riot City)
12	(10)	**Shelter For The Rich**	Disrupters (Radical Change)
13	(16)	**Rising From The Dread**	UK Decay (Corpus Christi)
14	(—)	**The Stranger**	Dead Or Alive (Black Eye)
15	(15)	**Night And Day**	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
16	(12)	**Something On My Mind**	Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)
17	(13)	**Past Meets Present/Midnight Slows**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
18	(24)	**Love At First Sight**	The Gist (Rough Trade)
19	(20)	**Bela Lugosi**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
20	(23)	**Religious As Hell (EP)**	March Violets (Merciful Release)
21	(29)	**Suicide Bag (EP)**	Action Pact (Fallout)
22	(18)	**I Melt With You**	Modern English (4AD)
23	(25)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
24	(17)	**17 Years Of Hell**	Partizans (No Future)
25	(—)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
26	(11)	**Open Your Eyes**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
27	(28)	**Procession**	Nico (1-2)
28	(22)	**Who's The Enemy**	Amebics (Spider Leg)
29	(—)	**Peel Session**	Nightingales (Cherry Red)
30	(27)	**House That Man Built**	Conflict (Crass)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(4)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(1)	**Christ — The Album**	Crass (Crass)
3	(3)	**Junkyard**	Birthday Party (Mute)
4	(6)	**Singles Album**	UB40 (Graduate)
5	(2)	**City Baby Attacked By Rats**	GBH (Clay)
6	(5)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
7	(—)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
8	(8)	**Lords Of The New Church**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
9	(13)	**Soweto**	Various (Rough Trade)
10	(22)	**Sense And Sensuality**	Au Pairs (Kamera)
11	(7)	**Punk'n'Disorderly 2**	Various (Anagram)
12	(9)	**We Are The League**	A N League (WXYZ)
13	(21)	**Distant Shore**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
14	(23)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
15	(—)	**The Wild Ones**	Cockney Rejects (Arena)
16	(—)	**Eligible Bachelors**	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)
17	(14)	**Hi Yo Silver**	Lone Ranger (Greensleeves)
18	(10)	**2 × 45**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
19	(12)	**Live At The Roundhouse**	Pink Fairies (Ace)
20	(18)	**Thermo Nuclear Sweat**	Defunkt (Hannibal)
21	(11)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
22	(17)	**Skidip**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
23	(16)	**Degenerates**	Passage (Cherry Red)
24	(20)	**Drumming The Beating Heart**	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
25	(—)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
26	(27)	**Two Bad DJ**	Saint/Eastwood (Greensleeves)
27	(19)	**4th Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
28	(—)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
29	(30)	**Tench**	Shriekback (Y)
30	(—)	**Emotion**	Malaria (Crepescule)

Compiled by NME from a Nationwide survey of independent record retailers.

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Night Nurse**	Gregory Isaacs (Island)
2	**Paradise In Your Eyes**	Winston Reedy (Dafala)
3	**Betcha By Golly Wow**	Errol Dunkley (Black Roots)
4	**Star Liner**	John McLean (Music Lover)
5	**Let's Get Married**	Pat Kelly (Nola)
6	**Takes A Miracle**	Joy White (Exclusive)
7	**Ooh Boy**	Sandra Reid (Sir George)
8	**Your Love**	Carroll Thompson (S&G)
9	**Joker Smoker**	Tristan Palma (Greensleeves)
10	**Bad Man Posse**	Junior Murvin (DATC)
11	**I'll Never Fall In Love Again**	Techniques (Black Joy)
12	**This Love Is Real**	Simplicity (S&G)
13	**Sandra**	Lion Youth (Virgo)
14	**Loving As One**	Trevor Walters (Magnet)
15	**I Want To Be Free**	Karen Dixon (MK)

LPs

1	**Not Satisfied**	Aswad (CBS)
2	**Special**	Jimmy Cliff (CBS)
3	**Skidip**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
4	**Scientist Wins The World Cup**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
5	**Me & Jane**	Bingy Bunny (Cha Cha)
6	**Reggae For Lovers**	Pioneers (Pioneer)
7	**Ravers Party**	U Brown (Trojan)
8	**Love Has Found Its Way**	Dennis Brown (A&M)
9	**Night Nurse**	Gregory Isaacs (Island)
10	**Far Over**	Burning Spear (EMI)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2

US SINGLES

1	**Abracadabra**	The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
2	**Eye Of The Tiger**	Survivor (Epic)
3	**Hard To Say I'm Sorry**	Chicago (Warner Bros)
4	**Hold Me**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
5	**Even The Nights Are Better**	Air Supply (Arista)
6	**You Should Hear How She Talks About You**	Melissa Manchester (Arista)
7	**Hurts So Good**	John Cougar (Polygram)
8	**Vacation**	The Go-Gos (A&M)
9	**Wasted On The Way**	Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
10	**Take It Away**	Paul McCartney (Columbia)

US LPs

1	**Mirage**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
2	**Eye Of The Tiger**	Survivor (Epic)
3	**American Fool**	John Cougar (Polygram)
4	**Asia**	Asia (Warner Bros)
5	**Pictures At Eleven**	Robert Plant (Atlantic)
6	**Abracadabra**	The Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
7	**Good Trouble**	Reo Speedwagon (Epic)
8	**Daylight Again**	Crosby, Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
9	**Vacation**	The Go-Gos (Atlantic)
10	**Three Sides Live**	Genesis (Atlantic)

U.S. Charts courtesy Billboard

SPAIN

1	**Just An Illusion**	Imagination (Movieplay)
2	**Eye In The Sky**	Alan Parsons Project (Ariola)
3	**Joan Of Arc**	OMD (Ariola)
4	**Bailando**	Alaska & Los Pegamoides (Hispavox)
5	**Un Toque De Locura**	Jose Luis Rodriguez (Epic)
6	**Da Da Da**	Trio (Fonogram)
7	**Bienevenidos**	Miguel Rios (Polydor)
8	**Me Cole En Una Fiesta**	Mecano (CBS)
9	**Five Miles Out**	Mike Oldfield (Ariola)
10	**Me Enamoro De Ti**	Richi & Poveri (CBS)

Courtesy El Gran Musical/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Magic Fly**	Space (Pye)
2	**Oxygene**	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)
3	**Way Down**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	**Deep Down Inside**	Donna Summer (GTO)
5	**Silver Lady**	David Soul (Private Stock)
6	**Telephone Man**	Meri Wilson (Pye)
7	**Float On**	The Floaters (ABC)
8	**Nights On Broadway**	Candi Staton (Warner Bros)
9	**Do Anything You Wanna Do**	Rods (Island)
10	**Nobody Does It Better**	Carly Simon (Elektra)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Mama We're All Crazee Now**	Slade (Polydor)
2	**You Wear It Well**	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
3	**Standing In The Road**	Blackfoot Sue (Jam)
4	**Sugar Me**	Lynsey De Paul (MAM)
5	**Virginia Plain**	Roxy Music (Island)
6	**Layla**	Derek & The Dominoes (Polydor)
7	**It's Four In The Morning**	Faron Young (Mercury)
8	**Ain't No Sunsine**	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
9	**All The Young Dudes**	Mott The Hoople (CBS)
10	**I Get The Sweetest Feeling**	Jackie Wilson (MCA)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**The Last Waltz**	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	**I'll Never Fall In Love Again**	Tom Jones (Decca)
3	**Excerpt From A Teenage Opera**	Keith West (Parlophone)
4	**San Francisco**	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
5	**Itchycoo Park**	Small Faces (Immediate)
6	**Even The Bad Times Are Good**	Tremeloes (CBS)
7	**We Love You**	Rolling Stones (Decca)
8	**Let's Go To San Francisco**	Flowerpot Men (Deram)
9	**Reflections**	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Mowtown)
10	**Just Loving You**	Anita Harris (CBS)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**She's Not You**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	**I Remember You**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
3	**Roses Are Red**	Ronnie Carroll (Phillips)
4	**Things**	Bobby Darin (London)
5	**It'll Be Me**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	**Sealed With A Kiss**	Brian Hyland (HMV)
7	**Breaking Up Is Hard To Do**	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
8	**Speedy Gonzales**	Pat Boone (London)
8	**Guitar Tango**	Shadows (Columbia)
10	**Telstar**	Tornadoes (Decca)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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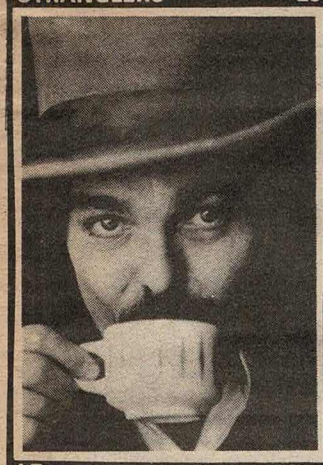

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Elvis, Ultravox launch major new Notts venue

HAIRCUT 100, Elvis Costello, Ultravox and Dire Straits are among acts already confirmed for appearances at a major new venue, the 2,500-seater Royal Concert Hall in Nottingham.

The venue, part of the £12-million Royal Centre complex, officially opens with two Elton John concerts on November 27 and 28 (part of his UK tour announced last week). Attractions at the hall will cover the whole musical gamut, from symphony concerts to rock — though initial indications are that rock and pop will be predominant.

So far set for December are **Lindisfarne** (6), **Steeleye Span** with **Maddy Prior** (8), **Michael Schenker Group** (10), **Ultravox** (13), **Dire Straits** (14), **Haircut 100** (19) and **Elvis Costello & The Attractions** (21). Those appearing during the early part of 1983, though exact dates haven't yet been announced, include The Stranglers, The Teardrop Explodes, Sky, Joan Armatrading, Leo Sayer, The Dubliners and Johnny Mathis.

It's expected that Haircut 100, Ultravox and Dire Straits will all be playing further dates during the pre-Christmas period, and details are expected shortly. Michael Schenker's UK tour is announced elsewhere in this issue. Elvis Costello's Nottingham show is an addition to his previously announced tour schedule.

Kid tops at Leeds

KID CREOLE & The Coconuts headline a one-day event at Leeds Queen's Hall on Sunday, October 3, billed as "Dance Mode 82" and starting at 2pm. Funkapolitan and King Trigger have also been confirmed, but at least two other acts have still to be finalised, and will be announced next week — these include the second-top (expected to be a chart name) plus a special guest.

Promoters Head Music had originally intended to stage a three-day event at the Leeds Venue, but have now decided to make it a two-leg affair — with the October 3 bill followed by another two days in November. Tickets are £6.50, and they're available from the box-office — or by mail order (Postal Orders only) from Head Music, 1-2 Munro Terrace, London SW10, enclosing SAE.

Other ticket outlets for personal applicants are Birmingham Cyclops, Blackburn Ames, Bradford HMV, Chester Penny Lane, Derby RE Cords, Doncaster Angie's, Hanley Mike Lloyd, Halifax Scene & Heard, Hull Gough & Davy, Leeds Barker's, Leicester Revolver, Liverpool Penny Lane, Manchester Piccadilly, Middlesbrough Hamilton's, Nottingham Select-A-Disc, Sheffield Virgin, Stafford Lotus, Wakefield Record Bar, Wolverhampton Sundown and York Sound Effects.

Squeeze

SQUEEZE have lined up a mid-autumn UK tour, coinciding with the late October release by A&M of a compilation of their past singles — the LP is still untitled but, in effect, it's a 'Greatest Hits' collection. Their tour schedule comprises.

Sheffield Lyceum (October 23), Hull City Hall (24), Edinburgh Playhouse (25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Bradford St. George's Hall (27), Liverpool Royal Court (29), Salford University (30), Lancaster University (31), Birmingham Odeon (November 1), Nottingham Rock City (2), Cardiff Top Rank (3), Reading Top Rank (5) and London Hammersmith Palais (8).

Tickets for Hammersmith are priced £3.50 (advance) and £4 (on the night), and they are available immediately. Prices vary considerably at other venues, and readers should contact individual box-offices for details. Cardiff tickets are also available from Derrick's Records (Swansea and Port Talbot) and Roxeene Records (Newport); and Hull tickets from Peter Sheffield Coaches of Cleethorpes.

TOUR NEWS

Killing Joke

KILLING JOKE have set up their first UK dates since their reformation — although, of course, they are now minus Youth who is currently working with his own band Brilliant. They will, in fact, be playing a full UK tour under the banner of "The Gathering" — though only five dates have so far been confirmed.

They visit Bradford Caesars Club (October 21), Sheffield Lyceum (22), London Strand Lyceum (24), Manchester Tiffany's (25) and Glasgow Tiffany's (26). The London date replaces plans for the group to appear at Klub Foot in Hammersmith's Clarendon Hotel on September 30, as ticket demand out-stripped that venue's capacity. Tickets for London Lyceum are all at the one price of £3.

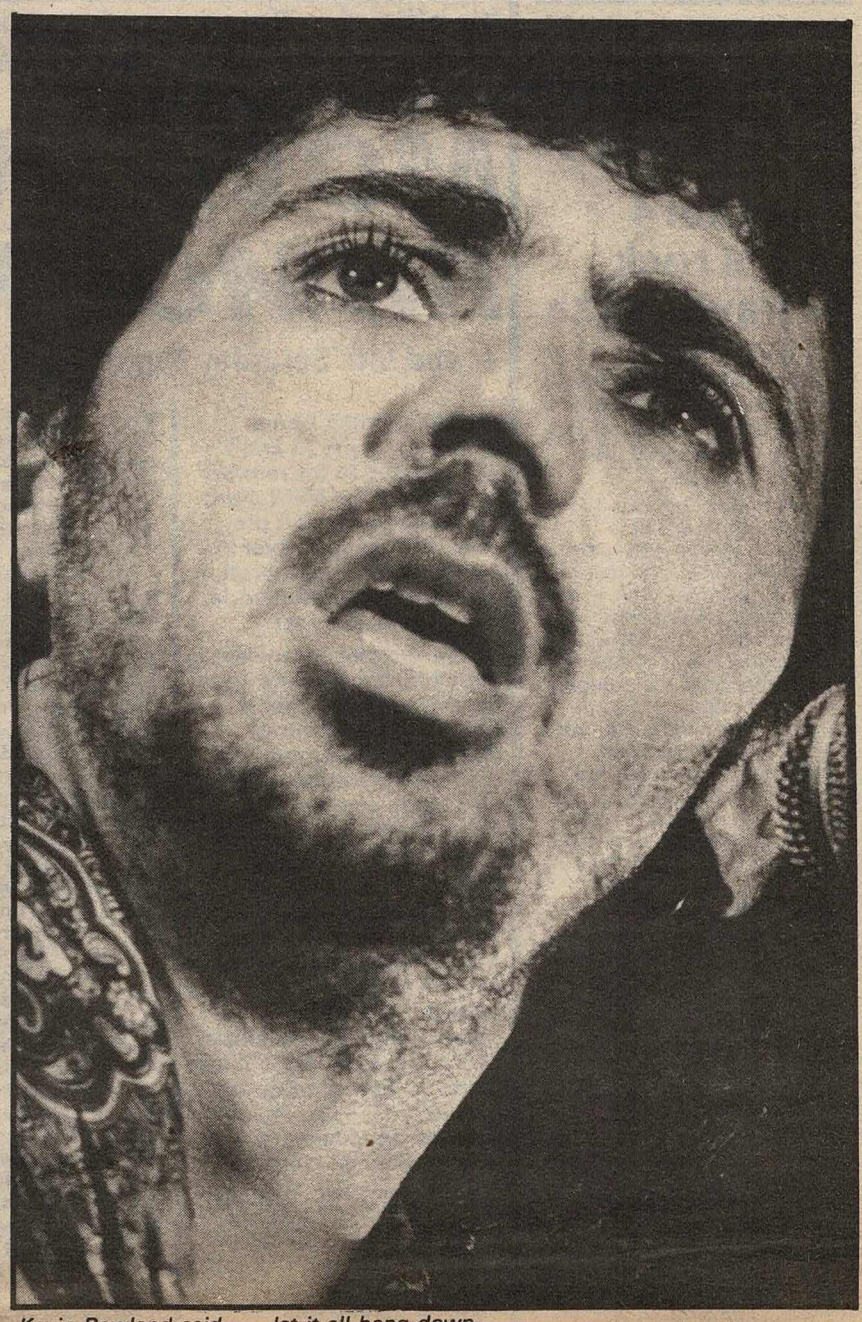
Bauhaus

BAUHAUS headline an 18-date UK tour next month, highlighted by two prestige London shows at the Lyceum Ballroom. They'll be releasing a new single and album to coincide with their schedule, though details of both are still awaited, and they've also been recording a video which will be screened the same month.

They play Brighton Dome (October 9), Bristol Locarno (10), Norwich East Anglia University (13), London Strand Lyceum (14 and 21), Aylesbury Friars (16), Portsmouth Guildhall (17), Guildford Civic Hall (18), Nottingham Rock City (19), Salford University (22), Birmingham Odeon (23), Hanley Victoria Hall (24), Liverpool University (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27), Coventry Warwick University (28), Sheffield Lyceum (29) and Leeds University (30).

Tickets are on sale now and, although prices vary, the maximum anywhere is £3.50. It's also stressed that all the college dates are open to the general public.

CAP'N KEVIN ON THE BRIDGE



Kevin Rowland said . . . let it all hang down.

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS are going out on their first major UK tour for over a year, hot on the heels of their double-top triumph in both album and singles charts.

Unlike their last outing which took the form of a revue, the emphasis this time will be on the performance of the band themselves. The show is billed as "The Bridge" and, in the majority of cases, they're playing at legitimate theatres as opposed to recognised rock venues.

Commented Kevin Rowland: "We promise to put everything into what we hope will be a truly memorable performance." The show will feature the Emerald Express and the Sisters Of Scarlet, who both appear on the current 'Too-Rye-Ay' album.

Dates are Glasgow Pavilion (September 26), Edinburgh Usher Hall (27), Newcastle City Hall (28), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (30), Southport Theatre (October 1), Llandudno Astra Theatre Centre (2), Birmingham Hippodrome (3), Coventry Apollo (5), Cardiff St. David's Hall (6), Poole Arts Centre (7) and London Shaftesbury Theatre (9 and 10, two shows nightly at 5 and 8.30 pm).

As the Shaftesbury doesn't have a box-office, London tickets will only be available from branches of Keith Prowse, though no booking fee will be charged — prices are £5.50 and £4.50. Prices at all other venues are £4.50 and £3.50.

To coincide with the tour, Dexys have a new single issued by Mercury on September 24, titled 'Jackie Wilson Said' coupled with 'Let's Make This Precious' — and the 12-incher carries a bonus track, Dexys' version of 'TSOP'.

DAMNED, FASHION, AZTEC CAMERA, ROCHES, ASIA TOUR DATES — NEWS P.38-42

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Channel 4 offers rock extravaganza

☐ By the sound of the forthcoming roster, it would almost seem that Channel 4 TV was conceived purely to sate the demands of the nation's pop kids.

Every station and their dog appears to have a brief to provide Channel 4 with some zappy, sterilised extravaganza with the accent on youth, youth, youth now that pop is big business again. But one that might actually have something more to offer than a thoroughly cleansed amalgam of *Swap Shop* and *Riverside* is the Tyne Tees TV project, *The Tube.*

Producers **Paul Corley** and **Malcolm Gerrie,** having established an enviable track record of success on both local and network levels, scooped the prime 5.15-7pm Friday night slot on Channel 4 with an ambitious plan to incorporate a live band section with studio and film coverage of politics, fashion, art and theatre. The programme format will be kept as loose as possible.

The producers' policy to involve complete unknowns behind and in front of the cameras, and their determination to feature a large percentage of new groups, should grant *The Tube* the breadth of exposure TV rock has recently lacked. Could this be the one?

☐ South London has lost another music venue. The White Lion pub in Putney High Street has had its music licence revoked, after police complaints of overcrowding. The last scheduled gig there will be **Charlie Harper** on September 9; the Rock'n'Roll Festival planned for the following weekend has now been cancelled, as have all subsequent dates. However it's likely that the pub's owners Watneys will be contesting the ban on live acts.

Baby baby baby

☐ **Donna Summer** and hubby **Bruce Sudanos** have named their new daughter (their second child) after the *other* two queens of disco: **Amanda Grace Summer.** And **Patti** and **Fred Smith** have named their son **Jackson Frederick** (after **Pollock** the painter and hubby Fred) **Smith.** JF debuted on August 5 via natural childbirth at St John's Hospital in Detroit, weighing 8lb 8oz. Both famous mothers plan a return to the recording studio in '83. Meanwhile **Tina Weymouth's** child is expected around Thanksgiving (late November).

Right Rat

☐ **THE WINNER of our Mystery History competition last week was Pete Reilly of Guildford in Surrey who writes: "The picture is of The Rats who appeared on *Thank Your Lucky Stars* circa 1965. The similarly named Ratz also appeared to challenge exclusive use of the group name. Neither were successful, recordwise! Much ado about nothing."**

To our amazement there were three right answers, M E Carr of Basildon and Brian May of Gateshead also spotting correctly, although we suspect that all are former members of The Rats. A record token is on its way to Pete.

It's official — Yazoo now the most successful duo since Simon & Garfunkel except Haysi Fantayzee

MOVE OVER, RUMOURS

— and tell 'Saturday Night Fever' the news

AS THEIR debut Mute album 'Upstairs At Eric's' was soaring to the number one spot in the *NME* chart, Yazoo last week 'hit the road' for their first ever live appearances in preparation for a full-scale nationwide tour later in the year.

The duo played two dates in their Essex hometown of Basildon and another in Sheffield. Some more low-key shows, mostly in the north of England, are also being planned, although the actual dates will be advertised only locally.

So how does it feel to have your first album at number one in the national chart in only its first week of release? And on an independent label too! We tracked Yazoo's Alf 'n' Vince down on Sunday afternoon, just after their return home from the Sheffield gig. This is what they had to say . . .

Vince: "Number one in the *NME*? That's really made my day! What happened? Did you go out and buy a copy yourself or something?"

Alf: "It's great news, although it's hard to say what it means to me personally. There's nothing really tangible about having an album at number one in the charts."

Yazoo's commercial success hasn't been confined to British shores alone. They recently returned from a promotional tour in Portugal, of all places, and their first American single — a new version of 'The Situation' remixed by New York DJ Francois Kavorkian — has been top of the US disco charts for the past month and is now bubbling promisingly just beneath *Billboard's* nationwide Hot 100, although this is viewed as something of a mixed blessing by the band.

Alf: "It's great that the single is doing so well in the States, although I'm not too happy with the record itself. I think it's pretty shoddy actually! It was remixed from the version on the B-side of 'Only You', but we didn't really have much of a say in how it turned out. I think it could have been a lot better if the record company had taken a bit of time instead of rushing it out so quickly over there."

Sampling the sweet smell of success aside, what else have the pair been up to since our last *NME* report back in July?

Vince: "Our main concern has been the live gigs and getting everything right for those. There's quite a lot involved in the show. Rather than just use backing tapes, we're using a programmed computer to play a lot of the music and a friend of ours, Chris Littler, has been working on a series of slides which we're trying to synch with the music. It's not working brilliantly at the moment, but we're getting it slowly together.

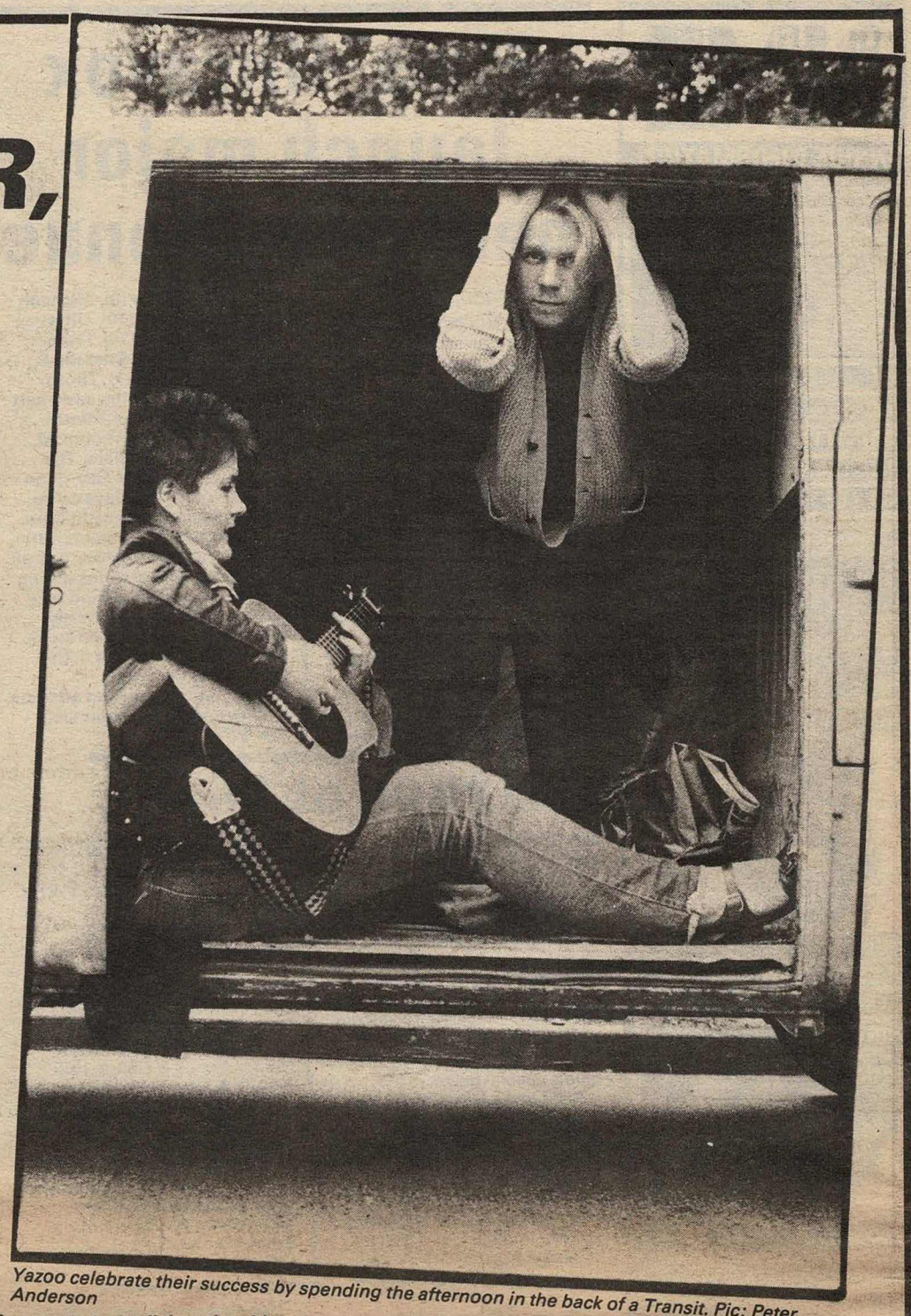
"Once we've proved to ourselves that everything is in proper working order over the next few dates, we'll be ready to announce the full tour that we'll be doing in November."

The last time that Vince and Alf were onstage, it was in separate bands — he was still with Depeche Mode and she with The Screaming Abdabs, a smalltime R&B pub band. Playing live with Yazoo is quite a contrast for both of them and while Vince says it is slightly more "relaxing" than the old Depeche gigs, Alf finds the experience "completely nerve-racking" at the moment.

Before their November tour, though, Yazoo hopes to release their third single, which they plan to record shortly, upstairs with engineer Eric Radcliffe, the inspiration behind their album title.

Vince: "We go into the studio again next month to do the single. We haven't actually written anything yet, but it's definitely going to be a new song. I think it's better to come up with something new rather than take another track off the album."

— ADRIAN THRILLS



Yazoo celebrate their success by spending the afternoon in the back of a Transit. Pic: Peter Anderson

'Breach Of The Peace' on road

Jobson tours with theatre company

RICHARD JOBSON, having lain fairly low since the demise of the singlemindedly celtic final version of The Skids, is about to return to the fray. Not, though, as part of a continuation of his musical career (although a single recorded with Bill Nelson is set for imminent release) but in a theatrical package about to commence a three-month UK tour.

For Jobson the leading role in the Paines Plough company's production of *Breach Of The Peace* is the perfect vehicle to establish his thespian credentials after his initial West End impact in last year's *Demonstration Of Affection* at the Arts Theatre. The tour should greatly enhance Jobson's chances of achieving full Equity membership while hopefully dispelling any lingering accusations of dilettantism.

The play, or rather series of plays, is designed to showcase the writing talent of seven British authors — all studying aspects of last summer's flourishes of 'civil unease'. Director John Chapman, having experienced the gamut of British experimental and studio productions, is intent on giving the writers a contemporary forum in which to work and pop band style nationwide exposure, attempting to demystify the theatre for a youth audience.

Breach Of The Peace, written by Sarah Daniels, Marcella Evaristi, Gerard Mannix Flynn, Jonathan Gems, Dusty Hughes, Tunde Ikoli and Heathcote Williams — and starring Richard Jobson — commences on September 14 at the Drum Studio, Theatre Royal, Plymouth and continues at:

Theatre Clwyd Studio, Mold, Clwyd (21-25); Riverside Theatre, Coleraine, N. Ireland (Sept 29-Oct 2); Bush Theatre, London (Oct 5-30); Royal Victoria Hall, Southborough (Nov 8-9); The Pavilion, Brighton (Nov 10-11); Hilderstone Theatre, Broadstairs (Nov 12-13); Warwick Arts Centre Studio, Warwick University, Coventry (Nov 16-20); Tron Theatre, Glasgow (Nov 23-28); Huddersfield (venue to be confirmed) (Nov 30-Dec 1); Lesser Free Trade Hall, Manchester (Dec 2-3); Civic Theatre, Scunthorpe (Dec 6-7); Spa Theatre, Bridlington (Dec 8-9); Leisure Centre, Grantham (Dec 10-11); and The Little Theatre, Bristol (Dec 14-18).

— JAMES T KIRK

Paines Plough Theatre Company with Jobson top right

Bowie confirms Oshima movie

DAVID BOWIE has finally been confirmed for a major part in Japanese director Nagisa Oshima's new film *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence,* in which he'll be starring alongside Tom Conti and Yellow Magic Orchestra's Riuichi Sakamoto.

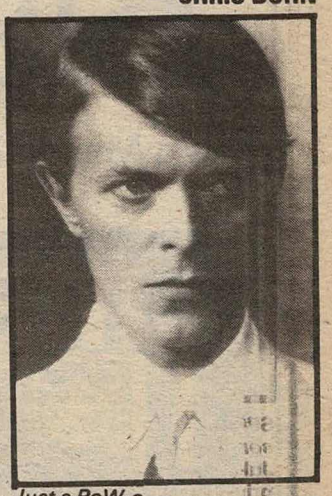
The film is based on Laurens Van Der Post's short story *A Bar Of Shadow* (from *The Seed And The Sower* collection) which tells of the peculiar relationship between a British prisoner of war and a seemingly sadistic Japanese guard. Van Der Post's tale differs from most POW stories though, in that it attempts to explain the traditions and values that dictated the Japanese soldiers' cruelty towards an enemy which allowed itself to be taken alive.

Because of its understanding treatment of the Japanese, it was not well received when first published shortly after the war. And the film version is likely to prove just as controversial, since few Japanese filmmakers have tackled the subject seriously. Oshima, perhaps Japan's greatest living director, should be just the man to do it.

His previous work, most notably *The Ceremony,* has touched upon the importance of ritual and the stranglehold custom exerts in Japanese life, while others like *Diary Of A Shinjuku Thief* have dealt with the influence of the West that is a direct consequence of losing the war. Needless to say he is best known in Europe for the highly charged, claustrophobic and sexually explicit account of an all-consuming passion, *In The Realm Of The Senses,* which is currently being shown uncut in Japan for the first time after Oshima successfully took the Japanese Government censors to court to preseve it whole.

***Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* will undoubtedly broaden his reputation, not least because of Bowie's involvement. It is certainly the latter's most important film project since Nicolas Roeg's *Man Who Fell To Earth,* marking as it does the first ever Anglo-Japanese co-production. It is presently being filmed on location in the Cook Islands, New Zealand and Tokyo.**

— CHRIS BOHN



Just a PoW-o

Soft Cell manager and Some Bizzare boss Stevo (right) plugs his new protegee Matt Johnson (The The).

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

STEVO

RECORDS
I appreciate the one that inspires others and not the parasites that are inspired.

BOOKS
The person that writes the book is the clever one, the people who are reading the book are reading someone else's mind (indoctrination).

TV
Who's got the right to say what is suitable for people to watch and what isn't? What can be shown and what can't? (AND WHY?)

A&R DEPTS
If I took a Depeche Mode or Simple Minds soundalike along, the A&R dept would sign it but anything that sounds like something else should automatically be dismissed.

PEOPLE
A skinhead with a book in his hand being held by two policemen has love. It's just hard to find it. If you were sitting in a conversation and somebody said a word which you didn't understand would you ask what it meant? If you would, that is the best form of learning.

LIFE
Understand the problems of the world, but don't let them influence your life.

WAR?
Pride and territory cause war.

MUSIC PRESS
Some Bizzare calls for a radical change in the music press's eyes of acceptance, ie the parasites that are inspired. Bass guitar, lead guitar, drums and vocals have been exploited. So don't accept.

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STUDENTS
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EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES FEATURE
ON PAGE 57

Sony's magic gadget

THE WALKMAN must've been a hard act to follow. But, true to form, Sony have managed to come up with a device that is even more irritating to the innocent bystander.

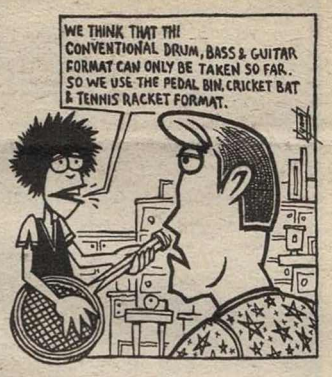
It's called 'Karaoke' ('empty orchestra' to us occidentals), and to the untrained eye is nothing more than a box with eight-track cassette deck, microphone and speaker. You sing in one end, through a taped accompaniment, and the noise comes out the other.

The trick is, the box transforms the backing to match your voice, adjusting the tone and pitch, and filters and echoes make your voices sound good.

Result: anybody, no matter how awful, can sound like a star.

Apparently nearly three quarters of a million units were sold in Japan last year, where the craze spread like *Saturday Night Samurai*.

No plans have been made to market 'Karaoke' in the western world, which should please everybody except maybe Gary Numan. Those 'awfully nice people at Sony' became awfully tight-lipped when asked how it did it!


WE THINK THAT TH!
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— DAVID DORRELL

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JAPAN
LIVE IN BRUSSELS 8th October
£56 includes ● Ticket for concert ● Luxury coach ● 4 Star hotel ● Cross-channel ferry. Dept morning 7th Oct, return 9th Oct. BOX 3

RAINBOW
BRUSSELS 27th November
£56 includes ● Ticket for concert ● 4 Star hotel ● Luxury coach ● Cross-channel ferry. Dept morning 26th Nov, return 28th Nov. BOX 4

CLIFF RICHARD
LIVE IN BRUSSELS 30th October
£56 includes ● Ticket for concert ● 4 Star hotel ● Luxury coach ● Cross-channel ferry. Dept morning 29th Oct, return morning 31st Oct. BOX 5

UB40
LIVE IN ANTWERP
7th October, Skipper shuttle
£39 includes ● Ticket for concert ● Luxury coach ● Cross-channel ferry. Dept morning 7th October, return 8th October. BOX 6.

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LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆☆ LIVE ☆☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆

STEVE DIXON visits Ziro Baby's darkened basement to hear the story of The Tronics — a group playing low-tech love songs for "people who wish Tyrannosaurus Rex were still making records in the '80s"...

LOVE BACKED BY FORCE

FACTS

I'M NOT ONE for hard facts but I think there are a few things you should know about The Tronics.

The band was formed by Ziro Baby in '79. They put out the single 'Favourite Girls' which was followed in '80 by another, 'Time Off'. Both have stood the test of time and unlike many bands' first efforts still have Top Ten stamped on them.

The same year they were the first band to produce an indie cassette and get it distributed nationally. This formula was repeated in '81 and the 'What's The Hubbub Bub' cassette brought them to the attention of Alien Records, who put out the semi-legendary 'Shark Fucks' single.

It was also at this time that The Tronics' album 'Love Backed By Force' was rushed out on Alien. It was put together in two weeks and was originally intended to get a backlog of Tronics material out of the way before Ziro Baby made a 'proper' fully-funded album with Lydia Lunch. The label folded before this project got off the ground and 'Love Backed By Force' is now a collectors' item, part of The Tronics' growing mythology that the faithful guard like a sacred temple flame.

UNICORN

'Love Backed By Force' is a love album for those who wish Tyrannosaurus Rex were still making records in the '80s. Two people play on it, Gaby de Vivienne playing Peregrin Took to Ziro Baby's Bolan. It is The Tronics' 'Unicorn', a record of magic, childlike innocence, and dark lyrics that hint at a knowledge beyond the simple tales that are being told.

A fairy tale wrapped up in *Clockwork Orange* mythology, the record disturbs like a dream just before it shifts into nightmare; things seem to be happening just beyond the listener's control. Its comparative success encouraged Ziro Baby to go it alone, form Press Records and put out a six-track single 'Tranzister Sister', which has just been released.

Ziro Baby is the only member constant to all the incarnations of The Tronics. He writes all the material and remains the band's figurehead. The current line-up is Ziro Baby (lead vocals, rhythm guitar), Jason Blows (bass), Ralph E Boy (keyboards) and Bob Cat (drums).

EYE LINER

Ziro Baby has two likes, good rockin' and eye liner; he also has a basement flat in Earls Court. Even on sunny days when

ZIRO BABY
Pic: Steve Dixon

C. P. Lee — passing as Buckley

THERE'S A POINT toward the end of CP Lee's one-man show on the life and times of Lord Buckley where he's mouthing the old hipster comedian's thoughts on the subject of humour.

"Humour," says Buckley, quoting his near namesake Lord Boothby, "is the only solvent of terror and tension" — adding his own adage that "It is the duty of the humour of any given nation at time of high crisis to attack the catastrophe that threatens it in such a way as to cause the people to laugh at it so that they do not die before they get killed."

Notions like that appeal to CP Lee, are indeed part of the reason why he wrote and performs *M'Lords And Ladies*, his 45-minute tribute to Buckley. Lee has been wielding his own brand of humour for nigh on a decade now — primarily as chief headcase with the Albertos, lampooning the excesses of the rock biz and its attendant fashions, and scoring a notable success with the stage musical *Sleak* — and though he's far from averse to straight buffoonery, much of Lee's comedy has been socially inclined. Whether it's deflating the pretensions of pop stars or firing a broadside at the latest governmental outrage, there's usually been an element of subversion in the laughter.

Though the Albertos now play live gigs only sporadically — at their last, they invaded the stage dressed as SAS men — they're still operative, and after years of knocking on the doors of big-time TV to no avail, have finally secured a CP scripted comedy series for ITV, *Teach Yourself Gibberish*, which will be sullying the nation's screens from September 17.

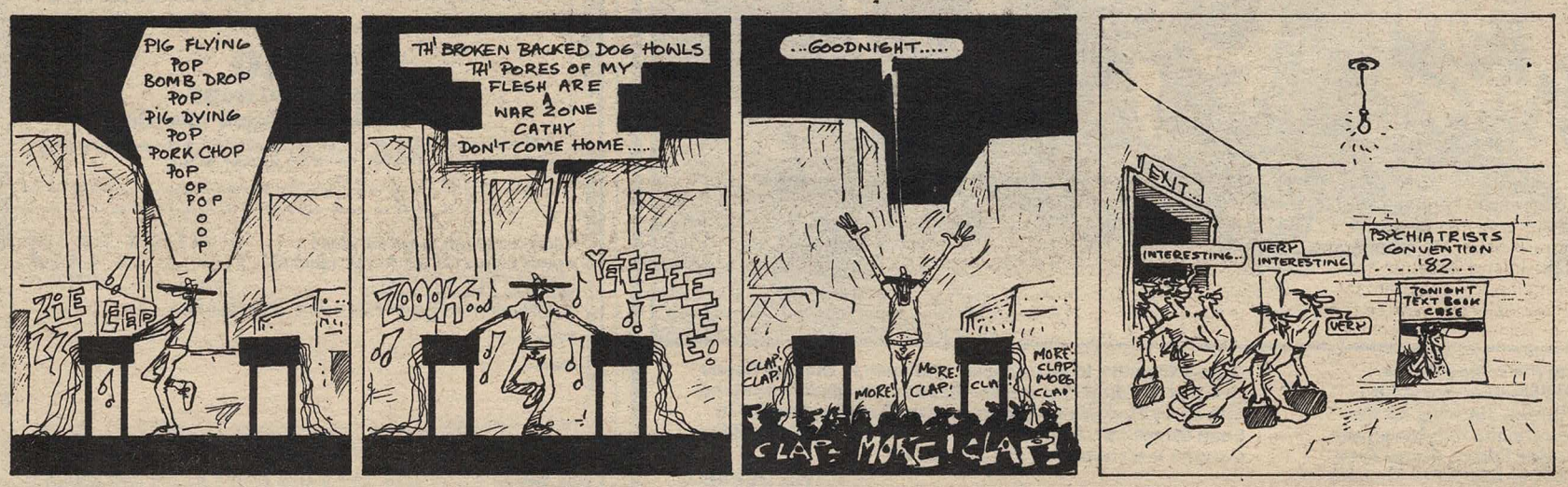
"It was meant to be a seven-part series for grown-ups," says Lee, "but they cut it back to six and pushed into the kids' television slot after they'd brought some mega production and run out of money. I was lucky, lots of people lost their shows completely."

Meanwhile he's been staging *M'Lords And Ladies* — which received its launch in Manchester earlier this year — in London, at the Red Lion in Islington, where he's been invoking the wraith of the long dead Buckley with uncanny conviction.

Buckley — who styled himself The Hip Messiah — has been one of the lost legends of the American underground ever since his death in 1960 at the age of 54. One of the first white 'hipsters', he emerged from the seamy, riotous world of the big city jazz clubs of the 1940s. He'd gobbled up the street scat of the ghettos and their music, and delivered it back in declamations that borrowed from the overblown Colonel Blimp style of the English aristocracy and the evangelism of the wayside American pulpit.

The resulting monologues were unique, both a giddy manipulation of language and a comic feast, his most celebrated routines including several religious themes — the life of Christ ('The Nazz' — "a little carpenter kiddy, when he laid it down it *stayed* there"), and Jonah And The Whale among

the lone groover benyon



the dressed-down work-out boys are parading their tanned skins and muscle around Warwick Road, Ziro's flat exists in a twilight limbo, the curtains permanently drawn. On the day I visit, only a red light in the corner betrays the form of Ziro crouched on his bed, wrapped in a black leather jacket. Judging by his pallor, his skin has never seen daylight.

SCHOOLGIRLS

The room is full of schoolgirls. I feel that their presence should be explained.

Ziro just laughs and after some thought replies: "I have to let them in or they just stand out on the street and scream or they bang on the door. They only want to come in and hang out, play records and sit up all night talking. They are from local schools, came to our gigs and followed us around. I can't leave them out on the street in Earls Court, especially at night. I don't want fans to get bothered by the police or some dirty old man so I let them in."

Fine Ziro, that seems very reasonable. Are all your audiences made up of schoolgirls?

"Oh no, we get punk rockers and Hells Angels, people who enjoy good rock."

Ever get any trouble?

"No. The first time the Angels walked in with their old ladies and their full colours I was wearing make-up and little slippers. It was one of our early gigs and I didn't know what to expect, but when they headed for the bar I thought I was going to get dragged off stage and stomped. They just got pissed and started dancing and have been coming along ever since. I never had any trouble at gigs — even though we attract a wide audience they all just dance together.

"We do a few cover versions, 'Stuck On You' by Elvis, Buddy Holly's 'Crying, Waiting, Hoping', 'We Have All The Time In The World' which is a John Barry number from an old James Bond film, and The Rutles' 'With A Girl Like You' (*not* The Troggs' song). The set has just grown over the years but it's our own stuff that goes down best.

"We never gig just to promote records — we just play when we're asked and our audience just follows us around."

CANDY FLOSS

Ziro's songs all betray his major influences — Elvis, Dylan and Bolan — and he has the ability to write classic light passionate rockers in the same way Jonathan Richman did on 'Rock And Roll With The Modern Lovers'.

Ziro: "I've heard some Jonathan Richman and people often liken The Tronics to that style, but I can't see it myself. Maybe it's the double bass and conga drums slapping away loosely in the background."

The new single 'Tranzister Sister' has a light bipperty bop rush about it; it is loose yet spot on. So is 'Take Me To the Zoo', which is also full of mad joy. Its nonsense chorus and naive innocence protects the listener from the over-blown, over-produced bombast that is currently being passed off as shiny new pop.

How does Ziro feel about the state of hip popular music?

"All the over-reliance on hi-tech production is killing the feel of records. I'm experimenting with two-track at the moment, just miking the band up and playing it straight off, no over-dubs.

"'They're Talking About Us' on the new single was recorded in a pub one evening at our rehearsals. We did it on a regular cassette recorder and you can hear all the locals chatting in the background. If it's got the feel then that's it.

"All the early rock and roll stuff was done simply. The reason the record labels are losing money is down to the amount of over-produced rubbish being pushed at the public — they're getting sick of it."

As the high gloss finish gets slapped over more and more dross, the record industry appears to be turning back to Pink Floyd standards in popular music, with producers whipping up candy floss for the kiddies. If it wasn't for bands like The Tronics I would find this unsettling, but you can only fool people for so long.

You can't stop a love that is backed by force.

C. P. Lee/Buckley

apply to CP Lee, granted) to fully capture the physical manifestation of his Lordship (an imposing six-footer), Lee's incarnation of Buckley is masterful and moving.

It's Lee's first real excursion into straigh acting, rather than performing, and, in football parlance, he plays out of his skin, bringing home both the exuberance of Buckley's outlook, which maintained love and respect between humans as the ultimate sanctity, and the pathos of his end.

"His death is a sad reminder that Western society doesn't put its dissidents in mental homes or labour camps, but relentlessly crushes them with bureaucracy," writes Lee in his programme notes.

"I might be going to prison myself soon," he adds brightly. "I'm part of the group that's refusing to pay the ten per cent of my taxes that go on defence spending, though I'll gladly give it to a charity."

So what will happen to you?

"Dunno, there are several hundreds of us. My accountant and the Inland Revenue are fighting it out at the moment.

"Personally I've written three plays — one hit, one turkey and one still on remand. I just want my talent to be universally acknowledged. Is that asking so much?"

— **NEIL SPENCER**

them.

By the time the white world caught up with the hard living and drinking Buckley in the late '50s he was already on the way out, and he died just as his first real success came. His influence, however, was enormous — Lee talks animatedly about how the young Lenny Bruce and Richard Pryor could both be found regularly at the table next to the stage where Buckley was appearing, picking up tips for their own budding careers.

Though he's too young, fit and sane (strange words to

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MAT SNOW experiences the primal rock of three thoroughly modern musicians called Ut — refugees from the New York noise ghetto

THE UTTER LIMITS

THE NEW YORK scene is languishing again, and at least one band has headed here in search of the promised land. They are Ut.

Ut are Jacqui Ham, Nina Canal and Sally Young. All write, sing, and play guitar, bass and drums interchangeably.

"What we like about it so much is that it tunes up our different perspectives," explains Jacqui, though adding confidentially, "I have drum proclivities."

Strongly against the notion of a charismatic frontman, they admire The Beatles for their homogeneous interchangeability. Likewise, the group's name is non-specific, connoting in several languages a concept of outward motion and also suggesting an exclamation of shock or pain.

Jacqui and Sally grew up together in Westport, Connecticut, "a rich suburb an hour outside New York City, a third Catholic, a third WASP, and a third Jewish" therefore "always more arty, more progressive" than its Connecticut Yankee neighbours. Jacqui and Sally were brought up in a jazz milieu, but listened to a lot of blues and rock — "Hendrix was our mainman."

They recall the excitement and promise of the burgeoning New York scene of '74 to '76 and the empathy they felt with the fundamental rethinking of rock conventions, and inspiration derived from literature — "Patti Smith was not this huge revelation to Sally and me, more like a validation."

Nina, a Londoner, moved to New York in late '76. She had been electrified by Patti Smith's famous Roundhouse concerts earlier that year.

"When I first went to New York a friend of mine took me to see Richard Hell at CBGB's. I didn't know if I really liked it. It was only afterwards that it meant a lot. What I did know was that he was not saying *'Oh baby I want to see you tonight'*. What he was doing was so much more sophisticated and meaningful. It was just plain obvious. You didn't have to understand the words."

Thus with Ut, the vocals are more musical than verbal: the voice is fully integrated into the instrumental blend. As Sally says, "You can sing a phrase that evokes the meaning without understanding the words".

Ut finally came into being in '78, amidst a scene well represented by the 'No New York' album. An enormous variety of talent played at venues catering to a wide range of tastes. Amongst the names were James Chance, The Theoretical Girls, DNA, Mars, The Lounge Lizards and Teenage Jesus. But around 1980 all that changed, as Nina explains:

"I think when Studio 54 closed down that was a real turning point. Club-owners thought they could fill that gap and get all those people into their clubs, but they were very mistaken. They didn't find that audience was coming in appropriate numbers to sustain their overheads. At the same time, because of the way they had high entrance fees and high drinks costs, plus they weren't booking very imaginatively, they lost their grass roots."

Gigs became harder to find, and Ut found themselves being unwillingly confined to a ghetto within a ghetto — Noise. 'Noise' is a sub-genre of the avant-garde whose leading light is usually cited as master cacophonist Glenn Branca. Ut deny any affinity.

They are happier with names such as Elmore James, Panther Burns and The Cramps. Listen to The Cramps' 'Sunglasses After Dark' then Ut's 'Glue'. Not such a gulf. Roots of rock — primal rhythms, vocal abandon, and the unearthly resonance of electric guitars — are used to express characteristically modern feelings — loss, desolation, despair, angst, apocalypse . . .

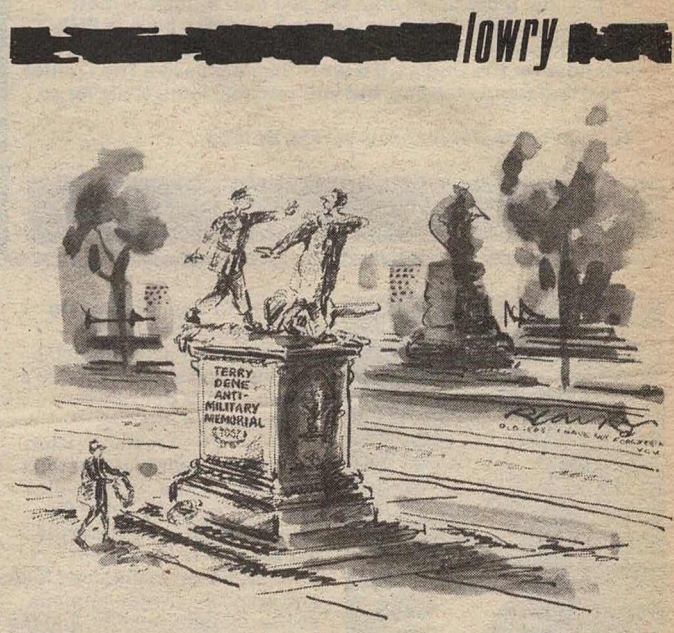
Nina: "Certain people have a cult of happiness. Things have to sound light and pleasant, like you're not suffering. That's nonsense. I don't think man's greatest feat is happiness."

"We don't have a cult of pain, but we're not afraid to express it," adds Sally.

Hearing The Fall's 'Totales Turns' was a milestone. "That was a big impetus to come to England," explains Jacqui. "If they were here and thrived there was hope."

They contacted Mark Smith and Scott Piering of Rough Trade, whose enthusiasm encouraged Ut to come to London. They have survived the last year with help from sympathisers including The Fall, Birthday Party, and The Raincoats. Recording an EP is underway and in the meantime an excellent cassette, 'Ut Live 24/11/81' is available distributed by Rough Trade or direct for £2 from Out Tapes, 102 Seymour Place, London W1.

Ut are making some of the most compellingly powerful music I've heard in ages — listen out, you'll not be sorry.



A JOKE

Q: Who was the most boring person in the Hyborean Age?
A: Conan the Librarian.

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EMI

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PAUL DU NOYER turns the turntable on David Jensen — the DJ who proves there's life before Peel

Jensen — the best jockey on the airwaves? Who're you trying to Kid... Pic: Peter Anderson

NO MESSING WITH THE KID

IT'S EXACTLY a year now since David Jensen (who's still better known as Kid Jensen and possibly always will be) packed up his suitcase, and with it a brief career in American TV. Flying back to the land of his famous ancestor Robert Louis Stevenson (he's kind of fond of mentioning this), he took up residence inside that slice of Radio One which now sits between Powell and Peel.

Soon after, I began to think that this new mid-evening show of his was my favourite mainstream programme.

"Oh terrific! Thank you. You see, we never know, because the papers tend to write good positive things about Peel, and anybody else tends to get slagged off."

Well, it *should* be said a bit more than it is. Radio One really isn't so bad: some good points, some bad points, but generally much better than it's the fashion or the habit to give credit for.

The (legal) commercial station competition is admittedly dismal, by and large, yet our only national music station does have plenty going for it. The younger daytime DJs are at least tolerable, sometimes quite funny, even if the music is too hidebound; the weekend specialists, Lenny Henry, Walters, Korner, Gambaccini, are all fine in their various ways.

And from eight till 10, Mondays to Thursdays, there's David Jensen's show. I'd say I listen for the music, more than for Jensen himself (whereas I listen to Peel for the opposite reason) but he comes across as well informed and genuinely interested in what he's playing. And what he's playing — that is, the programme's range — sounds like the radio equivalent of *NME*.

The show's producer, Mike Hawkes bears this out: "The *NME* is the point of reference we really use. Musically, it's the closest to what we do." You'll hear most of what's new here, with the real crap filtered out. And, apart from occasional guests to be interviewed, the in-between chat is kept short; what there *is* tends to be about the records themselves. It's not really" a personality show", says Hawkes.

"That's right," Jensen agrees. "I sometimes wonder about that, whether I should . . but there again, I'm not really a joke merchant. I don't talk about the tea being brought in or anything. Basically, the people who listen to the show are music enthusiasts."

I ask him how far the show is a reflection of his own tastes, or is there a format to be obeyed?

"We do work to a framework. Mike is ultimately responsible for what is played, and making sure the programme stays within its brief — which is a very wide one, and it would be hard to define, but basically it's catering to a teenage to mid-20s audience within . . . well, the word 'rock' is so hackneyed now, the show encompasses all sorts of things. I've never played anything on the programme that I don't like — but I'd be less than honest if I said that I liked everything with as much enthusiasm. There will be bands who have a track record, whose music I will play, knowing they have an audience who may well be listening to my programme. But in the main the music is a fair reflection of what I like, and most of it I would play at home.

"Another guideline for what we do is the mail — and that has to be weighed fairly carefully because our average postbag is five to six hundred letters a week, and a couple of hundred of those, it's guaranteed, will fall into the Gary Numan/Duran Duran/Japan category. It would be wrong to suddenly flood the programme with them.

"It's very loose and, in a way, that can be difficult. It's often easier to work within a real tight framework, like the breakfast show, where the constraints are greater. For us it's hard, because we're imposing our *own* discipline all the time."

(Mike Hawkes accepts that the show is a kind of bridge, in terms of accessibility and style, between Peter Powell's very upbeat chart-and-dance formula and John Peel's celebrated "boring records by sulky Belgians".)

WHAT THINGS would you specifically *not* play?

DJ(!) "Oi music, or anything that's synonymous with the National Front for example, I would just ignore it completely. And heavy metal, that's a difficult area — we play a lot more reggae than we would HM . . . Although if Saxon for example made something — like a reggae number! — then we would play it, and not be bothered by the stereotype of the band's name."

Do you work under any pressure from the BBC as regards ratings?

DJ: "No, I think the BBC tries to cater for an audience, without going for numbers."

Hawkes: "You could stick out Top 40 all day long and get bigger figures. But what's the function of the BBC, of Radio One? It's financed by an entire cross-section of people, who in theory pay their licence money, and therefore we're bound to try to cater for all of them. You can't please everybody, but you do your best, and certainly the ratings element doesn't come into it for us. You're not going to get *vast* ratings if you're ahead of the field, which we aim to be — we aim to play records before they're in the charts."

DJ: "Mike Read's show, for example, just in cold hard record company statistics, a couple of plays on Mike's programme could conceivably put a record near or into the Top 40. Our show couldn't do that, but it could create an interest.

The past year, for Jensen, has been a period of catching up. Coming back after 18 months away in the musical wasteland of Atlanta, Georgia, he found the British scene altered beyond recognition, thanks to the usual convulsions: "But what a culture shock to come back to all this! Heaven 17, Depeche Mode, half the bands had established themselves in the time I'd been away."

Why did you go to the States?

"It was an offer completely out of the blue. I was quite happy doing my radio programme in the afternoon here, and I was happy with the way my career was bubbling along. And then I had this offer to join this current affairs magazine programme that was transmitted every night, including to Canada, so my mother saw for the first time what I was up to in the media. And I enjoyed it. We lived in the south and I travelled extensively, I covered the Republican and Democratic conventions, did a couple of documentaries. But after a few months, I just got homesick,

Had you intended it to be a permanent move?

"Yes, to be honest with you, I did. I was offered such a great contract: a million dollars over a five-year contract, and a house with a swimming pool, and materially I had a lot more going for me in America. But you have to weigh things up. You have to weigh what you have materially against what you personally value in life.

"And this is why we came back: I was offered this evening programme. And though I felt for sure that the press would see this as a sign I'd failed, coming back with my tail between my legs, I was prepared to run the risk of being slagged off like that. Eventually, though, that didn't happen.

"But I'd like to stay with music, because that was the other thing I missed: what I was doing in America had nothing to do with music at all. I remember The Police came to an interview at this TV station, with someone else, and their eyes popped out of their heads when they saw the way I was dressed in a suit, about to go on and do a news bulletin. And then later that evening, I put my trusty leather jacket on to go see them play, and Sting said, Now *that's* the Kid Jensen I know! And I was with some people from the newsroom, this was the first they'd heard of this. *Kid* Jensen?!?

"That was one of the reasons I was 'David' Jensen on my return, that was what I was known as in America. Although most of the people at Radio One still call me Kid, what I'm doing now is giving people the option: that I'm

■ *Continues over*

not only rock and roll — lowry

MONTY GETS THE SUIT OF HIS DREAMS!! JUST IN TIME FOR THE RIPPED DENIM REVIVAL..
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PHEW! ALMOST CAUGHT BEING FASHIONABLE THERE..
PASSING IDIOT
BUT.. INSIDE MONTY'S BRAIN, THE ART VERSUS ECONOMICS STRUGGLE RAGES!..
THIS DENIM-TRASHING MACHINE SHOULD NET ME A FORTUNE FROM DISCONTENTED YOUTHS ANXIOUS TO EXPRESS DISSENT BY WEARING TROUSERS WITH HOLES IN THEM AND FOLLOWING THE TEACHINGS OF ROBERT ELMS...
LATER, TROUBLED BY GHOSTS OF CARS, MONT AWAKES TO THE SOUND OF THE TALKING DRUMS!!
CHUNKA! CHUNKA!!
WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?
* NEW ORDNANCE SURVEY MAP OF THE LINES ON MY FOREHEAD AVAILABLE AT H.M.S.O.
IT SOUNDS LIKE — WHEN DO WE GET THE ROYALTIES FROM THE BURUNDI BLACK SINGLE, ADAM, BOW WOWSERS ETC, ETC?..
POLITICS WILL GO - IT'LL VANISH AND SHRINK. I'M MORE POPULAR THAN MRS. THATCHER!..

Important, new series - Pillars of the Left - starts soon. Featuring Auberon Wargspart, Peregrine Woughspart, Norman Batespart, Lon Pinmoonspart etc, etc.

'DAVID'

From previous page

not 16 years old any more. If they want to call me Kid, that's fine, but I don't want anybody thinking that I'm pretending to be a teenager."

For the future, he sees his Sunday afternoon work on *Studio B15*, the magazine/talk show, as a pointer to the sort of direction he'd like to move in. "I think, ideally, I would have liked to have been a journalist when I look back. Maybe I could do that one day."

And meanwhile . . . "You know, one of the rewards of my coming back here was the *NME* poll. I was so knocked out. Peel was top DJ, of course, but then there was an interesting category on the other page, where they asked the leading artists for *their* nominations. And I looked through John Peel's, where his 'favourite DJ' was Peter Powell! *(Looks back-stabbed and hurt.)* And I thought, my *friend!* 'Cos we are quite close, socially, despite what you might think! What? I was so crestfallen when I saw this. And *then*, when I saw Siouxsie's poll, I wasn't expecting anything, but there it was: 'favourite radio show, David Jensen'. Wow! Then Paul Weller's, the same. Great! I was so made up. I think Peel's gone off Siouxsie since then. Ha!"

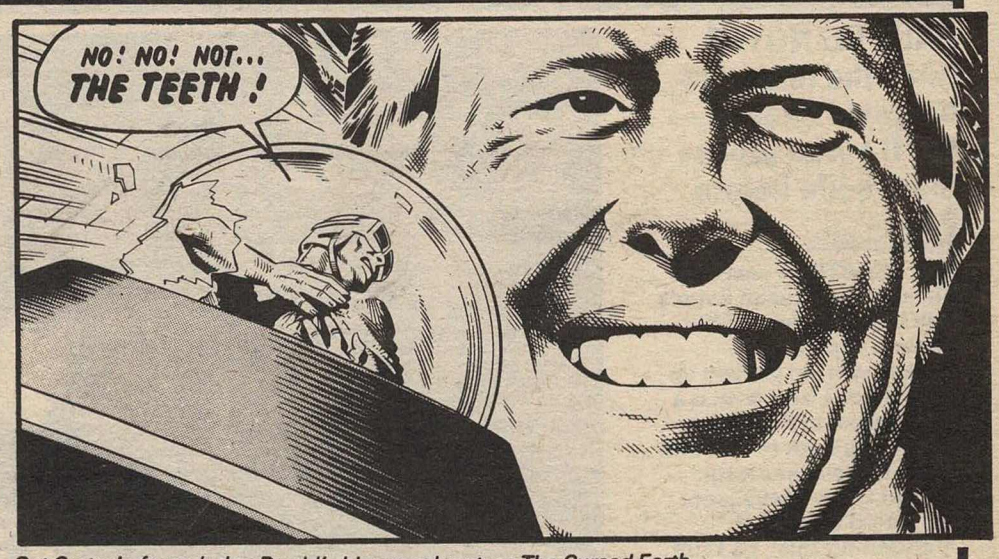
He mentions gleefully that he now has an album, autographed "to my one true love" by Clare Grogan — ideal for taunting Peel with. "Peel said recently in *Smash Hits* how Siouxsie in *NME* had said that Kid Jensen was her favourite DJ. So he said, the day that *Clare Grogan* does that is the day that he throws himself off a bridge!"

Plans are already afoot to fraudulently obtain Miss Grogan's signature on a document stating precisely that . . .

Well Dredd

PRINT

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY celebrates Britain's finest comic-book hero's debut in book form



Get Carter!...from Judge Dredd's bizarre adventure The Cursed Earth

NOT CONTENT with inspiring Phil Oakey to write 'I Am The Law', the Dirty Harry of the 22nd century has made a further stab for immortality by appearing in book form.

The three volumes of *The Chronicles Of Judge Dredd* thus far available (from Titan Books; £3.25 for volume one, £3.50 a throw for the other two) extend the blend of semi-mystical authoritarianism that informs most comic-book mythology to greater and more absurd lengths than anything this side of Marvel's *Rom* book, but to considerable satirical effect.

The Judge — an executioner cop operating in a post-nuclear American nightmare — is the ultimate stony-faced prig, and his grim indomitability is handled with considerable irony by author John Wagner and artist Brian Bolland in the first volume, a collection of the best short stories to feature the character (with, mercifully, only one intervention from Dredd's horrendous foil Walter The Wobot).

Most of the contents of the other two volumes — which reprint those chapters of the sprawling *Cursed Earth* saga that didn't libel McDonald's or Col Sanders' Kentucky Fried Vultures — were drawn by Pat McMahon, who in terms of sheer quantity, has the greater claim to being *the* Judge Dredd artist. However, McMahon's scratchy, extrovert style seems to suit the characters less happily than the tight, clean, punchy designs and dryly witty characterisations of the Bolland approach.

The *Cursed Earth* extravaganza is loosely based on the plot of Roger Zelazny's *Damnation Alley* (also the victim of an execrable movie adaptation, if I recall), and that novel's hero reappears merged with an artist's impression of Johnny Rotten. The heroes' trek across a devastated continent creates considerable satiric possibilities, most of which McMahon and writer Pat Mills grab fairly enthusiastically.

The Dredd sagas (which, as any fule kno, originally appeared and continue to appear in IPC's *2000 AD* weekly) muster, even at their least inspired, approximately two dozen times the energy of anything Marvel can muster these days — with the possible exception of Frank Miller's nightmarish *Daredevil* and John Byrne's lovingly inventive evocation of Lee-Kirby heights in *Fantastic Four*. I can see no alternative to your immediate investigation of at least the first volume.

— CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Well dreadful

"I SHOULD like to make it clear from the outset," begins Gary Herman's preface to *Rock'n'Roll Babylon* (Plexus £4.95), the dullest gossip book ever written, "that I love rock'n'roll."

Of course he does! No one who didn't adore the broken-down old brute as truly as e'er Ulysses loved Penelope could possibly have managed to construct such a heavingly sanctimonious tone.

The concept of the book is lifted — fairly obviously and overtly — from Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon*, a collection of bizarre and horrific vignettes in the lives of movie stars famous and forgotten, dead and alive. Anger assembled his material with a maniacal zeal and a cackling sense of the ludicrous which is guaranteed to vaporise any crocodile tear which could possibly be sufficiently foolish to attempt to well up unbidden, and he also dug deeper into many of his scandals than simply rummaging through old newspapers would allow.

However, Herman's book doesn't even aspire to the heights of good, vicious, scurrilous fun. Each chapter is full of sociology, of regret for the tragic waste of lives and talent, of slow shakes of the head and a hushed, respectful tone of authorial voice. What is basically happening is that Herman is — like Anger — inviting readers to participate in an act of voyeurism, but — unlike Anger — he uses solemnity as a means of avoiding that responsibility.

I mean, come on! Just about every known example of a person in the pop business doing anything even vaguely upsetting is here, disinterred for your pleasure. John Rotten on a cross, John Lennon on a stretcher. Bianca Jagger's tits, Keith Moon's cock, Sid Vicious' syringe. Roy Orbison's wife's corpse being dragged out of a burning car, Otis Redding being dragged out of his wrecked plane, Sid and Nancy (again) making horizontal exits from the Chelsea Hotel. Ray Charles (and Elvis Presley and Gregg Allman and Paul McCartney and John Lennon and Jim Morrison and Malcolm McLaren) in court or in police custody, Al Green in the pulpit. Marc Bolan's Mini, Buddy Holly's plane ... this is real edifying stuff, right? So why does Herman hedge his bets by bringing in all this solemn, reverent "I love rock'n'roll" stuff?

There's very little *new* smut, scandal or scurrility here, which makes *Rock'n'Roll Babylon* little more than a nostalgia trip for veterans of the Rock Outrage Wars. There's even a picture of Mick Jagger on the cover, old Lucifer himself. Worship that devil, folks. And rest in peace.

— CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

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GET HAPPY!!

Two years ago A Certain Ratio stopped talking to the music press. Their silence was the cause of all sorts of misunderstandings, the most consistent being they were an arrogant, gloomy, doom-laden Manchester group whose art reflected the misery of Moss Side. How wrong could we be! A Certain Ratio are happy go-lucky funksters! They broke the silence last week to tell us so themselves. When they said anything, that is. But does the happy talk of hollow men ring true? Drummer Donald Johnson almost convinces Chris Bohn. Pictures: Peter Anderson

The Ratio men don't pose

THE FIVE THIN BOYS of A Certain Ratio line up against the wall of a Moss Side bookie's with all the enthusiasm of the guilty ones in an identity parade. Their disinterest is reflected in the camera eye, just as it has been in every lens that has ever stared at them.

Some things never change and A Certain Ratio's sullen shyness is one of them. Other constants include close-cropped toppings, poverty, a taste for practical clothing, a stream of erratically brilliant records and the continuing fascination surrounding any group that maintains a surly press silence as long as Kevin Rowland.

They've filled out a touch since the last time they talked two years ago. A temporary sixth member — Martha Tilson — has come and gone, otherwise everything remains the same.

The thin boys have grown up, but into what? Great men? Monsters? Stuffed men? Preoccupied men? Hollow men? They're not telling. In fact they're hardly saying anything. Their whispered small talk is meaningless to outsiders; the quips of tall Donald Johnson and twinkling smiles of small Peter Terel aside, nothing about A Certain Ratio is inviting. They politely speak when spoken to, but don't volunteer anything. This is only right and proper behaviour in the presence of strangers. Anyone who thinks differently probably has a list of regrets to match the depth of his naivety. Careless talk can cost credibility. Talking of which?

Whatever their desired anonymity, the grouping of five men and a photographer inevitably arouses interest. A pasty-faced pusher sidles up, a brace of grumpy young cyclists circle like hawks, while old hopefuls shuffling in and out of the bookie's glance at them suspiciously. For some reason this is how I imagine Nelson *Man With The Golden Arm* Algren's Chicago to be.

"It is a bit like Chicago," agrees Simon Topping.

The scars of last year's riots run deeper than the street's burnt-out shop sites. One resentful kid rolls forward and prods: "What you taking pictures here for?" Good question. Donald? "Perhaps so three of them can walk home afterwards. They live here!"

Before the group disperse they go shopping in Moss Side's grim precinct. Peter picks up a *2000AD* comic, the others nibble on West Indian patties and cakes, washing them down with coconut soda. "The best drink in the world," proclaims Simon with uncharacteristic relish.

While he's in such a revealing mood, he explains his reticence before microscopic gazes and cameras — self-consciousness pure and simple. Besides, it's got nothing to do with his role as singer and musician. "I can't act, I won't pose," he spits.

So how come ACR are talking all of a sudden? Has the strategy of silence outlived its usefulness? "We're not talking," he retorts. "Donald is!"

He drew the short straw?

"Really, you're being too analytical, Chris," Donald — ACR's most congenial member — chides when we leave the others to drive back to his Wythenshawe flat. "Nothing about Ratio is so planned as you think. We never said we wouldn't talk. It's just that we've never had anything to say before and now we've something to talk about. There has been a lot of changes."

IN THE ABSENCE of manager/father figure/Factory connection Tony Wilson (presently on holiday in Hong Kong/China — I predict uniform blue Mao suits in ACR's next stage sets) drummer Donald Johnson has taken over the role of host and diplomat. But where Tony's a strategist, Donald's an admirably straightforward pragmatist. If Tony would sit back and smile, allowing the myths to crystallize around ACR's long silence, Donald shatters them all with commonsensical hammer blows. His eyes, hidden behind large framed glasses, pop with amazement, occasionally bristle with exasperation at the multiple interpretations, be they hostile or friendly, simple, banal or complex, heaped on ACR.

"You're being too analytical, Chris," Donald patiently repeats. "I just play it, I don't analyse it. I don't think of it in those terms. I don't think any of us do."

Nevertheless . . . if this is at first difficult to swallow, remember they've persisted with the same defence — that music is the only important thing — since their inception as a drummerless four-piece drone unit responsible for ACR's dour yet enduring debut single 'The Thin Boys' / 'All Night Party', released mid-79 when they were still hanging onto their day jobs and opening Factory nights round the country for Joy Division.

When Donald joined, his fine economic drumming focused their abrasive, amoebic cacophonies around an extraordinary spluttering funk track that served as a filter for the group's curiosity for diverse noise — Peter Terel's quirky electronic loops, Jeremy Kerr's lippy jazz bass, Martin Moscrop's withered guitar style, which he'd occasionally swap for a trumpet to double up Simon Topping's flat, alien trumpet charts.

They later expanded their claustrophobic city dance music with dense African percussion configurations for the astonishing 12" 'Flight' / 'Flown Away', which might've introduced a trend towards a form of post-industrial mysticism had they stuck at it long enough. Instead they refined it for the daring experiments in percussion textures of their maligned debut LP 'To Each . . .'. They worked that album's occasional shapelessness into more manageable forms for 'Sextet' — exotic fusion of melancholy funk and Martha Tilson's enchanting voice and impressionist scenarios. Going by the most recent 12" 'Guess Who?' (on Factory Benelux), which heralds a soon-to-be released third LP of a very disciplined, very parched disco music, a lot of people are going to miss the colour and hooks Martha brought to ACR. Where did they find her — and where is she now?

"We didn't find her, she found us when we were in New York," said one ACR during the photo session.

"When we were playing in New York, Martha came along, got onstage with us, fitted in and stayed," expands Donald later. "She came over to Manchester, did a track on 'Too Each . . .' and made 'Sextet'.

"You know, her voice is really different. It's not easy to pitch to but it fitted in with everything we were doing, which wasn't, like, to a certain pitch, and we needed another element to set it off. But after a while, it was getting a bit uneasy. We were moving ahead and Martha wasn't keeping up. Basically we were developing, doing more things, but Martha was still doing what she was doing. She wasn't fitting in — anyway she was getting a bit fed up with it as well . . . we're still good friends though."

At one point Martha was deported, broke, back to New York. She was last heard of in Amsterdam — "finding herself", quipped one ACR.

Not everyone will agree that the Martha-less ACR is an advance. I don't. For all its functional excellence, the new LP is only novel insofar as the group have made something incantatory out of conventional disco exhortation. Citing the East Coast jazz/dance machine Cameo as a major source, it seems they're trying to match their muse for sound perfection, their quest for quality raising their dry disco to an extraordinarily rarefied level, but the effort hasn't left them time for much else. Like lyrics. ACR don't write songs as such anymore.

Donald Johnson

"Maybe we were concentrating more on the music, not so much on the lyrics," Donald admits. "It's just finding time to put lyrics to those things. Either we aren't available to write them or we're not available to sing them.

"It's getting people to do the vocals," he despairs, "drawing them away from their instruments to sing. When Martha left we had

CONTINUES OVER

HAPPY!!

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

to rethink, as all that part was channelled through her. Now we've brought in someone (called Andy, his surname no one seems to know) to play keyboards live, leaving Simon free to sing."

The Ratio men stand left to right Martin Moscroe, Simon Topping, Jeremy Kerr, Donald Johnson, Peter Terel.

REALLY, THE SOBER tone of A Certain Ratio's progress was prescribed way back on that first single 'All Night Party' in the line: *"I work all day / I drink all night / My life is just an angry blur."* At their best, they laboriously fuse a thirst for learning with a furious pursuit of pleasure, resulting in a fervid urban juju music, described so accurately by Paul Morley two years ago, when he interviewed them at their first, tallest peak:

"I stare out from the fourth floor landing into the miserable spread of concrete scrap, brick, wire and wasteland, imagine in my mind A Certain Ratio's next single 'Flight', and the logic of the relationship between the entertainment and the environment makes my hands clammy."

The adverse aspect of the group's dedication to music and music alone — they're the most dedicated I've ever met — is that they've become increasingly isolated from their surrounds. Nothing they do today has quite the resonance of 'Flight' or the evocative imagery of most of 'Sextet'. They've achieved an anonymous functional purity at the expense of character. Live, people have interpreted A Certain Ratio's intense concentration as arrogance. They don't care. Music, they insist, is all there is.

"That's really important to us," asserts Donald. "First and foremost music means something to the people who are buying it. So we make sure that it is right. I don't think people are interested in us as an image, right? We don't create images, we don't have fancy backcloths . . . it is important to us to give music to other people in good sounding packages."

How much does he think the music comes from the environment A Certain Ratio live in?

"I dunno," he answers. "I don't think of it in those terms. If we based it on Manchester, it would be all doom and gloom because it rains all the time! But it's not! It's happy, vibrant music . . ."

Happy! Happy? Happy is the last sensation I would ascribe to A Certain Ratio, specially not their most recent and forthcoming stuff. I can imagine the deep satisfaction the group themselves feel through working themselves up to the level of playing it. I have been excited, enchanted, entertained and mesmerised by A Certain Ratio, experienced some strange notions of joy in their live presence. But they have never made me happy.

"I disagree," counters Donald placidly. "I think there's a lot of joy in the music. It's all about dancing, it's not one of these concept albums where you sit calmly and listen. It's something to dance to, not to analyse. You're being very analytical about it all, Chris."

But just where is the joy in it?

"When you're dancing you're not thinking about the telephone bill. You can't. You just enjoy yourself. It's us enjoying ourselves, other people listening to it and enjoying themselves. There are elements of communication there, yeah, getting your point across . . .

"There are a lot of people out there with a lot of problems, but we don't make records with problems built into them. I don't think we make records with a social statement built into them to a certain degree. People don't like things drummed into them all the time anyway — you have to do this, you're supposed to do that — when you go out you don't want to hear that. How would you like

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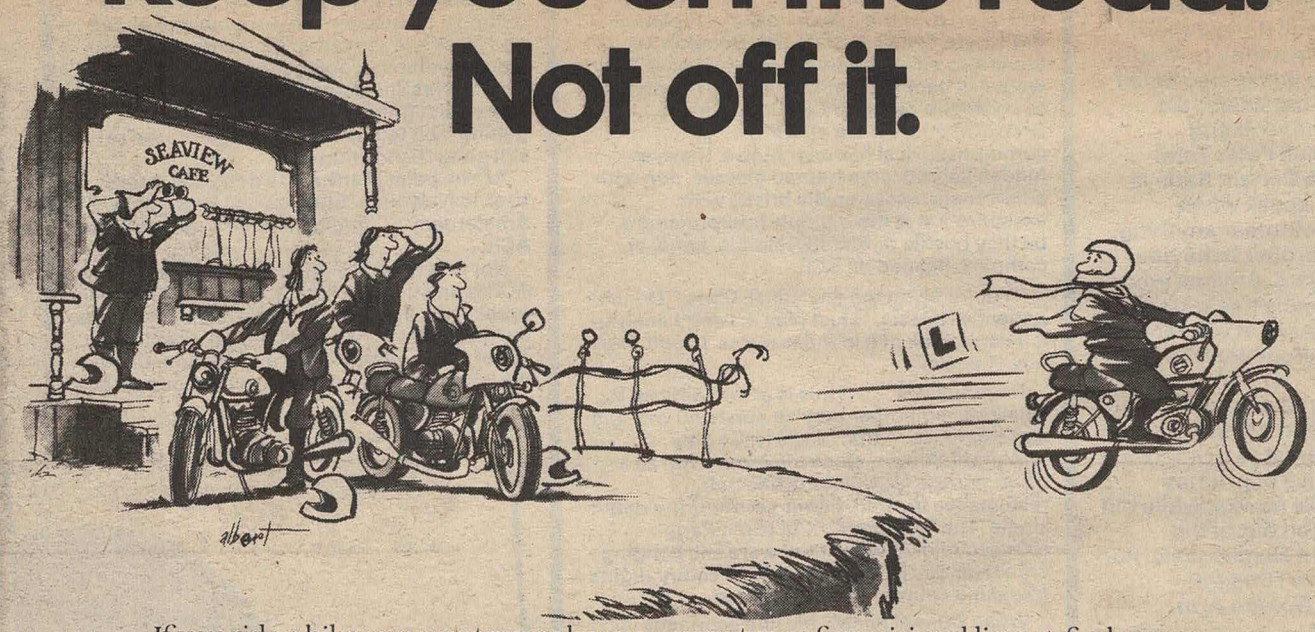
The new bike laws. They're designed to keep you on the road. Not off it.



If you ride a bike or a scooter you know how it feels to have a close call.

The more it happens, the better you become at knowing when it's going to happen.

Provided you survive.

Last year over 22,000 motor cyclists were killed or seriously injured. Over half of them were under 20 years old.

The new bike laws are simply designed to make sure young riders get the experience they need to stay alive.

125cc maximum from February 1st 1983.

If you're a learner, from February 1st of next year, you will no longer be allowed to ride a solo machine over 125cc. And if registered after December 31st 1981 it must not have a power/weight ratio over 100 kw/tonne or a power output of more than 9kw (12 BHP). (If that sounds complicated, don't worry, your dealer can explain.)

To give learners with larger bikes more time to pass their tests this law now comes in next February and not this October as originally advertised.

A 2 year provisional licence from October 1st 1982.

On October 1st this year we introduce a new type of provisional licence for learner riders which will last for two years.

If you haven't passed both parts of the two part test in that time you will have to wait 12 months before applying for another bike licence.

The 2 part test.

As you probably know the 2 part test came in on March 29th this year.

Part I tests your ability to handle and manoeuvre a bike.

Part II is much the same as the old 'L' test and can only be taken when you've passed Part I. You'll stand a much better chance of passing both parts if you take a training course with one of the organisations appointed by the Department of Transport.

The road safety officer at your local council offices (in Scotland regional council offices or police stations) can put you in touch with them.

All in all, you may find the new 2 part test rather more demanding than the old one.

But then staying alive on today's roads isn't easy either.

ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT.

Next week in NME

Tapeaway Special

Due to industrial action, our advertised programme 'The NME Next Week Box' has been replaced by the following show, Cookery Corner . . .

Courtesy of the chefs who baked you dainty dishes like the 'C81', the 'Dancin' Master', 'Hit The Road Stax' and our most recent *plat du jour* 'The Jive Wire', next week in *NME* we will be presenting two more of the hottest tape-aways in town.

Yes, gourmets, two more of our delicious cassette-aroles, spiced with our usual assortment of succulent sound, flavoured with everything from Courgettes to Coconuts!

For starters, there's a speciality of the house, the

NME/Charly Pocket Jukebox.

Compiled by our panel of expert gastrologers from the vintage archives over at Charly Records, all 18 courses will set you back less than £1.50!

And if you're not feeling too bloated after such a scrumptious start, wait till you see what we've got for our main course this time around!

It's a little, or should we say rather large, selection of delicacies known in the catering trade as the

NME Mighty Reel.

22 oven-fresh tracks by the Fun Boy Three, Haircut 100, Cabaret Voltaire, Elvis Costello, Robert Wyatt, UB40, Ornette Coleman, Kid Creole and Billy Mackenzie plus many, many more, some tried and tasted, some so obscure and exciting, even we had never dared swallow them whole before.

Anyway, it's all yours, fatty, for just £1.99. Luncheon vouchers not accepted.

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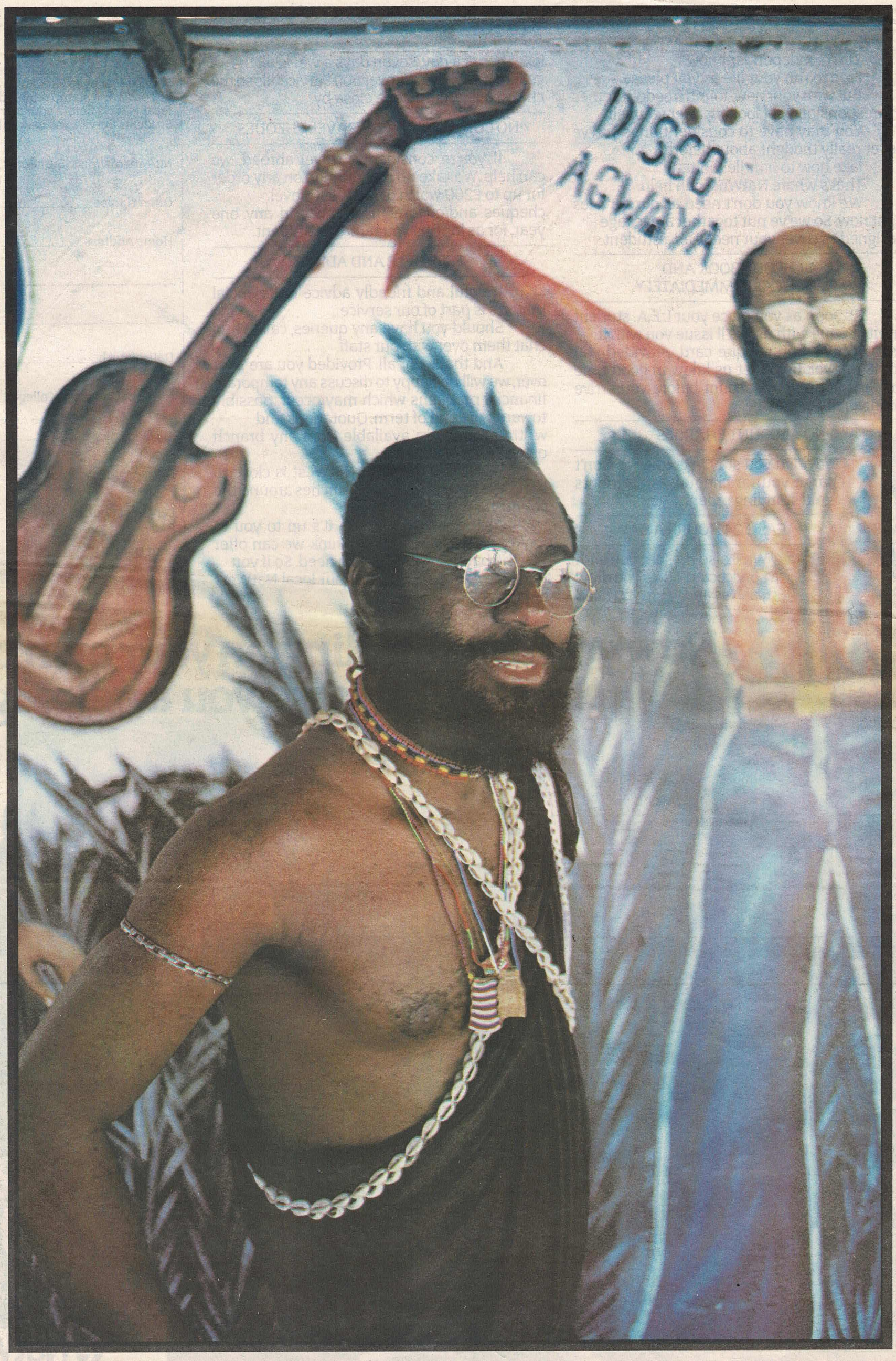

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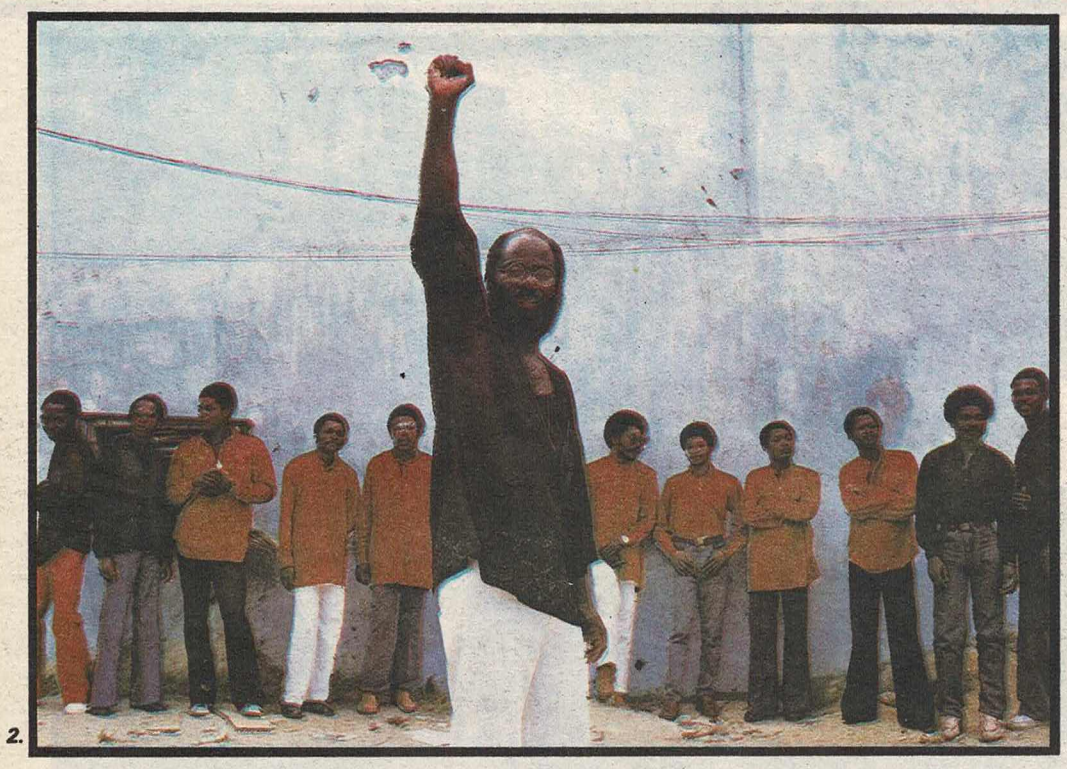
A RETURN NOT



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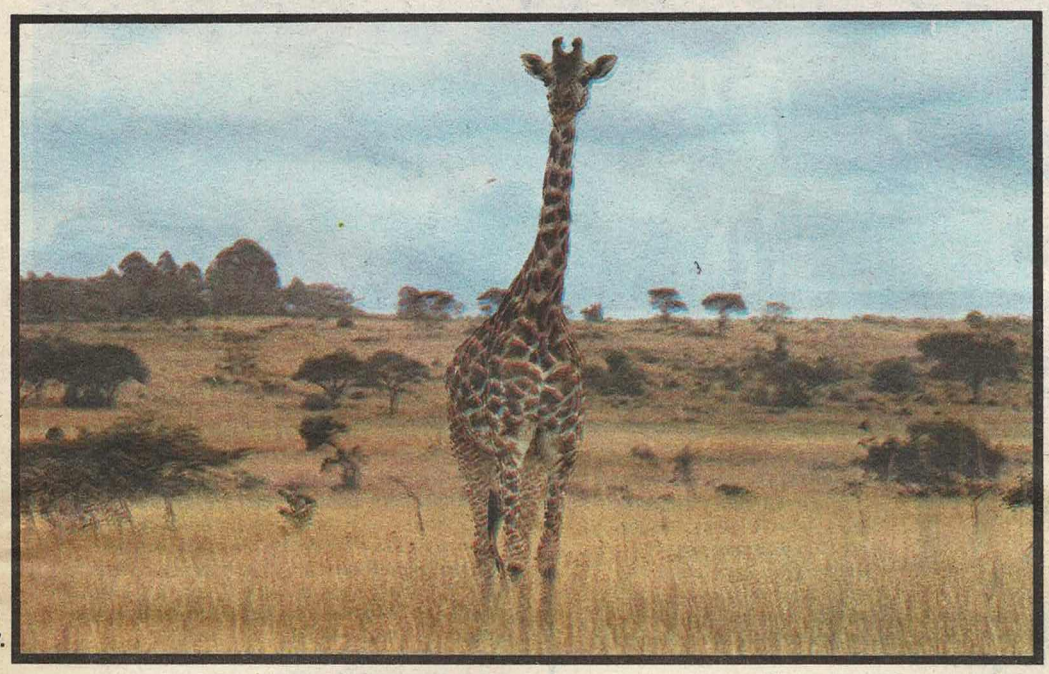

3.

1. *Mzee Makassy, musical overlord of East Africa. Like many important musicians in the East, he comes originally from Zaire.*
2. *The Orchestra Makassy: most groups have a massive membership with a strict hierarchy.*
3. *Wild in the country: curious Giraffeus Enormous.*
4. *& 5. Wall paintings are everywhere, these from a record shop (left) and a bar in Dar-es-Salaam.*
6. *The Tanzanian seaside shuffle.*

4.

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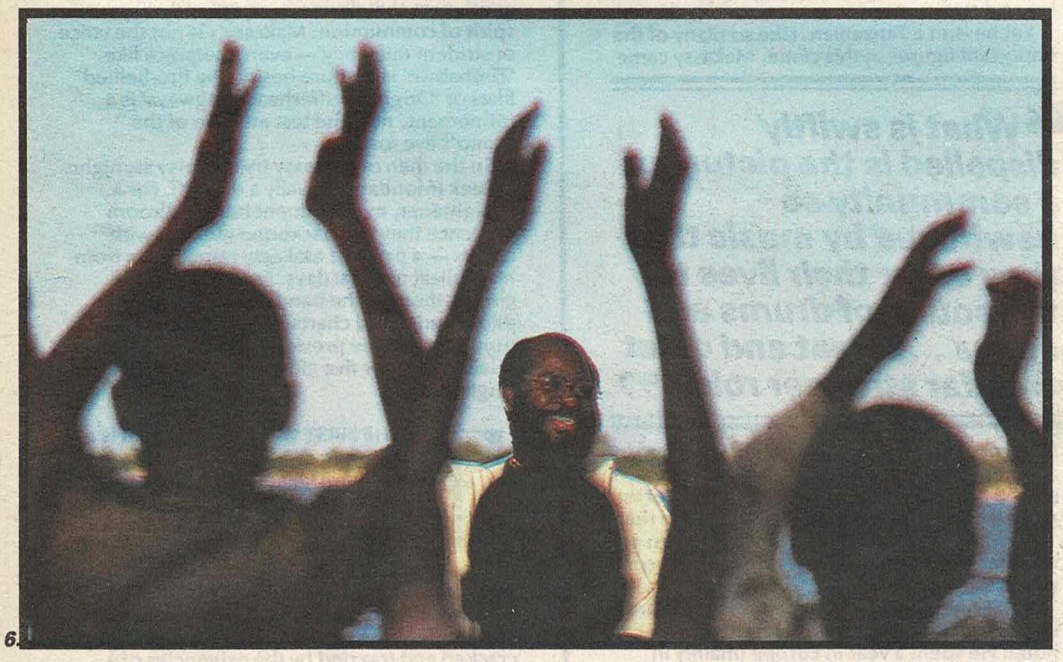


6.

The New African Music:

"More difficult to cage than reggae. It leaps and sprawls . . . It can go on and on because nobody wants it to stop . . . It moves emblazoned with an urgency that never quite spills into panic . . ."

A musical safari through Tanzania and Kenya.

By Richard Cook.
Photography: Anton Corbijn

THE TAXIS IN DAR-ES-SALAAM are not something you treat lightly.

A cab ride can be a test of nerves here. Most of the cars are ancient Peugeots held together by will-power and imagination. The drivers are imperturbable characters, and they set their vehicles to career over roads where a smooth surface is an unknown miracle and the other participants have a dodgem sensitivity.

As I sit in the back of this one, bones shaken over and over, the driver gropes into the intestines of the dashboard, locates the controls of a ragged cassette machine and clicks on a tape — it is Bob Marley's 'Natty Dread'.

'Lively Up Yourself' squawks from the tinny speakers and mixes in with the overpowering humidity of the night, the dust whipped up from the road, the bumps, the horsehair feel of the seats, the sudden contrasts of ornate house and impoverished shack glimpsed on the roadsides, the insects that clog the headlight beam . . . another ember from the fire.

The African fire glows in the visitor's sight but its heat is deceptive. How easily can he be burnt?

Popular music has done its best to shrink the globe. The machinery that runs pop, while looking to secure its dollar in the safest and most easily bankable returns, has always been aware of the transience of the music and the consequent need to look ceaselessly for something new.

The search has resulted in the plundering of all manner of folk and traditional musics, be they the fol-de-rol fancy of the English ballad or the dark accents of the Delta blues: a beat or an instrumentation or a harmonic mode has been pressed into the service of music that has traded its ancestry for the shell of modern design. Western pop has changed suits so often its discernible roots have long been lost.

It can be called cross-fertilisation or ethnic inspiration, but what it usually amounts to is cultural appropriation. The successive dilution of jazz, blues and R&B to suit white markets has been the primer of all western pop. Having explored all those resources eyes have turned eastwards, to South America, and now to Africa.

A simplification, of course, because properly speaking any fresh investigation of African music is nothing more than the wheel finally coming full circle. Figures as diverse as Winston Rodney and Cecil Taylor believe in the African origination of all western music — and this illuminates a truth disturbing to European minds: that the imposition of a Northern sophistication is at root only a diversion in the evolution of a music. If we look to Africa now, it is a return, not a discovery.

And what is even more disorientating is the way Africa has developed its own multifarious pop mainstream. Africa has not stood still. Nor has it moved on in the way a colonialist outlook might have attempted to direct. Just as African rhythm begat the very heartbeat of what became Western pop, so the present current of African pop has drawn unapologetically from the most liberating aspects of Northern technology — the electric bass, the mixer and the PA — and fused the mannerisms of 'our' pop music with a sense of tradition that no Northerner can aspire to.

No matter how hard he or she tries. The tribal affectations of Adam or The Slits are inoffensive enough. Their triviality is not demeaning, only distant. The building-block simplicity of their thunderous beating is only murmurous of a notion of Africa coddled by documentary and colonial fantasy.

Nevertheless, it is that mystique of magic and darkness that is fuelling so much of the curiosity presently attending new African music.

The ideas of an indigent soul-rhythm, of hypnotic and endless percussive swirls and voices brought from the warrior chant, sound irresistible to Northern ears. Ally those natural skills with the sense of enigma and impenetrability that enshrouds Africa still, and the magnetism pulls stronger. Though any European can respond to the rhythm he is also aware of his exclusion. The flavour of a dare pulls him in.

As does the attraction of a new batch of music stars whose bearing is unnervingly well suited to an idolatrous following. The names of Fela Anikulap Kuti, Prince Nico Mbarga, King Sunny Ade and Bo Mbanda are among those that symbolise the new African music, and their almost exalted standing on their own limited turf is in a classic pop star tradition.

There is, too, the possibility of assimilating a fresh vein of black music — with the failure of reggae to sustain the impact of Marley's

CONTINUES OVER

A DISCOVERY

COOK'S TOUR

FROM OVER PAGE

Mombassa, Hotel Fortuna

breakthrough, African pop represents another chance for the inquisitive European.

The trouble is, new African music is even more difficult to cage than reggae. It leaps and sprawls. It cannot be confined to the three-minute single: its lifespan is settled by the immediate mood. It can go on and on because nobody wants it to stop. It is always dance music, but its quickening drone rhythms have a character very different to the metronomic regularity of rock and disco. It moves like a cluttered procession, laden with sudden spurting colours and snorts of brass, imbued with wine-dark harmonies and emblazoned with an urgency that never quite spills into panic.

In its huge spread of variety and accent and inflexion, African pop and its sources and tributaries are impossible to codify. African music is not the Burundi Drummers or Miriam Makeba or the confrontational fire of Kuti and Ade: they are all part of a straggling pageant that takes in the French West African states (sampled in Island's two 'Sound D'Afriques' compilations), the JuJu of Nigeria, the key central area of Zaire, the South and its township jazz and the Zimbabwean brass and the eastern seaboard states of Kenya, Tanzania and Mozambique.

And yet . . . the new African music does link inexorably together. It is not the enforced homogeneity of European pop culture that sees to it; nor is it especially bound up in the pan-African militancy that runs like blood through modern African literature. The truth runs very deep — so deep that the North may be afraid of it, and certainly deep enough to elude an epigrammatic appraisal.

This report, based on a brief time in Kenya and Tanzania, is but a glimpse: a peek at that truth rather than an explanation of it.

"Look where you walk unholy stranger
This is the land of the eighth harmony
In the rainbow: Black."

— Tsegaye Gabre-Medhin

FLYING FROM NAIROBI to Dar-es-Salaam is both enthralling and salutary. The character of the landscape changes frequently but its main constituent is a vast expanse of scrubland.

The European's instinctive reaction is to wonder at how such huge areas of land could be best employed — it's not until he registers the small encampments that pock the terrain that he realises that the Masai have mastered the land for self-sufficiency rather than greed. The flash of their scarlet cloaks is all the airborne observer can grasp of the pride that has enabled them to survive.

Although Dar is only a few hundred miles south of Nairobi, the contrast between the two cities could hardly be more marked. While the Kenyan capital labours under a curfew (after the recent attempted coup) which intensifies its aura of hostility, Dar-es-Salaam spreads its hands. Its atmosphere can be almost as much Arabic as African; mosques of stately dignity are peppered through the town. A strong Asian community resides here. Cinemas show as many Indian as American films.

Tourism doesn't have a strong hold on the city — only one hotel can be said to be of 'international' standard — and it mostly attracts the more nomadic and habitual traveller. Perhaps that's why its friendliness seems more genuine than the strict courtesy offered by the normal resort. Dar's inhabitants are disinclined to antagonise, and they will usually return a smile.

What is swiftly dispelled is the picture of a community so bewitched by music that they order their lives to the sound of drums and songs. Muzak is a Northern invention and it has no place here, except in the bars and hotels which expect to attract Northern clientele. Otherwise Dar-es-Salaam is curiously bereft of native pop. Heat and quiet take far stronger roles.

The reasons are soon apparent. For one thing, electrical equipment is expensive and at best scarce. In a town where matches and light bulbs and toilet paper and mustard are valued commodities, radios are uncommon and televisions all but non-existent. One might hear far more music on a stroll down an average English high street than in any part of Dar-es-Salaam.

For another, even if the Tanzanians were inclined to pump their airwaves they might find little enough to move to. The ubiquitous and rather mysterious Tanzanian Film Corporation controls virtually all forms of entertainment in the country with a rigorous and dictatorial vigour. Almost any musical project will require TFC approval of some sort at an early stage.

And records are effectively banned. They usually have to be smuggled into the country. Record shops don't do well in Tanzania.

Yet the most fundamental cause is the different respect accorded to music. In Africa, where music grew out of a need for communication, the Northern malaise of indifference through saturation has not yet succeeded in blighting their treatment of pop. Although this is the (hugely prolific) centre for some of the most joyous and exhilarating music in the world, it is taken seriously.

Music is prized here. It might not be obsessed with the lofty creative pretensions which the European performer imagines himself so privy to, but it would be exceptionally patronising to bleach it with the vacant expression of 'happy music'. In Tanzania as elsewhere there are musicians with as much skill, imagination and purpose as any in Western pop. The difference is that African pop is never so divorced from its audience as our pop music is.

As serious as your life. The Tanzanian musicians are as much workers as any of their audience. They are respected and admired; some perhaps are even idolised — but not in the bloodless and untouchable guise of the Western pop pin-up. Their standing has to be earned.

When we constructed the machinery that runs pop music we surrendered its innocence. African pop is approaching a crossroads, but its social context has thus far remained constant. In this desperately poor country, the native pop music has grown out of folk forms flexible enough to accommodate the graftings familiar to Western ears without slicing off their roots. When you *do* hear music here, you realise how unforced its high status is — how its importance is recognised without being explained. It is effectively an unspoken pride.

Orchestra Makassy, who could be called the top Tanzanian group, are forthright in displaying the dual character of this branch of African pop. In one sense they are aware of their craft as a trade. They try and play six nights a week to maintain subsistence and they perform their duties at local hops or classier hotel functions with the same sober, workmanlike persistence.

But in another, far less tangible way they realise themselves to be privileged. The importance the community puts on music is deep enough to grant the musician a place apart; although it is not the pseudo-religious pedestal of our pop idols there is a degree of honour nevertheless. And it demands exceptional proficiency — African pop is full of brilliant players because if they couldn't cut it they simply wouldn't get the gig.

It's little wonder that the back streets and single rooms of Dar aren't full of impromptu jam sessions and rent parties. The African pop audience takes its appreciation of the music to the point where respect and admiration and uncomplicated enjoyment have fused. They do not abuse their music.

Most East African groups have the prefix 'Orchestra' and it's not an exaggeration. Eight members is a bare minimum and there may be twice as many involved in the actual music-making. Exactly how the logistics of running such an operation work out is less clear. They manage to get by through a mixture of fraternal support and making do.

The group structure is hierarchical and strictly observed: the teamsters know their place, and anyone stepping out of line or displaying ulterior ambitions is liable to receive an unceremonial dismissal. Always there is one man who acts as musical director, father figure and overlord, and sometimes as manager and fixer as well. In this group — in this country — it is Mzee Makassy who calls the shots.

MAKASSY (the 'Mzee' is a term of respect rather than a name — Kenyan currency depicts 'Mzee Jomo Kenyatta') is the kind of beneficent figure Western pop has all but forgotten. He is esteemed almost as a feudal lord instead of a pop star, and his dignified bearing and attitudes are regally accustomed to being obeyed.

At first sight, with his modest build and beard, round glasses, rapidly receding hairline and slightly downturned shoulders, he might seem a rather ordinarily courteous gentleman. But in spending time with him, noting the way he will direct a conversation, his changes of language to deliver messages elsewhere, his sometimes ponderous sense of calm and certainty as to the availability of time for more talk or drink or journeying — the Tanzanian sense of time is elastic and unruffled — he who encounters Makassy is gradually and skilfully absorbed into a private realm.

Just walking down the street in his company is enough to prove the point. Car drivers hail him through their windows; people who may or may not have met him before greet him with the handshake and discreet familiarity that makes those who dwell here seem so warm. Even the youngest children, when asked, will grin 'Makassy!' in response.

In a firm and undemonstrative way, this man is a real star.

Yet he isn't a Tanzanian. Like so many of the important figures in this clime, Makassy came first from Zaire. He was born forty years ago in a remote village in what became East Zaire, played bass in college groups as a teenager and moved between Kenya and Zaire through the '60s, doing mostly covers of those Western pop hits that filtered through to East African record shops.

"What is swiftly dispelled is the picture of a community so bewitched by music that they order their lives to the sound of drums and songs . . . Heat and quiet take far stronger roles."

In 1967 he moved to Kampala and for years had a regular gig at the city's international hotel. He spent a year in Europe (mainly in Italy) and finally formed Orchestra Makassy in 1975 from the pool of Ugandan and Zairean players drifting around Kampala. Driven away to Tanzania by Amin's regime, the Orchestra consolidated a local status through exhaustive work. Dues-paying has clinched Makassy's pre-eminence.

It's a typical history. Overnight stars are seldom made here, and one-hit wonders count for little in an environment where chart life is measured in months and a nucleus of favourites holds sway. For music of such vitality, it can seem curious to view the sluggish building of a reputation.

At any rate, Orchestra Makassy has made itself one of the premier outfits in the East, and it has the records and crowds to prove it. The habitual chaos of an African group's recorded output has finally been regulated by their signing to the Kenyan AIT Records, whose restraining influence on the haphazard itch to slap out singles and albums at gushing intervals seems set to be the key factor in breaking the group on a wider level.

For it is through this tie that Makassy has made 'Agwaya', the album produced by Norman Meighell that Virgin are now releasing in Britain and Europe.

'Agwaya' is Orchestra Makassy as even they themselves have never heard before. While the group had previously recorded live, one-take tracks in the grainy studios that African record-making has to employ, Meighell applied no more than the obligatory Western techniques to shine up the grace and purity of the Orchestra's melodic fieldwork. It was a painful labour to such fast workers — Meighell is full of stories of the group's mystification at the detail in multi-tracking, the horn players growing convinced of their dismissal as they had to wait so long to do their parts — but they made it.

What the production — of crystal clarity compared with the average African recording — has brought out is the balmy draught that floods the pores of the Orchestra's music. The LP's levitational pull is proffered with a gentleness that disperses stress and affirms a spirit of communion. Makassy's is not the voice of strident militancy — even a setpiece like 'Zimbabwe' is demure beside the fire-bellied likes of 'Original Sufferhead'. 'Agwaya' is a refinement: now the test must be of the group's live form.

So the men of Makassy try and play six nights a week (Monday is usually a day off). For a straightener, more affluent hotel ballroom audience they will backbone their set with covers — a practice Makassy remembers from his earliest musical days. For their general circuit, though, the bandspread is their own pile of tunes and charts. Makassy has a lot of tunes. In any one previous year he might have released four or five albums and a boxful of singles.

THE FIRST GIG we can attend is a 10 minute drive from the centre of town. The grander buildings of the city are left behind and the little colonies of houses that form the poorer suburbs of Dar pitter the roadsides. It's a thick, humid night lit only by a slice of moon in a brilliantly clear sky.

The venue is something akin to a concrete stockade. As the ratchety strains of a group, cracked and frazzled by the exigencies of a makeshift sound rig, curl over the serrated peaks of the surrounding wall, little groups mill around the entry gate. In the company of Makassy's serenly beautiful wife Emmy and an impious, beaming associate called John we're spirited inside.

Just to be white in Africa can be disquieting enough: to walk into a churning, rolling crowd of dancers and drinkers and observers when yours are the only white faces at first induces a prickle or two at the back of the neck. It passes

Dar-Es-Salaam beach.

as time wears on but you never really forget that this is Africa, you're a European and the most you can do is half-take part. We are guests of the group and we're accepted as that, although the number of stares (of surprise rather than hostility) confirms that white folks are rare beasts in this area.

Anyway . . . the Orchestra is in full gear when we arrive around 10. There can be anything between eight and a dozen or more performing at any one time: the central pulse of the bass and drums and the allusive, sparkly *tingtangtang* of the guitars provide the continuity. At the front, three vocalists chop around the lead parts and suddenly interlock into harmonies made flawless by mutual accord. Squeezed onto what is more a meagre platform than a stage, they somehow find room to fit in shuffling routines that accompany the music like semaphoric punctuation: bump, dip, step, shake. As a chorus ends the brass team come braying in, clustered around a single microphone. The trumpet's blurting riff is underscored by lovably battered alto and tenor saxophones and the guitars go up and round and through and down and between and back and sideways . . .

Something beautiful, really beautiful, is coming from the bass. If the drums have seemed to exemplify the push and rush of African pop, the bass is summoning its real inner strength. Unlike the bald grunting muscle of the reggae bass, the frequency here is malleable, fluid, reverberant without the headache thud. The Orchestra's bassman is in a long line of phlegmatic masters and he is the anchor and adrenalin of the group.

The drummer has to contend with a scrappy kit with skins like parchment. A steady bass drum thump is matched to conga-like beatings on the snare while the cymbals pop in like exclamation marks at suitable moments. There is another percussionist, a tiny man slapping at two drums almost as big as himself, shimmying recklessly and mouthing his own anarchic vocal line to the sound. And the guitars keep going in and out and over and across . . .

What they are all playing is inwardly so complex it seems impossible to unpick and relate to, outwardly so clear and simple you can't help but respond. A song may last five or 10 or 15 minutes — time folds and stretches — and without any apparent skip or gulp a new one has grown out of the old. It's the guitarists' way with those airy, limber melodies that thread all the tunes together — rhythm and lead lines mesh with and spin off each other until there is only this intertwined showering of notes that bubble crazily through your head.

For music of such subtlety and grace it seems cruel for it to be strangled through a PA of such scrawny quality. The drums aren't miked up at all and the mixing is no more than rudimentary. It's through this deprivation of technical quality that the purity of African pop has developed: the players have learned to make their instruments ring because that's how they can make themselves heard.

A (Friday) night out at what must be a typical Makassy gig is a dizzying experience. For a few shillings the dancers are given literally hours of music — with one short break the Orchestra plays through until well after midnight. A bar house sells beer or coke. Onlookers stick close to the walls, but otherwise the area is a turmoil of dancing.

Dancing which is as serious and ecstatic as the music itself. Compared to a Western disco the steps and swivels might at times appear almost sloppy — yet trying to imitate the looseness in the gyration is a debilitating experience.

Sometimes a particular movement will infect a part of the dance and swarm across the crowd like a breeze over a cornfield; the guitarists will pick up a response to a certain phrase and go into a sticking groove repeat until the exhilaration has boiled over the top. Music and response are as one.

Body contact in this jostling sea is performed so naturally that inhibition seems forgotten. It is the most amorous and physical dancing imaginable, virtually shed of the usual stock of social taboos. If a song does finish, the dancers do not applaud — they simply wait for the next to start and the rhythm to pick them up again. One man who must be close to fifty is completely possessed by the music. He kicks away his sandals, crouches and quivers by the side of the stage and hurls himself around as if undergoing exorcism.

Only one of the Orchestra's repertoire of covers is played tonight. A vaguely familiar guitar intro makes me listen more closely for a moment, then recognition dawns and simultaneous disbelief at the choice is dispelled by a treatment that pours an undreamt spirit and meaning into the song. Especially when it's sung in Swahili.

It is Lamont Dozier's 'Going Back To My Roots.'

As it happened, Mzee Makassy himself wasn't present at the gig. The group frequently play without him when business demands his presence elsewhere. The listeners seem not to notice, as if the music itself is enough for them.

"The venue is something akin to a concrete stockade. Something beautiful, really beautiful, is coming from the bass."

WE MEET THE Mzee next day on his arrival in Dar. Though a serious-voiced, rather laconic man he will often break into a sort of grumbling chuckle in deference to good humour. The photo sessions conducted on the beach and at a local bar where a mural of the man grins out over a sunny courtyard elicit many meetings with acquantances and admirers, and Makassy deals with them all in the same affable manner. The bar radio is tuned to a football commentary: it only takes the ball to go into touch for rampant hysteria to break out in the radio voice.

Makassy's English is fair, if limited. This is his first English interview.

"It is a particularly African way of living that I am explaining through music. The message is that it is a *hard* way of living. It is not a simple way.

"It is mostly based on a sense from our parents and grandparents, a sense of rhythm. We try to keep it as if it were a carrying-on, without a loss of time. We have to carry that on otherwise it will die."

Makassy gives me an impressive gaze. Without the benefit of a long tradition behind me I ask if he might not like to create something completely new.

"We can create something new by keeping what is old in mind. We can modify and modernise the old ways. You see, what we play isn't simply *African*. It has European or Western ideas mixed in with it. Playing three chords, *changachangachanga*, can be changed to fit whatever way you want. The expression, expecially in the singing, is wholly African but there are many Western parts in there too."

I wonder then if the music has the same element of warrior charge that soaks new African literature. Dennis Brutus, Oswald Mtshali and James Mgugi typify the no-compromise stridency that has possessed African writing; *"Lo! You can kill me / But you'll never rule this land!"* Beside this the customary upfulness in the pop stream can seem featherweight. But Makassy has no doubt as to the underlying force of spirit.

"The music *is* as militant. It is open to us to express little things in what we play now — politically, socially — that are all about Africa."

Then how do the African musics differ from area to area, as he sees it? How wide is the divide between countries in musical terms?

"The difference is not so great. It would be easy to identify which area the music came from by listening to the dialects — the beats can change only slightly but from the language you can always tell at once where the music is coming from. When we choose a particular dialect for a song it depends first on where you come from: but we use more than one language, Swahili or Lingala, so that the music can be heard and appreaciated not only in our country but in other parts of Africa."

Would they consider doing a song in English?

"Well, we could," he chuckles, "but it wouldn't be as good as an Englishman could do it! There is some broken English in our songs — some French, Italian ... when I write I first get an idea of what I want to talk about and then the music comes. It always comes. The language of music works for any region."

Makassy has listed jazz among his sources of inspiration, and the improvisational opportunity in the new African pop is palpable. The wheeling freedom which the open ends of a song offer to the guitars and horns is a jazz shading significantly absent from European pop.

"Jazz was always my favourite Western music. I loved Louis Armstrong. I could feel myself responding to the expression in jazz — my feeling, y'know? The expression of the individual impressed me."

The individual ... and yet the trademark of African pop is the way it comes mob-handed. These aren't just pop groups, they're fair-sized big bands. Why are there always so many in a group?

"If you form a group of just five, people will say ah, that's no good. If you have a trumpet player or a singer who's good — but that's all they can do — you have to keep them and get others in too. You have to keep them all. It may be that a man can only sing good on high notes, then you have to get in others for the rest. You will never find small groups in Africa. Less than 10 — it's very difficult."

And the Mzee gives a great laugh at the African way. All possible resources used.

"It's how we like it. Because we like loud music we have to have a big number."

Can he see the sound as a force for change?

"In some hands it can be a weapon. It can change people who use it and it can be used to change others. The way it can make people popular is a force.

"It's hard for me to say how popular I am. Some people come and tell me I'm very popular, others that I'm not. Even when you're cutting records and people recognise you in Dar-es-Salaam it doesn't mean they know you anywhere else. I am not a judge on this."

How then does he see his next advance, with an LP being distributed throughout Europe: how will Europe react?

"It will depend on publicity, I think. So many records from America are bought here because they are publicised so widely and because the technical facilities for the recording are so much better. The quality of the music is so much better to listen to. The recordings made here would not suit people from New York or London. If I could change anything here I would improve these facilities — we from East Africa are less well known than bands from the West, Ghana and Nigeria and Liberia, because there the publicity is much more effective.

"There is no good organisation for concerts here. People come and ask us to play but it is not well managed. It is common for there to be fighting at our concerts — we just keep on playing. Stop fighting!

"It was very strange for us making the new record. Before all of us played at once. When Mr Meighell said to me, Mzee — I want just one man to play — it was embarrassing! But we liked it. This is why we are now so concerned with the good sound. Before we'd record 20 songs in two days."

Isn't he worried at losing the freshness under laborious studio conditions?

"No — because people must first be attracted, and that comes with good sound. People may not know Makassy. Once they know me — then I can play anything!"

Makassy's is a peaceable sort of music. I would not diagnose the rigours of a rebel cause from the breezy spirit that invests 'Agwaya'. Does he value Nkrumah's Pan Africanism — does he look forward to a united Africa?

"It takes time to unite all of us, but that is the aim, for Africa to be one." Mzee speaks quietly but with absolute certitude. "There is such a strong independence among our countries and a great spirit of regionalism. But I think it is possible.

"Most African musicians, apart from music, they talk in politics all the time. You either sell your music in politics or you sell it in love. Mine is in life. A way of living."

THAT NIGHT WE DRIVE with Makassy and Emmy to the Orchestra's Saturday gig. It's at an army training barracks which must be 30 or 40 miles from Dar, and by the end the road has petered out into the bumpiest of tracks. Again, the setting is an open air compound. The bouncers are uniformed MPs. We don't arrive until nearly 12 and the group has already worked through a couple of hours, even without their nominal leader.

Makassy's role at a live show is more of an MC than anything. He does take lead vocals on a few numbers, his rather guttural pipes rapping across the language, but is as often entertaining friends and speaking with the organisers. The group are impervious to this apparent disinterest and summon the same edge to their set.

It lasts longer and longer — the Saturday licensing allows for an extended show — and it's not until after three that they wind up. In this setting, several dimensions away from the Western dancefloor, where bats fly through the toilets and the heat of the night enfolds the dance area like a blanket, the music grips the faculties and jettisons the critical overview. The crude sound system is transformed into sweet clarity. The music sings.

I could testify that the lines that guitarists Aimala Mbutu and Alfani Uvuruge spun over the tunes held the same springheel tension all night, that the vocal parts were as exactly in synch, that the best never faltered ... at least, that's how I remember it. It's not hard to find a partner at the dance, and I danced an awful lot.

And I remember the mischievious John stretching up to my ear as the group swung into their anthemic 'Mambo Bado'.

"The title of this song," he shouts, "means Things Yet To Come!"

You mean, John, You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet?

"Yes," he laughs, "that's it. Things Yet To Come!"

Of course. This is only the start.

NEXT WEEK — PART TWO.
Kenya: The President's motorcade, Super Mazembe and the Heart of the Dance.

SINGLES

Reviewed by Paul Morley

Pic: Tony Barratt

HEALTHY

52nd STREET: Look Into My Eyes (Factory)

Pay attention, softies, and dip your liquorice into this tube of sherbert. Suck, you suckers, and look this way: I'm responsible enough to know that this has got to be a healthy column, aiming high, cutting through, sorting out . . . *somebody* has to do it and if I'm told that it has to be 'straight' then straight it is. Shield your eyes and pad your elbows. Pull in your stomach and push out your guilt. And for that headache and heartache you've been suffering just recently, oh well, look into my eyes. What we all want is a little bit of health. Health as in pleasure; or perhaps joy . . . health in as many ways as you can find to define it these post-nasty days.

52nd Street's debut single is a real joy. I can tell you about three occasions when the song 'Look Into My Eyes' has lifted me out of the mist of a gloom.

1. The group supported New Order a few months ago in Kilburn. I was tired as I walked into the hall, 52nd Street were pressing and easing their way through this song. I was soon completely refreshed, wiped down, soothed and wooed. There was that great warmth of familiarity, and yet the sh-sh-sh-shivers that come from who'll ever know where. Now this is healthy, I thought.

2. I saw this week's lumps of single tumble out of the parcel and it seemed like yet another rusty bowlful of cold crap released due to some almost sadistic necessity. I found this one and was immediately calmed, taken by the hand, shown the garden. Healthy!

3. The weather was drizzy, mizzy and grey. I played 'Look Into My Eyes' and the misery was rinsed away. A heap of health! Cheap at most prices.

52nd Street, who look about as much like you imagine a Factory group to be as Haysi Fantayzee look human, offer to you poor battered souls a quiet sense of glory with the help of Factory Communications and producer Donald Johnson (ACR). It's Sweet Sensation or early Real Thing slipped imperceptibly into a Fac-situation, soft to the touch and yet hard in a gentle rousing way. It isn't complicated at all. 52nd Street have produced something that doesn't add to the shit of the world, that doesn't compound any of the confusions, that doesn't pretend to revolutionise in some forward, backward or tuff way the lives of all good teenagers. Like a Culture Club single, or a Paul Haig single, or a Steve Lacy solo, it triumphs through its naturalness — a naturalness that in these clogged up and clouded over times has to be supported to the limit.

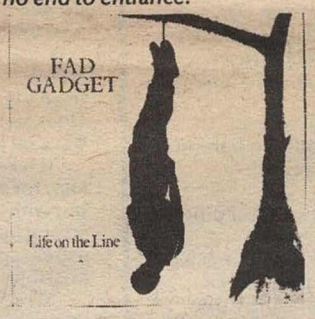
This reviewer's motto: be responsible.

MINNY POPS Secret Story/Island (Factory)

In a less conventional manner, FAC 57 is also good for you. Or perhaps it's a *more* conventional manner; 'goodness' comes in far too many shapes and sizes to think seriously about it right now. Let's have it that for most of you Minny Pops will not be as *convenient* as 52nd Street. For them, goodness could well be something of a trauma. To me, a 'good' song whether arranged in the way of ABC/Scritti or DAF/C Voltaire can help heal the wounds caused by things it's best not to talk about in the pages of the *New Musical Express*. Especially inside a singles column.

The dream of man's heart, Saul Bellow once said, is that life may complete itself in a significant pattern. Minny Pops are continually meditating on such a pattern: constantly negotiating for the secret. This accounts for their busy-ness. This is the third Minny Pop single I've introduced through these pages, and it's tempting to be seductively lyrical about the swarming merits of these two brief pieces, business as usual. But, oh dear, one can only go so far before the duty to report in a way that appears fair gets turned inside out: *those* descriptions turn to dust in the fingers. All that needs to be said is . . . Minny Pops, their's is a lonely path but they needn't be alone on it. Or, eat Minny Pops for breakfast, for goodness. What about the weather, is it going to rain?

This review's motto: there is no end to entrance.

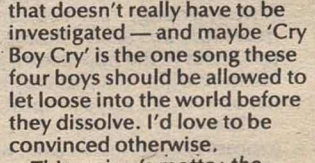


FAD GADGET: Life On The Line (Mute)

Another single that won't disappoint astute listeners. Fad Gadget songs are 'of learning': Fad the frank feels his way towards understanding and expertise, happy to be 'finding out', always sensitive to nature, relationships, hypothesis, tuned into an inner sense of rightness. "Do things," says Frank the fad, "in the spirit of design research. Be willing to accept a mistake and re-design. There is no failure." This too is the Mute way. What we get is artists, or more aptly entertainers, striving for the definitive performance in their own particular and probably peculiar context: this is often as much as we 'dare' hope. With such a spirit, such light but invincible confidence, a Mute record will always be enterprising, gratifying, and a way through to something else. And, so, a Gadget single will always be (up to a point) vivid and poised and somewhere along the route to 'a greater competence.' In relation to the circus of chart, 'Life On The Line' makes more sense than most records spinning under my hammer this week. Its laconic intensity is irresistible; Frankly, fad is dead clever at throwing his voice so that it hooks into the memory. All those elements Gary Numan strives crassly for on 'White Boys And Heroes' are here properly displayed: harmony, determination, detachment, an unsettling awareness of the multiplicity and complexity of causes. It's also very sexy: these kind of incidentals are crucial with The Single.

Fad takes care to acknowledge himself as a little local self drifting through a hostile abyss — take it from there, chuckle if needs be. What all this means is that Fad Gadget encapsulates beautifully the naturalness I feel is part of the core of all genuinely expressive and accessible 1982 pop music, a determination not to limit the vision of the listeners. There's none of these naive assumptions that the truisms and trappings of pop music represent universal truths, you won't get Frank acting like a gabbering small time Dictator like Steve Strange.

This review's motto: watch out closely for those accumulated pressures!



BLUE ZOO: Cry Boy Cry (Magnet)

For all the crusty cynicism people and others channel towards it, the new pop single can be something of generous appeal, and sometimes even more than that. 'Cry Boy Cry' comes out at me with exceptional exuberance, and a smashing smartness: it's a clear surprise. The group themselves, as baffled as any of you by the turnings and leanings of pop fashion, aren't sure whether to laugh or cry — on the sleeve they frown at their mothers but during the record they gambol unashamedly around a happy garden. Blue Zoo get up to more than just *energy* — they can set themselves up in an order and even an irony that recalls the best Cope, the most impatient Cure, and yet they blow something new into the tiny pop epic. I'm a long way from being persuaded that Blue Zoo can present themselves to the world, or at least a bit of it, in a healthy way — those sleeve frowns are bauhing, and there is a connection with Modern Jazz that doesn't really have to be investigated — and maybe 'Cry Boy Cry' is the one song these four boys should be allowed to let loose into the world before they dissolve. I'd love to be convinced otherwise.

This review's motto: the heart has it's reasons.

JULIA DOWNES: Playing For Time (Naive)

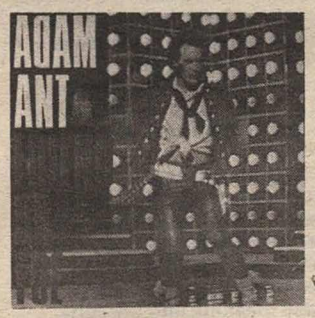
My friends, a singles column would not be responsible if it didn't point your wide open minds towards this remote and fascinating bargain. Oh, let us say that things that can't be that shoddy if a single as healthy as this can slip, between the numb novelty and the same old wind, into view. At first I thought Dollar were using Peter Hammill as their replacement for Trevor, as I suggested to Thereza. (Hammill in fact produces the b-side of the single.) To make it easy for you, and me, the single will appeal to those of you who stir at the thought of Midler singing Brecht, or Thereza singing Nyro . . . and it's tone and balance incidentally comment on the idiocies and immaturity of Ure and Burns and that twit-ilk when they try to touch the clouds via Humperdinck or Walker.

UNHEALTHY

DOLLAR: Give Me Some Kind Of Magic (WEA)

. . . and don't you know it, Paul fans. This, though, from the perfectly sexual Thereza and the oddly proportioned David is naught but a plush, docile parody of the way Horn blows. The duo, nastier than Infa Riot but not as tanned as they might be, have cut off their life support link with Mr Horn: this is self-produced, and it's obvious, saturated as it is with poison arrow drum rolls and thickly padded. Even Dollar haters and the new nasties will admit that there is something missing with this record, compared to the three obvious Doll-classics. What's missing? Well, call it a cream do-nut, or a grand canyon, or the disgusting, mystical spatial skill of a happily married man. Call it living breath. Trevor himself has promised me that he gave Thereza a proper ticking off for the quality of their forthcoming 'Dollar Album' — they've obviously missed the point of what I was doing with them, he sighed. He should have nicked the Dollar dolls make up. Use Hammill, Thereza!

The motto of these last two reviews; it can be here, it can be there . . . (hop with me!)

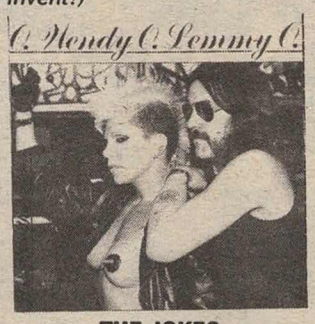


ADAM ANT: Friend or Foe (CBS)

Fitter than I expected after I'd absorbed the sorry implications of the dripping title: it's what Mark Perry might have been play-acting at if he'd become the pop star, jaunty and breathlessly 'compassionate'. Despite how serious I can get over a tape recorder with such faces, I'm still going to leap for Fad Gadget or Minny Pop singles when I'm handed the hammer.

I was in no hurry to hear this, and I guess that's a feeling more and more people share. There's no other way — there has to be a harder grip, an increasing richness, a translatable purpose, if Adam is to develop constructively what he with the help of known forces established for himself. We have to *hear* that he does believe in spontanaity, however that manifests itself, and that he's not snuggled under the blanket of security. In a way, his appearance on *Cannon And Ball*, where he edged into a new context with odder rules, was more enlivening than this single. Entertaining in its fits and starts, but there can be no weakness toward entertainers who can carry through to a substantial number of people a striking, original force and yet who contain themselves and others by lethargically cleaning up selfish ditties every so often. Going 'solo' wasn't the radical change Adam needed to make. I'm not saying to Adam he should comply with the grumpy not to mention crummy new nastiness fuzzily framed by our Adrian and their Robert, but there are ways and means to be nourishing in this context with all its opportunities. I really thing that Adam is capable of transmitting such subtleties. Really! You want jokes? Ok, haul in the jokes.

(The motto of this review: there's a fucking future to invent!)



THE JOKES

THE CASTAWAYS: Dream Maker (Virgin)
DEAD OR ALIVE: The Stranger (Rough Trade)
ROY WHITE/STEVE TORCH: Parade (Chrysalis)
DUFFO: Walk On The Wild Side (PVK)
SPIZZ ENERGI: 2 Jungle Fever (Rough Trade)
WENDY AND LEMMY: Stand By Your Man (Bronze)

Thanks, but not really, to David Essex, *your* lack of discrimination, *Smash Hits* and colour photographs, a silliness that represents itself through the ill-considered words of pop writers or the glittering balls on the end of springs that turn into ripped tracksuit bottoms in the dead of night, the vilest kind of competitiveness, every one of these singles is likely to chart, turning the charts from the spellbinding tricky interior into a palace of silly buggers.

These are the records that indicate the surface activity of the moment, and there are more of this type spread all around me, records that signal to the world 'desperation'. Or 'parecetomol'. Or 'manipulate the world and the cushions come quickly.' There's a discernible pattern. The ordinariness of Peter Gabriel (Shock The Monkey' on Charisma) can be discarded and very little can be read into it even by an expert like me, the sorry weariness of The Passions ('Sanctuary' on Polydor) is effortlessly crumpled, such a waste of space . . . and such mediocrity dribbles into the charts and flutters away and nothing is disturbed.

There's the 'new nastiness', the smelliest of self-deceptions. We see torn denim jackets: getting tough with hapless softies, on their way to raucous bliss, generalising until their goose pimples turn blue, living on the famous edge which often nothing more than the edge of a cardboard box, using up battered political or 'sociological' terms without relating anything to our greater predicament, letting their mouth and nothing else soften up their complex guilt feelings. It's awful easy to fake a temper.

Talking of fakes, mouths and guilt — **Pete Burns** and **Dead Or Alive.** The supposedly wild mouth, the complete neurotic. Let these people play too much, well, see that Strange. Burns is yet another dumpable dumpling who needs a good hiding, or he's something that just needs to be hidden. Put him on your black list, with his end of world clothes and hair that'd look good stuffed into a cushion. I wish these jokes would just SIT STILL. Or at least punch their lines and go away.

And then there's the same old wind, those purportedly witty or wicked re-haulings of the old songs, usually just the easiest way to grab That Hit . . . The same old wind can also be those dreadful parodies of or homages to a famous period style, such as Torch and White's rabbit attempt to stroll up crystal stairs into the sky. Sunken sponge, and no mistake. This week there's **Lemmy** and **Wendy** and **Duffo** jovially duffing up two friendly favourites, not completely objectionable if covers weren't all that pop uglies were getting up to. As it is I don't want to hear a potty cover version for another five years. Somebody has reminded me that it was actually me who recommended that Secret Seven sing 'I'll Be Your Mirror' — this is true but we must remember that, say, when Paul Haig sings 'Running Away' or if George sang 'Lay Lady Lay' they wouldn't be covering muddy tracks but opening up new paths. Some things are fabulous, and other things are shit. That's how it goes. Amidst all the gnashing and wind there is still a lot of brightness. Look into my eyes.

But then of course there is The Numb Novelty. Usually the Sensible type stupidity would be the summer novelty hit, joined by a few furry oddities, This year there's been more 'novelty' than throughout the entire '70s; not so much novelty as somnambulism. And surely in a different place, a better palace, Sensible would have had the hit and that would have been that: sod away. This year he gets a shuddering follow up.

The recent laws of the charts, being followed to perfection up to a few months ago, are being smashed aside by a bunch of greasy, ra;ra, gruesome, rampant animals. Soon all the springy numb-numb novelty pies will be making singles together. Peter Burns and Jeremiah, Toto Cuelo and The Belle Stars . . . repulsive.

Even Virgin Records, who have been well organised of late, have somersaulted into the numb novelty ring, flinging together four toto belle bananas to bash tin drums and flash flesh. **The Castaways** haven't had David Essex or BA Robertson to spit luck their way, so maybe their toothy smiles will stay locked away.

And yet we have to finish by looking over our shoulders if we want some health: and we do. Hearing the four track **Jimi Hendrix** ep (Polydor) — which is a collection of songs ('Hey Joe', 'Voodoo Chile', '3rd Stone From The Sun', 'Gypsy Eyes') that points us towards a turbulent, revitalising definition of 'nasty' that could actually do something for our collective spirit if the music touched enough lives — it occurs to me that what's needed to sear through the fatuous grimaces and all the wind and the shaming novelty is a hit song of considerable potency that exemplifies the naturalness I've been talking about here and there, a naturalness that Hendrix celebrated. There has to be less cheating and more coming together, don't you think? Health in the richest sense of the word.

Is that straight enough for you? It's funny what mood you can get into when you do the hammer on the singles. This week's motto must be: do tne definitive performance. Feeling definitive, I'll finish off by bringing the hammer down hard on the singles by **Mobiles, Wendy Wu, Philip Jap** and **Mike Rutherford.** Be seeing you.

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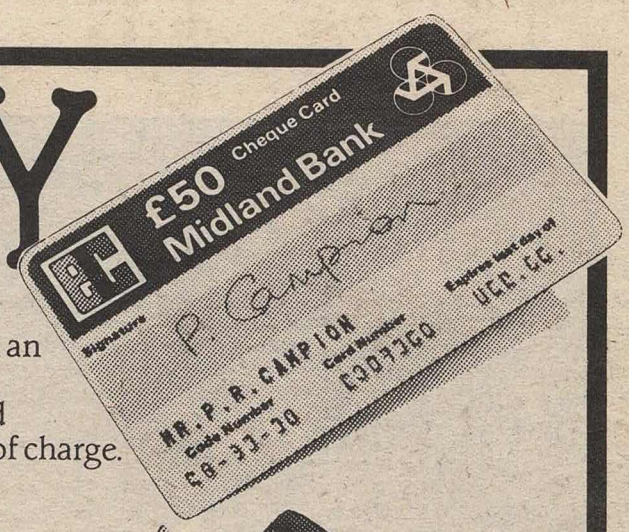

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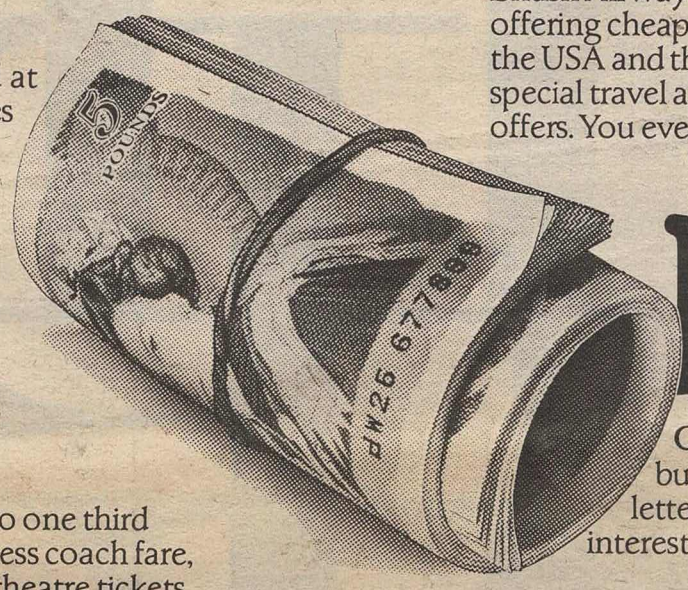

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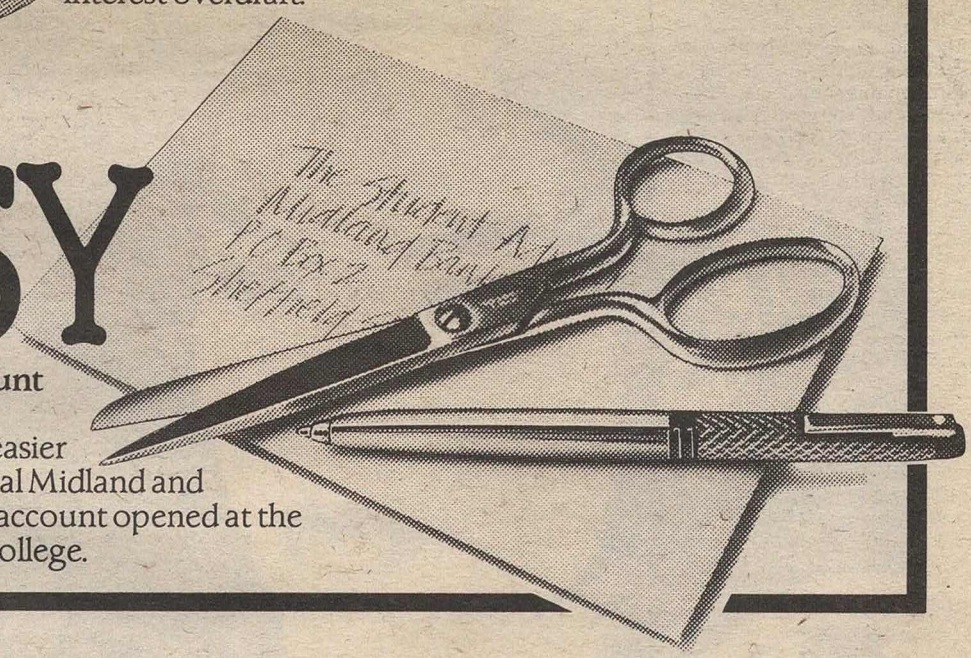

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UNCAGED!

Amrik Rai sees The Tygers Of Pan Tang launch their new UK tour in hometown Newcastle — and sees "a hard rock band who want to change the face of metal". No honest, don't laugh...
Pictures by Chris Bates

THE TYGERS Of Pan Tang are openly confident that their latest album 'The Cage' is primed to pump new life into the tired old dog called hard rock.

Jon Deverill, the Cardiff-born singer, boasts: "We do feel that, with 'The Cage', we've struck on something very distinctive. We're still a hard rock band as such but we're experimenting with different sounds and newer ideas in a field where experimentation is almost unknown."

"There's a huge gap in rock music," Brian Dick, the drummer, adds with a shake of his long blond hair, "where there's a lack of inventiveness, and where people don't try anything new at all. It's amazing, like, that no one's ever tried it before, there's loads of things you can do. The drum sound on the LP — we used a Simmonds drum kit — is something that hasn't been heard before in hard rock . . . and it gives a good edge to the band, y'know."

Before the electronic drumming of 'The Cage', there was a wonderfully corny version of The Coasters' 'Love Potion No. 9': a classic heavy pop single that should have done much more than hover around the Top 30. Before that there were three rocky albums and a brace of singles, all swamped by the indiscriminate surge of metal's new wave. But before everything, the Tygers Of Pan Tang were four near neighbours planning world domination from their home town of Whitley Bay, a two-dog seaside resort near Newcastle.

The only two exciting things that ever happened in Whitley, according to Brian, were a concert by John McLaughlin, featuring Jimi Hendrix as roadie (oh really), and the Glasgow fortnight, when hordes of Scottish tourists invaded the place for two weeks of total alcoholic disorder. Until The Tygers Of Pan Tang, that is.

Following sporadic local gigs and hectic rehearsals during 1979, the Tygers succeeded in attracting the attention of Newcastle independent label Neat Records. Impressed by their success in a regional battle of the bands type competition (and also no doubt by the commercial success that other small-time heavyweights were reaping), Neat released the Tygers' first single, 'Don't Touch Me There' — which wasn't incidentally, a version of The Tubes' number.

And from there to here was just formal rock apprenticeship: from a deal with MCA to the support slot with wheelers of steel Saxon. The first album, 'Wild Cats' charted and the Tygers went through a pride of singers, eventually settling for Jon Deverill and an additional guitarist called John James Sykes.

So the Tygers were there. Well, not quite. Although the first three albums all achieved respectable chart positions, it's only with 'The Cage' that the Tygers Of Pan Tang have actually arrived. In its first week of release the album entered the *NME* charts (like with a bullet, man) at No 14.

'The Cage' isn't exactly Public Image but it does feature electronic drumming. 'The Cage' is hardly overtly experimental but it is extremely listenable (could this herald the new wave of British heavy pop?). If 'The Cage' is inspiring in any one way, it's because the record is stylish rather than stylised, because of the way it dispenses with the traditional rock hard bluntness and fetishistic design, because it revels in creating atmosphere that isn't merely fantastical. 'The Cage' is an LP bursting with intricate melody and rhythmic power and waves of vocal harmony.

But the strange thing is that, on my way to tangle with the Tygers in Newcastle, I keep humming tunes from a record I've only heard once. And the strangest thing is that Fred Purser, once Penetration's favourite axehead, could be the man responsible.

HELLO FRED.

"Hi."

Is that really you under there?

"Err . . yeah."

Oh. Do you want to take the wig off then, so's we can have a chat?

The last time I saw Fred Purser was when he was bringing the house down, not to mention Pauline Murray's face, at a Penetration show in Sheffield. On his knees and posing away, he looked as out of place as Penetration were out of tune. Now, locked away in a Newcastle hotel, awaiting his first British tour with the Tygers and their hometown starter, he looks hairy but relaxed. So what brings you here, Fred?

"Well, ultimately Penetration ended up as nothing more than a vehicle for individauls to plot their own careers. At that stage, before we split up, everyone had vastly differing ideas on how the group should go. I wanted more melodies, more rhythm, a merger of hard rock and maybe jazz with good melodies and structures. On the other hand, Pauline wanted to use Penetration to set up her own career and nothing much more, which is OK but if you're in a band set-up then it's up to the band to accept or reject individual ideas and ambitions.

"It was all a bit of a mix up. They didn't like what I did on stage whereas I refused to compromise and fit the image. In many ways there's much more honesty within hard rock than there was in punk or new wave.

"I joined the Tygers initially only to help them out. Their previous guitarist, John Sykes, left to join Thin Lizzy two days before the start of a French tour. They desperately wanted to do the tour and seeing as how I knew them all quite well anyway, I was roped in to do it.

"In the end I really enjoyed it. I'd almost forgotten what it was like to play live and the Tygers did excite me. I was impressed by their broadmindedness as much as anything else, they are incredibly eclectic. I initially thought they'd only like Heavy Metal but they don't. I mean, Robb likes jazz-funk and good disco and the others like bands like Punishment Of Luxury, Soft Cell and XTC. There's such a wide range.

"Also the band were keen on change, which was the deciding factor that made me stay. The rock field is very restrictive but only because people aren't going into it with an adventurous attitude. There's too much complacency on all sorts of levels and the best thing was that this band realised it, and did want to break out, and perhaps together we will."

The area the Tygers are working in is hardly known for its deviation from tradition.

"That's why it's so important for us to do something different and exciting."

And so I suppose it's back to the electronic drums that Brian and Jon were touting.

The hotel bar now houses the entire band, with the additional mild Geordie accents of Rob Weir, the guitarist, and Rocky on bass moving in to make it a comfortable sixsome. It's worth noting that Rocky is teetotal, Jon has given up drinking for the duration of the tour and the others indulge with caution.

"We certainly do intend to branch out," Jon starts up. "You said earlier that the album sounded American. Well, by the next album, that factor too will be eliminated."

Jon's been singing in local bands since he was 15, some six years ago. After struggling at a job to pay for equipment and following a determined ambition to be a rock star, he eventually landed this job through an ad in a music paper. Confidence comes easy when you've got a hit album and a sold-out opening date, but there's also a deep rooted insecurity in his new found trappings. Much of the wordage on the album, which he co-wrote with Fred, reflects lost glory and power: melodramatic is probably closest to the truth.

Do you worry whether anyone will buy the next album?

"Yes, I worry, but we've got here purely on our own strengths." 'The Cage' plays more like a run of singles than an album. There are 11 songs on it. There's a remarkable dearth of the usual metal-associated sexism/fantasy/violence fixations. Isn't this all a bit abnormal?

"We're here so that for an hour or so the people watching can have an absolutely fantastic time," Jon answers. "You can call it escapism if you like, but that's the essence of rock'n'roll. If bands want to do all that fantasy stuff or whatever, then as long as they're fulfilling something in peoples' lives, it's OK — but we do it by creating atmospheres and that's our way. Hard rock is too often taken at face value by people who aren't interested. You shouldn't take it as seriously as that. Most of it is deliberately over the top and tongue in cheek."

"As for the singles thing," Rocky answers, "Most bands' repertoires consist of a good single and a load of fillers. So why not release an album of singles?"

Robb continues: "Our producer, Pete Collins, was partly responsible because he hadn't worked with any rock bands at all before we asked him. I mean, the nearest thing we're talking about is Alvin Stardust. He didn't have any preconceived ideas about how he should sound and that's exactly what we wanted."

"Heavy rock producers tend to be very blinkered," adds Rocky, "and what happens is that even if bands do have ideas, they tend to get smothered by the producer's idea of a good hard rock album."

SOME HOURS later, a typically downcast nothern evening sees the conservatively ornate Mayfair Ballroom starting to sweat in anticipation of euphoria. Backstage, the nice

■ Continues page 55

SILVER SCREEN

SPECIAL FREE PREVIEW

POLTERGEIST

YOU WANT SCAREY? We'll give you scarey. On Monday morning, September 13, UIP are holding the press show of POLTERGEIST, *the terrifying ghost story by Steven Spielberg, America's most successful film-maker. And UIP have given us 50 tickets for the event, being held at a major West End cinema. If you'd like one (or two) call in at* NME, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby St, London WI, *and ask for Monty Smith. All tickets must be collected by Friday noon, September 10.* POLTERGEIST . . . *September 13 . . . unlucky for some.*

A replicant on the run in a replica of those '40s mean streets, tarted up for 2019 AD.

DO ACCOUNTANTS DREAM OF MAKING BIG HEAPS?

Blade Runner
Directed by Ridley Scott
Starring Harrison Ford, Rutger Hauer and Sean Young
(Warner Bros)

THE ESKIMOS are said to have over 40 different names for snow, such is their sensitivity to its manifold consistencies and textural properties. For us it may be simply snow, but for them it is The World, as rich and varied as ours is to us. Show them a tree and they'd be lost for words.

Show Ridley Scott a patch of fog and he'll build a film around it. Ridley seems to have as many uses for fog as the Eskimos have names for snow: mist rising off an early-morning meadow in *The Duellists,* the foreboding other-worldly pall of Giger's spaceship in *Alien,* and now the dead smog of the LA of the future in *Blade Runner.*

Based rather less than loosely on the Philip Dick novel *Do Androids Dream Of Electric Sheep?, Blade Runner* does for Raymond Chandler what *Alien* did for Edgar Allen Poe; just as that film took a standard Gothic haunted house and shot it into outer space, so this one takes Philip Marlowe and dumps him several decades hence — the year 2019, to be exact.

A capable but limited director, Scott operates on atmosphere rather than plot or characterisation (probably just as well if your main actor happens to be Harrison Ford), using those elements as simple hooks on which to hang a very stylish hat.

His city of the future is all grey haze and flashing lights, a symphony of smog and rain in which the old and decayed fragments of the past stand side by side with staple futuristic stuff. Far from a hi-tech paradise, this is a vision of a decidedly funky future derived from bits of New York, Hong Kong, Tokyo's Ginza, Milan's business district and Piccadilly Circus.

The city-street set used for all the outside shots was built in 1929, and — a nice touch, this — used for Bogart and Cagney movies of the ensuing decades; here, it's combined with sci-fi skyscrapers, enormous neon signs and sundry myriad flashing lights by effects man *extraordinaire* Douglas Trumbull, who's done the business on nearly every space or future flick since *2001.*

He does it especially well here, as do production designer Lawrence Paull and art director David Snyder; normally I wouldn't mention backroom boys like these, but they're closer to the core of

ALL'S WELL

"But Jean-Jacques Beineix never worked explained as NME's man in the fedora Cinecitta watching the Diva

Jean-Jacques Beineix, ecstatic at the prospect of making so much money.

THE ROMAN SUMMER bears down on a city tinged with death, bloated with dead stones, dead culture and dead life. Even the most modern buildings are shuttered shut-eyed corpses rotting in the noonday sun. Nothing much seems to happen in the city given suck by wolves, and it's not difficult to see why. The dry heat enervates, sapping the spirit into thoughts of sweet siesta . . . Can anybody work in this?

Sure. Take the "A" train towards Anagnina, get off one stop from the end, and there sits Cinecitta, largest film studio complex on the continent, a quiet hive of celluloid activity even now. Clint Eastwood once passed through these gates a nobody and came out a Man With No Name. Others, too, have driven through these portals on the way to fame: Sergio Leone, of course, Fellini, Bertolucci and Visconti, Jean-Jacques Beineix . . .

Jean-Jacques *who?*

THAT'S PRONOUNCED "Bennex", in case you're wondering. Get used to it — you're likely to be saying it a lot in years to come. Beineix has made just one film as director, but already he's been hotly tipped the one to watch, the best new French film man since Godard, herald of an even newer wave.

And with good reason, too: his *Diva* is the best debut since *Citizen Kane.*

Like *Kane,* it's a mainstream movie with an art-house gloss, at once more humorous, and more *American,* than your average continental film. For one thing, there's not one shred of adultery or shame in the entire picture, that kind of torpid, wordy psychodrama jettisoned in favour of an almost wilfully bravura sense of cinema-as-images, reminiscent of Welles at his most youthful and outlandish.

The sets, by American designer Hilton McConnico, are astonishing creations drawn from photorealist and pop-art influences, breathtaking without recourse to the kind of budget that leers at you from, say, *Blade Runner;* the lighting, camerawork and composition are universally delightful and original, packed with stylish angles, mirror reflections and dazzling colour combinations (like Bertolucci's *La Luna,* it makes the rest of European cinema seem shot in black and white). *Diva* will be a joy for freeze-frame conscious videobores, for sure.

The characters, too, are larger than life and twice as colourful: there's Alba, the teasing teenage Vietnamese poppet who roller-skates around in pink and see-through plastic clothes; her guardian Gorodish, the cool blue Lone Ranger of the piece, who meditates on waves and practises the Zen of spreading butter; the corrupt nark Saporta, a sort of Gallic Quinlan; the nasty-visaged Cure, a punk killer whose sparse conversation is a litany of things which he dislikes; the Diva herself, a statuesque black opera singer who refuses to make records; and a few more folks besides.

These oddball, "unreal" characters are shaken, stirred, and poured into a plot of quite absurd coincidence for which the only rules are that things should be done in fun and style.

For a first feature, *Diva*'s done with remarkable panache and technical skill, the result of Beineix's lengthy apprenticeship as assistant to other directors — although, contrary to reports (and contrary to what *Diva* might suggest), he never worked for Bunuel.

"No, not with Bunuel. I worked with Bunuel's producers, Irene and Serge Silberman. I *did* work with Jerry Lewis, and it's a time I have many fond memories of. I spent 12 years as an assistant to various film-makers — Claude Zidi, Willard Huyck, Claude Berri — and it got to the point where I hated having to work for someone else. It's like being a passenger in a car, and suddenly you can't stand the way the person's driving, so you have to grab the wheel. I thought I'd never get to make a film of my own."

Against many people's advice, he eventually made a short film, then was chosen to direct a detective story — a typical French *roman policier,* from what he says — which after six months' negotiations never came to fruition. Out in the cold, he got a phone call one day from Irene Silberman, who asked him whether he'd

Blade Runner's appeal than any of the actors or the slender thread which passes as storyline. When a movie credits industrial designer Syd Mead as "Visual Futurist", you know where the bulk of its 30 million dollar budget went...

THERE ARE a million actors in the Naked City, but Ridley Scott has gone and chosen the eminently bankable but endlessly banal Harrison Ford to play Rick Deckard, the blade runner of the title. A blade runner is a person hired to "retire", or kill, renegade androids known as "replicants", of whom the most dangerous is the aptly-named Roy Batty, an Aryan uber-android played with all the subtlety and restraint of a Kinski or O'Toole by Dutch actor Rutger Hauer.

Built of flesh and hence indistinguishable from *bona fide* humans, replicants can only be detected by means of the Voight-Kampff empathy test, a plot device which served some purpose in the book but here is little more than an excuse to wheel on some fancy hardware. The test, which analyses the subject's emotional responses towards other living things, has little *raison d'etre* in the film — that got lost somewhere in the transition from page to screen, as did the mechanical animals of the book's title (save for a token electric owl flapping languidly between two perches). In Dick's original story, both these elements were carefully devised and developed to address the main philosphic theme (the point of the work), viz: "What makes a human human?".

The film attempts to pose the same question, but never gets much further than the old standby of the quivering lip — and never leaves enough clues for non-readers of the book to follow things through clearly. In conception, it's all artifice and surface show, Scott opting for oblique suggestion and irony where Dick tried exposition.

So instead of argument to back up action, what you get are handy hints masquerading as meaningful images: the first replicant retirement, for instance, takes

Harrison's grey Blade.

place amongst a shop-window display of mannequins, and more than one character is given the trait of fabricating human models of some sort. Deckard's colleague Gaff (Edward James Olmos)leaves tiny origami figures here and there like calling-cards, and genetic designer J. F. Sebastian (William Sanderson) just happens to make mechanical toys for a hobby, his apartment a menagerie of automata of various kinds.

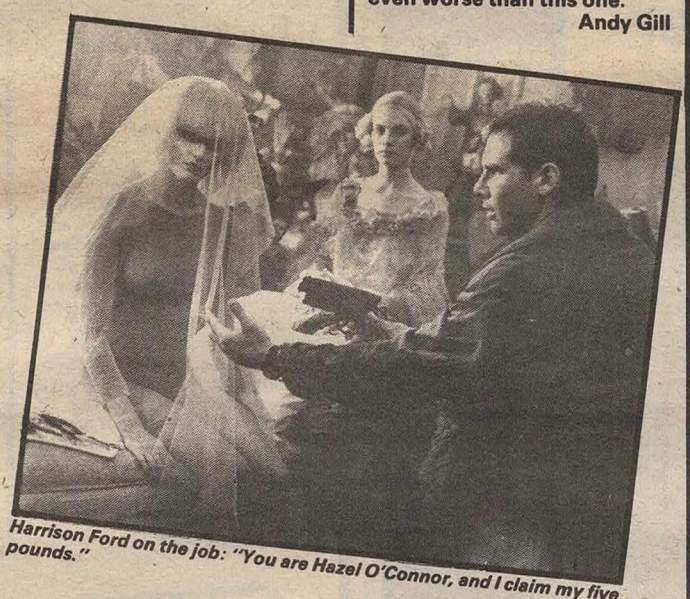
A nice idea repeated several times becomes quite maddening by the end, and one's left wondering why Scott didn't just rely more on the implications of the film's design, its combination of soulless hi-tech and rugged, lively backstreet funkiness creating just the right reverberations of life and non-life to carry the theme.

The biggest irony of all, though, is in the casting. Harrison Ford has never been the most gifted or expressive of actors, sensibly confining himself to actioners where athletics rather than acting is at a premium. But here he turns in a performance of Stacy 'Stonewall' Keach proportions, his Deckard appearing more granite-faced and apparently soulless than any of the androids, especially when set against the manic exuberance of Hauer's Batty.

He's far too stiff and serious to carry off the updated Bogart that the film demands, his piecemeal private-dick voice-overs falling on the ears like avalanches of dead stone. He can't even give a useful line like "I didn't have to worry about Gaff, he was just brown-nosing for promotion" the requisite amount of scorn and distaste. Imagine instead Gene Hackman's Popeye Doyle as Deckard, and you got yourself a *movie!*

STILL, DESPITE the limpness of the acting and the plot's shortcomings, *Blade Runner's* still a film to see, if only for the awesome sets and Scott's undoubted way with atmosphere. It could well be one of the better mainstream movies you catch this year — but be warned: the ending's even worse than this one.

Andy Gill



Harrison Ford on the job: "You are Hazel O'Connor, and I claim my five pounds."

The Loveless

Directed by Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery
Starring Willem Dafoe, Robert Gordon and Elisabeth Gans
(Mainline)

THERE'S A stinking old Titanic-style English picture from the '30s in which characters say things like "The ship is sinking" and "What shall we do?", only the lines are intoned murderously at something approaching less than the speed of sound and the pauses between them are quite long enough to allow an elephant to give birth in the meantime. You've probably seen clips from it on the box, as it's trotted out every once in a while to show how feebly some film-makers coped with the advent of sound.

Love me, love my leather

It would appear, though, that Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery (ridiculous name!) are exceptionally slow learners, since *The Loveless* consists entirely of arch 'hip' '50s phrases separated by pauses pregnant enough to make Pinter blanch.

A homosexual biker film *par excellence, The Loveless* lurches through its mundane little story with scant regard for such niceties as 'acting', 'characterisation', 'point'. Shucks, these here biker 'boys' were just born to be bad, I guess.

Unfortunately, their 'rebellious' attitude goes no further than a chronic inability to say 'thank you' and, I'm afraid, when they do speak the sibilance is deafening.

Still, if your idea of a good time is watching a bunch of impolite, inarticulate leather-clad lads mooching around a big red Coke machine (it's the main prop and boy do they flog it) then be my guest. *The Loveless? The Worthless* more like.

Monty Smith

■ **NEXT WEEK IN SILVER SCREEN: AN INTERVIEW WITH KATHRYN BIGELOW**

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THAT BUNUEL

with Bunuel," says Andy Gill. All is spends a few days at Rome's director at work on his new film.

read the novel *Diva,* by the French novelist Delacorta. He hadn't. He did, and got to make the film.

Since then, he's been riding *Diva*'s worldwide success (the film is the most successful subtitled foreign film in America for years).

WANDERING AMONG the massive buildings and deserted back lots of Cinecitta, my old mate paranoia claps his hand on my shoulder and whispers something about a set-up in my ear. It's been a weird trip from the start, and I'm suspicious. Set 15, the woman said, but Set 15 doesn't appear to exist. Set 16, yes; Sets 13 and 14 — but no Set 15. I've been wandering around for over an hour, and the only person I've met — twice — is some strange old man on a bicycle who looks as though he's pedalled straight out of a Fellini, and who gesticulates wildly at me whilst babbling excitedly in some foreign tongue.

"Chee-er-chay tay-at-ro kwin-dee-chee," I offer, this being the only phrase I've armed myself with, and he points off to the left and babbles something else. I nod — this is hopeless — and set off round the buildings yet again. Eventually a man on a medieval outdoor set a quarter mile from anywhere informs me Set 15 is off a corridor *inside* one of the buildings.

Several hours and beers later, I meet Jean-Jacques Beineix on Set 15, where he's shooting the follow-up to *Diva*, a very different film called *Moon In The Gutter*. Such is the success of his first feature that he's jumped from using unknown actors to big-name stars Nastassia Kinski and Gerard Depardieu. La Kinski's not on set today, but Depardieu and Dominique Pinon (the punkish Cure from *Diva*) are running through a short scene when I arrive. I introduce myself to Beineix

☐ *continues over*

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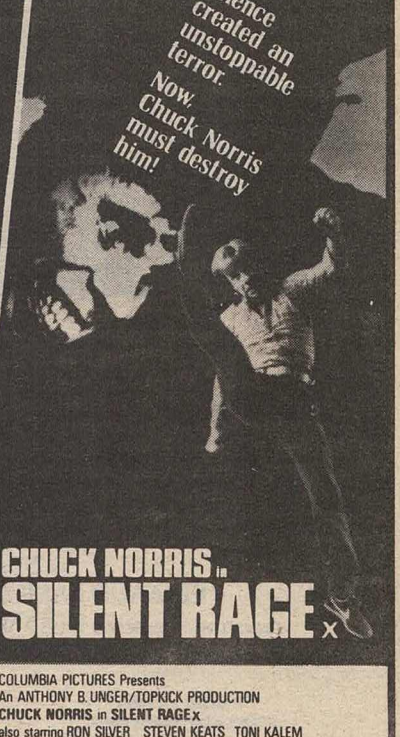

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SILVER SCREEN

J-J BEINEIX

☐ *from previous page*

and sit down to watch.

Four hours later they're still running through the scene. A good two dozen takes on, and Beineix is checking and changing camera angles, voice inflections, movements, lighting and the rest. I realise this is what "perfectionism" means; it's draining simply sitting watching the endless endless takes. Movies may be a co-operative art, but Beineix, who looks like a younger Truffaut, watches over everything like a hawk; it's *auteur* theory in action. Later on I ask him which aspect of film-making excites him the most, or whether he sees it as one unified process.

"Yes, it's all one thing," he says. "It's part architecture, part literature, part music, part painting — there are so many things involved in the one process. And conducting, too — I'm like a conductor, I have to be aware of all these things and keep them playing together. It's all images, it's images that fascinate me."

Some of the images in *Diva* are clearly references to other films, little movie in-jokes and the like, though for someone with a life so obviously full of films, Beineix declines to name specific influences, pleading poor memory for names and dates. He professes not to be a film buff, but will openly admit his dilettantism, claiming an early obsession as his education in the cinematic arts:

"Well, you could say the first time I went to the cinema, the first time I went to the theatre, or even the first time I saw a puppet show as a child. It's like a disease; sometimes you'll see a film you don't enjoy and think you've shaken it off, but the next one, you'll know you've still got the disease."

Perhaps the most provocative aspect of the images used in *Diva* is their intense dream-like quality — at times like Tarkovsky on speed — which matches perfectly the wild coincidences of the plot; the film has a dream-logic all its own which enables it to glide effortlessly over improbabilities into a movie-movie realm beyond petty considerations like motive, common sense and reason. Dreams, it appears, figure highly in the Beineix scheme of things:

"Yes, that's my Freudian side. I'm very interested in the ways of the subconscious. This new film *(Moon In The Gutter)* is about a place between a nightmare and a dream, though you never know for sure which part is the nightmare and which is the dream. In the beginning, a beautiful young girl slits her throat by a harbour and disappears, leaving a bloodstain. And a man who saw her kill herself is deeply troubled by it — he feels responsible for her death, and can't decide whether he is innocent or guilty — and he falls into a deep depression every time he sees the moon. Then later on, the girl — or one identical to her — drives up in a sleek Ferrari . . .

"People who come to see the film wanting to find someone guilty at the end will be disappointed. People who can enter into the fear of the thing will probably enjoy it.

"It's going to be much more like an opera, like the ultimate point before opera. And there's much more music in it — folk music, Brazilian music, some parts with electronic music, very obsessive. The music is very important in giving the film its rhythm. We even play the music back when we're watching the rushes, to give some idea of the rhythm of the scene."

Moon In The Gutter, he claims, will be much more violent than *Diva,* and paced so that long passages of quiet and stillness suddenly explode into shocking scenes of explicit violence. Presumably, from what he says, it's not going to be quite as funny as the first film, then?

"Oh, there'll be moments of humour in it," he reassures me, "But the laughter will be tinged with tears."

SHOULD FILMS be plausible, I ask, knowing the answer long before I've posed the question. Beineix's terse response — "No, of course not! Is life plausible?" — bears out what even a cursory viewing of *Diva* suggests. One scene in particular seems to sum up his approach to movie-making. Jules, the Diva-besotted postboy round whom the action pivots, wakes from a drugged sleep to find himself alone in a room (a lighthouse, actually, and why not?) with Alba. The dialogue goes as follows:

— Where are we?

— In the castle.

— Which castle?

— Where the witch makes poisoned red apples to advertise the toothpaste movie stars use.

— Does it belong to Gorodish?

— I don't know. What do you care? It exists!

It exists. It's there up on the screen! Of course!

Beineix, like fellow spirits Kurosawa, Kubrick, Bunuel, Scorsese, Coppola (and, of course, ol' Orson), is a special kind of movie man, part poet and part philosopher. The poet's obvious in the way he handles images and plot — remember, *Diva* is ostensibly a detective story, but he's turned it into something much, much more — but the philosopher's harder to pin down, creeping around beneath the surface gloss.

He's a French Intellectual who's lived through a particularly fertile few decades of French thought, and the patina of specifically French Intellectual concerns has left its mark on him: the wider implications of phenomenology and structuralism peek out from *Diva* as imagistic asides and associations — the way the hoodlums come in two by two, the way the two tapes at the centre of the plot produce their own quite separate, but related, revelations — rather than direct, literal statements. Those who come looking for the "meaning" of *Diva* had better be prepared to see in different ways, or draw a blank.

Ultimately, though, Beineix would be the first to admit that it's the telling of the story that interests him most, rather than the story itself. Or, for that matter, the characters:

"I'm not particularly interested in characters; human beings don't interest me all that much. I'm thinking of making a film about a cup of tea, or a glass of water. It's not the glass of water itself that interests me, it's what you bring to it that matters.

"You can film a glass of water in different surroundings and it will mean something different every time. For instance, I could put a glass of water in front of a beautiful sunset, and though everybody knows what a glass of water is and what a sunset is, the combination of the two will produce something else: it's not purely the relationship between the glass of water and the sunset, but what the viewer brings to the combination of the two.

"It's just *poetry,* the poetry of images."

Andy Gill

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IN THE CAN

Conan The Barbarian (John Milius). Fast becoming the Biggest Brat of them all (and we're not talking about his expanding waistline), Milius' fourth film is quite simply the most stirring, best told, not to mention bloodiest adventure to come out of Hollywood since De Mille's epic heyday. Leaving the in-jokes and smirky reference to his buddies Spielberg and Lucas, he simply invites you to get lost in his mythic pre-civilised past, where you are astounded by some fantastic magic sequences, stunningly choreographed battles, which owe something to Kurosawa's samurai pictures, and a few withering glances in the direction of present day religious cults. In *Conan* magic merges with might, and they both fight on the side of right — not the Right. There is a difference and this is only comic book. **(20th Century Fox)**

Moonlighting (Jerzy Skolimowsky). Jeremy Irons forsakes *Brideshead* silks for coarse Polish cloth. The plot is by all accounts strange and probably relates to director Skolimowskys lengthy exile from Poland: Irons leads a troupe of Polish workers round London, trying to hide from them the fact of Solidarity's downfall. Skolimowsky's not my favourite Polish director — gimme Wadja or Zanussi (cue Ed. aside about fridges) anyday — his work strikes me as that of a faddy '60s acid casualty suffering from central European guilt flashbacks, but I'll reserve judgement on this one 'til next week. **(Miracle)**

The Thing (John Carpenter). The *Eraserhead* baby grows up and out of all proportions. The special effects boys have a field day and the poor ABC cleaning lady is left to clear up the mess. Personally I haven't had this much fun since Zulawski's risible *Possession* at last year's London Film Festival. **(UIP)**

The Wall (Alan Parker). Grimmer than the Berlin Wall! More unstable than the Walls of Jericho! Go along and topple the Pink Floyd's grossest conceit to date! It only takes the minutest pin to pop a rock prick's pomposity. **(UIP)**

Chris Bohn

ON THE BOX

Friday September 10

Pope Joan (Directed by Michael Anderson 1972). You've got to be kidding. **(BBC1)**

Saturday September 11

The Eagle Has Landed (John Sturges 1977). A turkey. Sorry, couldn't resist it. Michael Caine copes manfully with the hapless role of 'good German' in a hopelessly overblown version of the Ealing war-time drama *Went The Day Well.* Donald Sutherland's Oirish spy has to be heard to be believed. **(ITV network)**

Paradise Alley (Sylvester Stallone 1979). Chris Bohn should be writing about this, and if he wasn't such an idle bugger he would've been. This is basically your *Rocky* blueprint revamped for the Depression era. Lots of flat caps. **(BBC1)**

Stage Fright (Alfred Hitchcock 1950). Even Hitch doesn't rate this one, but it's a serviceable little thriller with a theatrical background. And beware the flashback; like no other in the history of cinema, this one lies. **(BBC2)**

Sunday September 12

Movie Movie (Stanley Donen 1978). Two for the price of one in an arch double bill of instant nostalgia. George C Scott and his missus (Trish Van Devere) star with Eli Wallach and Art Carney. **(BBC1)**

Roseland (James Ivory 1977). Woops! *Movie Movie* is looking better by the minute. Delicate little cameos (around the intriguing themes of love, loneliness and ambition) set against the famous New York ballroom. Twee. **(BBC2)**

Monday September 13

Lady Sings The Blues (Sidney J Furie 1972). Diana Ross as Billie Holiday, famous raspberry jello wrestler. Richard Pryor and Billy Dee Williams check the sound system. Money back guarantee if not offended. **(BBC1)**

Tuesday September 14

The Horse Soldiers (John Ford 1959). John Wayne and William Holden shout at one another during the American Civil War. Hence *The Hoarse Soldiers.* Whaddya expect for 35p a week - Robert Benchley? **(BBC2)**

Monty Smith

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ON PAGE 57

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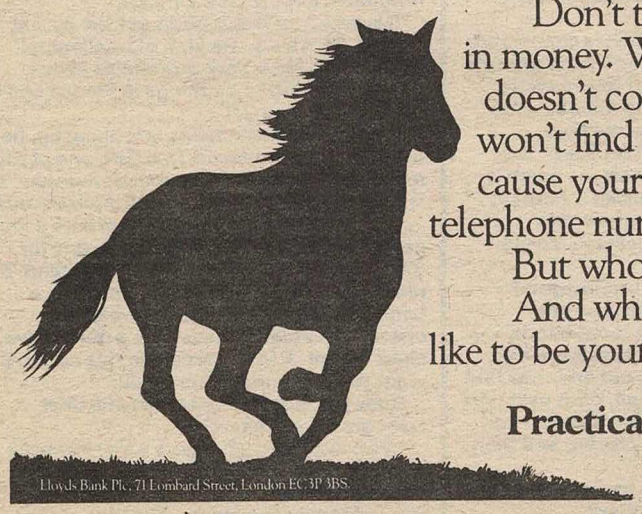

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The electrical people

What's a nice group like this doing on a nasty programme like Top of the Pops?

Neil Spencer takes a Dantean excursion into the cryptic world of The Stranglers.

Pennie Smith snaps the netherworld.

"The black makes the black black
The black makes the black black
The black makes the black black."
— From Labour by Alan Jackson

AMID THE BRIGHT motes of fairy dust caught floating in the spotlights of 1982's *Top Of The Pops*, the recurring shadow cast by the murky presence of The Stranglers has been one of the year's more bizarre chart events.

But there it has been: one camera cut away and a DJ's plastic smile away from the raging limbs of this week's chart sensation (is it a group, is it a dance troupe, is it a team of Moroccan tumblers?) and the old sewer rats are glowering out like the elder brother and his morose friends at a teenage birthday party.

Even more freakish, instead of slugging out the mawkish sweaty thud that their customary reputation would demand, the quartet have been piping melodies of almost saccharine sweetness. It's been hard to avoid the suspicion that there's some sinister sleight of hand at work here, some dark lake troll lurking beneath the innocent rippling waters.

Certainly many have dredged the lyrics to Hugh Cornwell's mesmeric 'Golden Brown' (incidentally, the group's biggest single success to date) for some concealed meaning, and as for 'Sweet Little Girl' — well, would you let *your* sister tell Jet Black where she was going?

Just as Cornwell denies any particular meaning to 'Golden Brown' — "just a few words strung together" — so both he and Burnel deny any cold blooded calculation in the shift of Stranglers music from the icy grip of 'Black And White' to the tuneful ease of their recent hits. They see it as part of continuing evolution. "The last four of five singles haven't sounded like The Stranglers' according to most people," says Burnel, "they think there has to be one sound, but we've always changed."

Now with a back catalogue of some seven LPs — most of them chart successes — and a fair litany of hit singles, The Stranglers are on one level one of the most unlikely long-term survivors of the late '70s upsurge. They started older, already into their maturity, and with a music that was cited as having more in common with The Doors' '60s expeditions than the *nouvelle vague* of the time. "We never considered ourselves really part of what was going on" said Burnel, "nor out of it." In fact, the mainstream rock traditions of most of their output has helped maintain The Stranglers' momentum and appeal — never really in fashion, and therefore never really out of fashion either.

No one talks much of The Doors connection these days, long since displaed by the group's later musical wanderings, but the acoustic leanings of 'Cruel Garden' and 'Sweet Little Girl' may well have been inspired by a re-examination of another West Coast '60s phenomenon, Love — or at least, as much is intimated to me by their publicist. "Actually," says Cornwell, "most of the music that interests me goes back 300 years — Vivaldi and stuff like that."

Both Cornwell and Burnel ascribe good relations between the foursome as one reason for their longevity, "A lot of bands start off as mates at school," says Cornwell. "Then the egos start coming out and they find they're not such mates after all. With us it was the other way round — we didn't know each other at all when we started playing and then we became friends."

Have you also handled the business better than some of your contempories?

"No, it was because we didn't handle our business better that drew us closer together. We had this terrible period around the 'Men In Black' LP when we had so many misfortunes, disasters, over a period of 18 months that we came to the conclusion the only people we could trust were each other."

IN THEIR ENCOUNTERS with the gentlemen and ladies of the press, The Stranglers have variously abducted them, left them stranded in the midst of foreign wastelands, taped them to *le Tour Eiffel*, and otherwise berated and insulted them. To speak personally, I have always found Hugh Cornwell, the group's tall and somewhat angular guitarist and singer, an acerbic but agreeable quantity, possessed of a certain English diffidence and understatement. Now in his not so early 30s, he still looks like an eccentric chemistry teacher.

Jean Jaques Burnel, though, still looks like trouble. Not that he is anything but urbane and intelligent at our encounter (I meet the duo separately) — but there's a lithe alert assurance to his physical presence — as well as a proven ability to take out hostile Australian policemen with a few well aimed karate blows — that indicates a man unlikely to be daunted by the aggression of others.

Both men are in a confident frame of mind, optimistic about The Stranglers' future, which at present includes a new contract with CBS Records, pursuant on their departure from EMI. Cornwell: "We both realised it wasn't working and we came to an agreement to leave. They really got us by mistake, when they took over United Artists, our original label."

While EMI plan an autumn release for a 'Greatest Hits' compilation, the group are currently ensconced in west country studios for their CBS debut. Cornwell will also be making a stage debut as the raconteur and presenter of a dramatisation of *Hollywood Babylon*, magician and film-maker Kenneth Anger's dirt-dishing tome on the Californian entertainments industry. Burnel's own solo career remains muted since his solitary 'Euroman Cometh' venture stiffed out. More pressingly, he's been banned from riding his beloved Triumph Commando, the result of driving the wrong way down a one-way street, on the pavement, during a bomb scare. "And I told these two motorbike cops that they'd stabbed the British motorcycle industry in the back when they bought BMWs," he recalls fondly.

I ask him about his reputation for trouble.

"Guilty, your honour."

And violence?

"I've always had a compulsion to fight," he admits.

"Not so much now. I've cooled down. Sometimes it's a question of honour though, there are occasions I may have done the wrong thing."

Now 29, he's still committed to the martial arts he took up 10 years ago: "I'd like to take up Hap Ki Do because it's more artistic. Karate is more macho, it's not so subtle until you get higher up."

What have you got from it?

"It's helped me from becoming a down and out lush. It's easy to get a flabby body and a flabby mind . . ."

Like most musicians?

"They're a mess. And they're a mess mentally. They pack up their ideas and their bodies."

These days he spends a lot of time in France. His parents live there and he goes out with a French girl.

"When I grew up I insisted on being called John cos I was ashamed of being French and of my mum speaking in a broad French accent and being kissed in front of the school gates. Inevitably kids want to have a go at you."

He's been able to draw on his French heritage musically, notably on 'La Folie', his personal *tour-de-force* on the album of the same title, a sombre piece of gallic angst, intoned in impeccable *francais*.

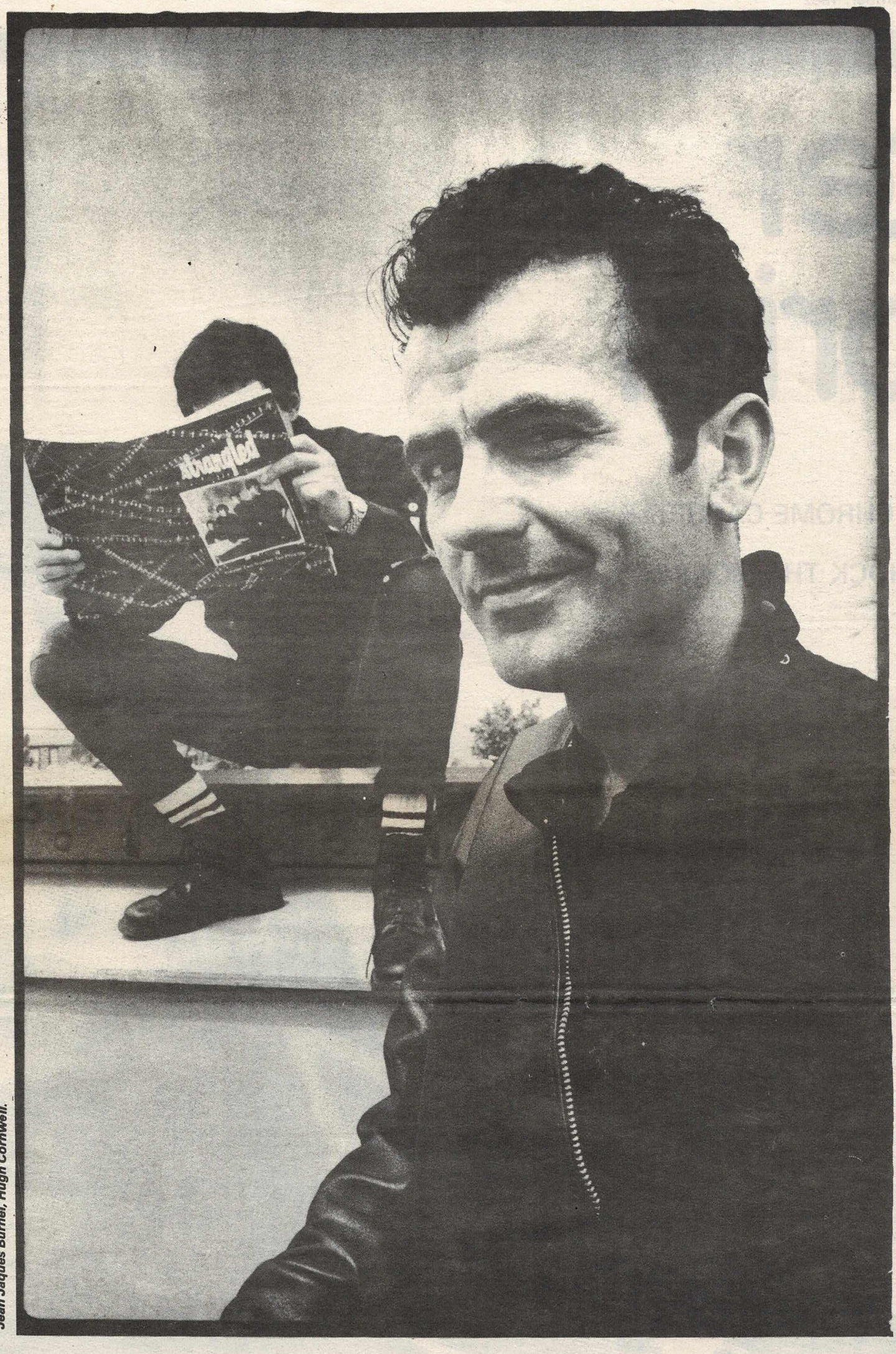
"I worked on that a bit to get the accent perfect. There's some kind of intellectual snobbery in New York arts circles about people wanting to do things in French and it can sound hammy."

The French music scene is looking up, he tells me — he produced Taxi Girl, one of the top groups in France. In general, though, "the French are still insecure about modern music . . . . at least there's a situation where a lot of people want to make music, probably for different reasons than people in England. It's relatively easy here to have a hit, to be a bandwagon jumper. You can be totally obscure and still be this week's alternative chart buster. A lot of people in this country want to make money first of all."

Does the euro-man concept still beat strongly in your heart?

"Yes, even though it gets a lot of knocks because people identify the EEC as Europe and can't distinguish a grand ideal from the price of butter tomorrow. The idea of the nation state has run its course and I think continentalism is the next great step forward."

He's in favour of a United States of Europe,



Jean Jaques Burnel, Hugh Cornwell.

L'EMINENCE NOIR

and remains unmoved by protestations that we are already surrendering our cultural and political identity to a centralised euro-monolith.

"Mind you," he says, "the idea of a country lacking such confidence or self-respect that it seeks to emulate another culture — that's appalling. I once said 'Americans have no brains' just as a wind-up job, and it worked wonders. Our A&M contract was ripped up just like that. American record companies have this trip of 'getting involved artistically' and interfering all the time."

The conversation drifts to the subject of politics and The Stranglers', uh, political profile. Though they've been consistent in their support of CND, the Prisoner's Rights movement and other pressure groups, they've always avoided any rigid commitments to ideology. Sure, they've eulogised Trotsky, but equally Burnel has also evinced his passion for Japanese author and extreme right-winger Yukio Mishima.

"I find the idea of left and right rather absurd, that particular division. A lot of people think we're fascists cos direct action — like hitting someone — is meant to be fascist because it's not done by committee. Action seems to have been sewn up by the right.

"Then there's us digging Mishima, he was an *ultra* right-winger, but he personified action, and will."

A dazzling writer, certainly, but how can you hold an outright fascist like him as some kind of hero? All that worship of the Emperor, the militarism . . .

Burnel is quite prepared to admit that many of the Japanese author's ideas were frightful, "but he wasn't just an old jingoist, he had guts, he actually set himself standards and lived up to them, he did what he said he was going to do and committed Hari-Kari (ritual suicide by disembowelment) after he'd reached what he considered his peak, after his body had passed its prime . . .

"Another reason why people think we're fascist is because we wear black, which means right wing to most people."

SO WHY DO you always wear black? What has he got against colours? He shrugs and looks thoughtful. "Well, I do have a white jacket." I ask Hugh Cornwell the same question. What has he got against colours. He looks slightly non-plussed, raises a white plimsoll above the table and, on reflection, pulls the waistband of a pair of bright blue underpants above his belt and laughs.

"Well, you know we did that documentary film on the colour black. How, for example, the authorities use it to create fear or awareness. Look at the way it's used by religions, those women who have to wear complete black outfits . . ."

You do it voluntarily.

"It's a lot easier to keep clean."

And you use it to create this austere, sinister image . . .

"We look on it as a colour of neutrality; nothing is given away."

And the Men In Black? Most people seem to believe that the Men In Black are The Stranglers themselves — being an excusable misapprehension but a mere spin-off allusion according to the group. In fact, or so the theory goes, the Men In Black are the minions of dark forces, supernatural powers that seek to have dominion over planet earth. They tend to show up around inexplicable, paranormal events and manifestations. UFO contactees frequently have brushes with them, for example. And . . . and the full, *Illuminati* style conspiracy theory of Ultraterrestrial domination is available for the curious in books like Charles Keil's *Operation Trojan Horse* and Geoff Gilbertson and Anthony Roberts *The Dark Gods* . . .

Crackpot stuff of course. Of course. And yet there's no dispute that around the time The Stranglers first became interested in the MIB during 1979, a relentless sequence of troubles and misfortunes began to befall the group. Cornwell was jailed for three months on a charge of cocaine and heroin possession. Finances faltered. The group's artist / designer Kevin Sparrow died on Christmas Eve, victim of drug and alcohol abuse. The group's management split with them. A tour manager died, aged 24, of cancer. The quartet were locked in the jail of the southern French burgh of Nice for the best part of a week. All their gear was stolen as they entered America for a tour. Crucial tapes vanished, things fell apart . . .

Burnel wrote up the whole catalogue of misfortunes for *Strangled* magazine, the group's own publication, and of which they are rather proud.

"A lot of it is to do with the occult," says Cornwell when the subject of the Men In Black is raised, "with the unfathomable and inexplicable, and if you're not careful you become people who dabble in it, like a kid playing with a red hot poker and not knowing it's red hot and, um . . . well, we're still

CONTINUES PAGE 54

peter gabriel

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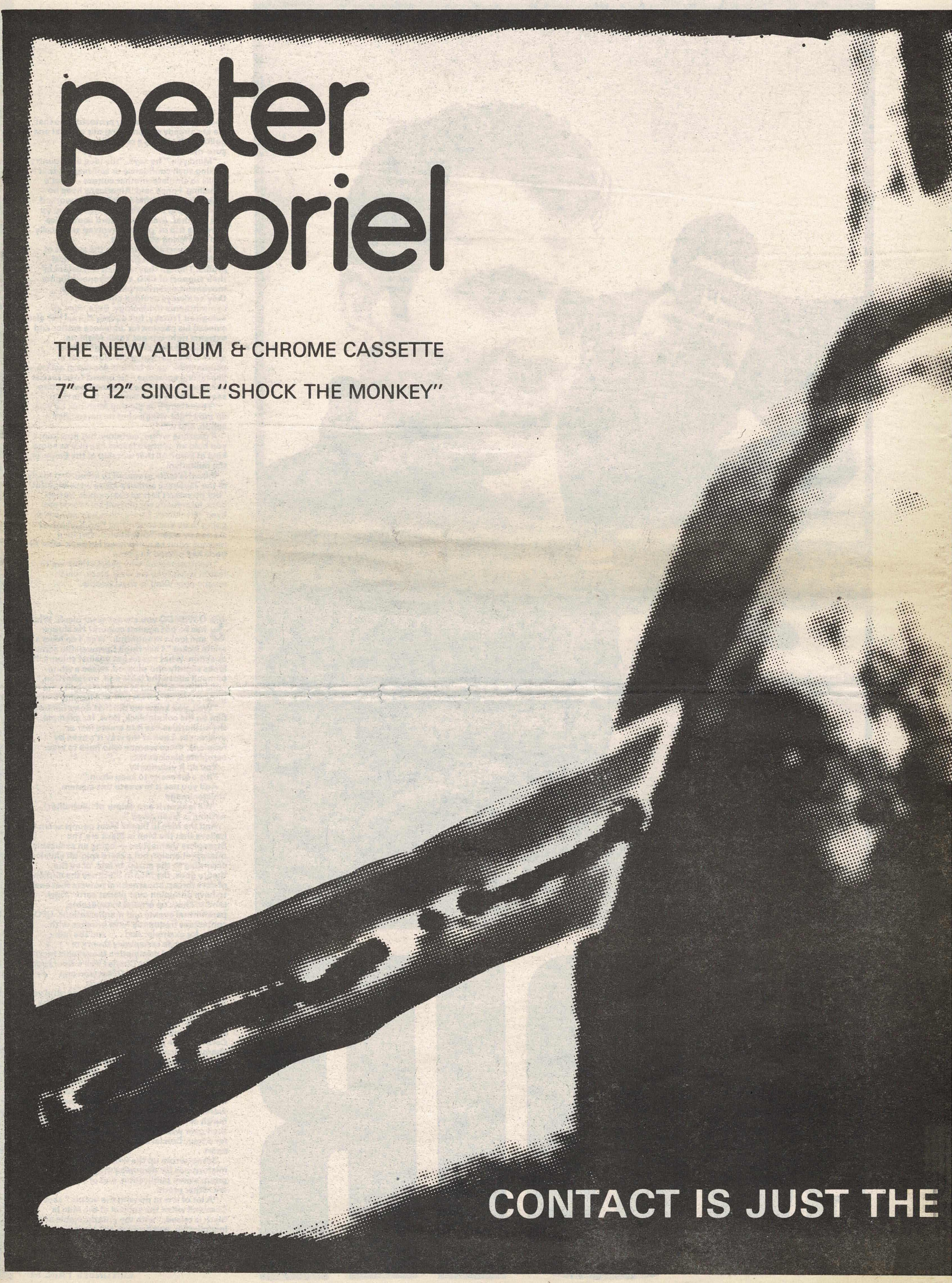

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Captain Beefheart — *Pic: Anton Corbiin*

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS . . .

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND HIS MAGIC BAND

Ice Cream For Crow (Virgin)

THE TIME has come and gone for Captain Beefheart to evade the confines of 'criticism'.

If we posit 'Trout Mask Replica' and 'Lick My Decals Off, Baby' as the alien child's garden of sorrow which their delirious pathos demands, then the smudgy and windblasted music of 'Ice Cream For Crow' is the return to those forlorn pastures — only to find a wilderness gone dry and dusty. Where Beefheart's medicine show of the fantastic once shook with fevered life, its characters are now straining to cloud mirrors. As disappointments go, this one is serious.

This should have been the concluding chapter of a marvellous trilogy. Somehow the absolute brilliance of 'Shiny Beast' and 'Doc At The Radar Station' has been persistently undervalued. After all those years of seclusion and worry, the way Beefheart recharged his Magic batteries, enlisted a new troupe of star pupils and discovered a way of making songs that sung themselves without forsaking the meteoric, gladiatorial system music he spawned long ago — well, maybe we should have celebrated his resurrection some more. Then again, a quiet Mojave might be all he wants.

The success of those records was won in the virtuosic enthusiasm of the finest Magic Band *ever*. If Jeff Morris Tepper *et al* had played on 'Trout Mask Replica' it would've been so great electric music might as well have packed up there and then. When they all hewed into the rattlesnake craziness of 'Owed T'Alex' or 'Run Paint Run Run' rhythm and blues had its very entrails put to the flames. For some reason, all that abandon has been boiled out of 'Ice Cream For Crow'.

Maybe it's the Band, which might be *a* Magic Band but isn't *the* one that performed so venomously last time. Tepper's slide is the only survivor. The absence of Bruce Fowler's trombone (a vaudeville colouring that improbably fitted Beefheart's group perfectly) and the key thickening sounds of Eric Drew Feldman's keyboards (present here on only one track) robs the music of the blue vibrancy it had been sparking on. It doesn't help that the production sounds like a conscious return to the shy, scuffling areas the older groups used to scratch up against. This was surely no time for a regression when the group seemed about to crack another barrier.

Or maybe it's the Captain himself He sounds very tired here, delivering most of his still lividly alive poems in a kind of snarling grumble that sounds like a man abruptly woken from an afternoon nap. On 'Ice Cream For Crow' itself he goes back to an ancient train-kept-a-rollin' blimp boogie; he lets the others play by themselves on the uneventful 'Semi-Multicoloured Caucasian' and 'Evening Bell'; and recites (alone) the haggard fable of '81' Poop Hatch' so wearily it seems doubtful that he'll reach the end.

I don't want to hear my furiously unkempt shaman this way, turning the promising 'The Thousandth And Tenth Day Of The Human Totem Pole' into a bedraggled jam with his soprano sax (which is only ever listenable if you've never heard Steve Lacy). It's cruel to witness this misunderstood divorce: 'Hey Garland I Dig Your Tweed Coat' has the parties blindly going their separate ways, two levels of intense activity never bridged. On the few minor successes — 'The Host The Ghost The Most Holy-O' and the relentless circle dance inside 'The Past Sure Is Tense' — the familiar universe of hysteria is revived if never reshaped.

Beefheart has always been a terrible sentimentalist. The wrathful, anti-lyrical music of 'Ice Cream For Crow' might be one way of staving off his becoming a lonely and sad old man, but its general despondency renders tumult as a mask over something resembling desperation. The most solid pleasure here is in the lyric sheet — these tales of rainbow baboons, white hats on pumpkins, distemper grey mornings, bumblebees, crushes on skeletons and bones singing of silence . . . if only it made that singing sound too.

Richard Cook

Captain Sensible

Illustration: Ian Wright

. . . AND OUTRAGEOUS!

GARY NUMAN

I, Assassin (Beggars Banquet)

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE

Women And Captains First (A&M)

A PAIR of funsters from the charts: Sensible in his new role as the nation's favourite lovable loony and Numan in his old one as the slug who sold the world.

Just what is it, I wonder, that makes Gary Numan so repulsive? Is it his whining voice, his tawdry little fantasies, his ridiculous appearance, his endless stream of cliches, or is it some other, previously unconsidered factor? 'I, Assassin' — the latest Numan thing — continues Numan's policy of embodying all of David Bowie's faults and none of his virtues, opening up with 'White Boys And Heroes', in which Numan plays his own tribute to the Return Of Macho and continues his long-standing fascination with uniforms.

Numan operates out of an ethical vacuum: his songs depict a life where everybody is completely out of touch with their experience and has no idea what is really going on (or indeed *if* anything can really be said to be going on). Lines like *"This could be it / this could be nothing"* or *"Nothing's ever wrong / nothing's ever right"* and even — most Bowiesque of all — *"I've never felt good / I've never felt bad / I've never felt much at all"* abound. *"What is this feeling that I don't believe?"* he asks on 'The 1930s Rust' (musically one of the album's two interesting tracks). The whole album is one long paean to numbness, only Numan doesn't extract anything from said numbness: he simply wallows in it.

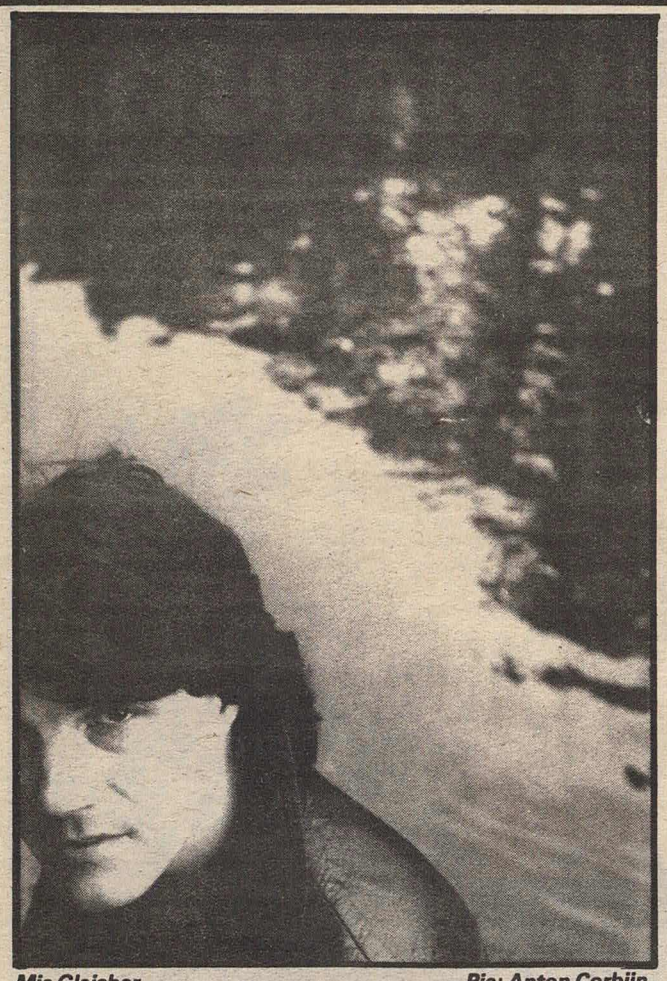
The music is about the same as ever, enlivened by consistently interesting performances by Pino Palladino on heavily flanged fretless bass. 'Music For Chameleons' still sounds good despite Numan's vocal interventions, and the aforementioned 'The 1930s Rust' actually *swings*, with saxophone and harmonica played by someone credited only as 'Mike' replacing the eternal synths. Gary Numan still seems utterly corpselike, though: a man spiritually three-fourths dead and proud of it, too. What's soft and white and numb all over? Gary Numan!

Compared to the vile Numanoid, Captain Sensible is a credit to the human species. While Numan makes records that sound terribly Deep and Important but which are actually flat as pancakes, Sensible is quite content to make records that sound dumb, but which obviously aren't. 'Women And Captains First' draws on three sources: the warm, rumbustious clowning of his two hit singles, an enormously likeable variety of psychedelic whimsy (*a la* '66 Kinks or '67 Pink Floyd) and a righteously indignant series of attacks on things that are genuinely brutal, ugly or stupid.

In 'Yanks With Guns', Sensible touches on areas previously investigated by The Clash in 'I'm So Bored With The USA' and Costello in 'Watching The Detectives', but the song derives its power from far more contemporary observations on the growing invasion of Europe as well as the more obvious issue of cultural imperialism. Elsewhere — on 'Gimme A Uniform' — he tackles an issue previously dealt with by Gang Of Four and Pete Townshend, but he scoops the lot of 'em here: no one has stated the basic issue more baldly than this. *"Just gimme a uniform,"* he sings, *"and I won't be responsible, I'll do what the hell they want me to."* Maybe he should lay that one on Gary Numan next time the human slug starts going on about how glamorous the SPG look in their riot gear.

On the other side of the fence, we find Sensible getting up The Morning After and bemoaning the state of his kitchen in 'A Nice Cup Of Tea', delivering his autobiography in 'Croydon', evoking an absent girlfriend in 'Brenda' and — in what will probably be his next hit — fronting a hot Dixieland band on 'Nobody's Sweetheart'. 'Women And Captains First' is a charming and admirable bit of plastic, and its creator is obviously sensible like a fox.

Charles Shaar Murray



Mic Glaisher *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

KITCHEN SYNC DRAMA

THE COMSAT ANGELS

Fiction (Polydor)

"If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen". (Martin Fry, 1982)

CAN YOU feel the heat? Two years of searching high and low for the unknown pleasure, waiting for the promised miracle, and have you broken sweat yet? You look terrible. Can ABC really be the musical high point of 1982? That's appalling. But does it make you want to walk away and 'Do The Empty House' from the pit of an empty elevator shaft? No, of course not. But where's the heat? ABC are so cool they're frigid. So where's the heat? Where's the friction? You need some 'Fiction' . . .

'Fiction' is the conclusion of a trilogy and the promise of . . . well, not miracles exactly, but something promising. Where 'Waiting For A Miracle' was the illegitimate child of a hard rock bitten by the 'Sheffield' bug — a vicious little bastard — so 'Sleep No More' was the restless realisation of a rhythmic legacy. And where 'Miracle' and 'Sleep' become 'Fiction' is when The Comsat Angels want to make you sweat AND SWEAT. The kitchen door is open and it's freezing in here. Please come in. PLEASE.

"A sky full of tears, it's threatening to fall/Don't stand in the rain, come inside and close the door/The sky will clear again, after the rain." 'After The Rain' is when The Comsat Angels boil over and where 'Fiction' opens.

'After The Rain' is overwhelming in its simplicity and sparsity of sound, defiant in its snub of the prevalent virtues of drossy, glossy excess. Sincerity doesn't have to be grand. Spacy, tinkering rhythms glow white beneath a delicate intonation. Organisation and intonation are the passwords to the kitchen. Can you remember all that? Emotion is inherent, it's natural, it's obvious, it doesn't have to be orchestrated.

'Zinger' is faster. A different pace from the same kitchen. The drums (they have got some incredible drum sounds) beat an outlandish track but never the beaten track. The guitar (the guitar effects are . . . er . . . weird) is riddled with mesmerising effects, distorted harmonics, tortured chords and, and, and 'Fiction' is the record Bunnymen have nightmares about making.

Far more empty than 'Waiting For A Miracle', emptier even than 'Sleep No More', 'Fiction' occupies a far richer and less transitory (at least I hope so) niche in recording history. The Comsat Angels have come in from the cold, let's have a party. Even the cover presents a glittering parade of multi-coloured icicles, juxtaposed just so, to break the ice. It needed breaking.

'Fiction' cracks the cold mystique of 'Independence Day' and 'Total War' and reassembles it as something far more complete. Principally, though, it's 'JuJu Money', the track that initially showcased the Comsats on the South Yorkshire compilation album 'Bouquet Of Steel', that reflects perfectly the flight of the Angels. A million miles away from the listenable but amateurish hard rock song it once was, 'JuJu' is now a bristling threat of pure invective. The guitars skate on glass, tearing into the sound and smearing crude chords into the hollow of every rhythmic change.

But let me stress again: 'Fiction' isn't an alternative miracle (they don't exist). This is just The Comsat Angels breathing a little fire into your kitchen. The most marked failure of 'Fiction' is illustrated on 'More': a sombre duet with vocals and drums toying, annoying each other and occasionally stumbling into PiL's 'Flowers Of Romance'. But then I'm not searching for the perfect record.

There was a time when The Comsat Angels used to play in Sheffield. I remember well the time singer and guitarist Stephen Fellows answered a sartorial critic by saying: "We're sorry we're not wearing our best clothes but it's cold outside." But it's always been cold outside, and the Comsats have never worn anything to please.

So why don't you step inside? It's much warmer in here.

Amrik Rai

THE HOLLY AND THE EYETIES

HOLLY BETH VINCENT

Holly And The Italians (Virgin)

THE ORIGINAL Holly And The Italians achieved a not inconsiderable reputation for straightforward guitar-powered rock-pop — hardly excelling, but pounding away in a comfortably confined niche. That Holly Beth Vincent had some sort of pop sensibility lurking in there was apparent, and the decision to produce a solo album promised more interesting excursions away from the crasser experience of the Italians' rack'n'rawl mentality. Now that the record is here, though, the overwhelming impression is that of an opportunity squandered.

Calling the album 'Holly And The Italians' seems an immediately retrogressive step, and the use of a typical hard-rockin'-tonite band merely serves to bludgeon a songwriting talent that needs protective nurturing rather than the heavy-handed ministrations dealt out here. At worst, the tracks take on an already too familiar rock album filler role — all sub-Springsteenisms, low on hooks and high on lashings of feedback.

Even the better, gentler songs are still bogged down in a hackneyed "lurve in leather" lyrical cul-de-sac. The other problem is Holly's unerring ability, when the guitars start chunking away, to project a voice that is pure Chrissie Hynde.

Despite this somewhat daunting list of shortcomings I still believe Holly is perfectly capable of turning out some potentially great songs — her overt romanticism, allied to a more sympathetic production and shorn of the pop-metallisms, is bound to come through with something of immeasurably more worth than this.

I do, however, have a creeping fear that there still might be much more cashmoney in rack'n'rawl than anything vaguely adventurous.

James T. Kirk

UNANGELIC UPSTART

PETER GABRIEL

Four (Charisma)

DEEP IN the heart of England something stirs . . . *"Smash the radio / No outside voices here / Smash the watch / Cannot tear the day to shreds / Smash the camera — Cannot steal away the spirits."* The Luddite reformation league? The latest manifesto from Crass? A bunch of hooligans? Nay, 'tis the LP from Peter Gabriel furthering his relationship with all things ethnic while still staying in the electronic workshop. Like most of the tracks the opening 'The Rhythm Of The Heat' doesn't just begin, it slides into place, synthesisers cutting their way into the sway and heralding the Ekome Dance Company on percussion. The song sets a keynote for the LP — a disillusionment with the unfeeling modern day western world and a dense grinding musical accompaniment over which Pete unravels his angst. Calling Colonel Kurtz . . . ?

Gabriel is a far more influential character (more's the pity) than he's been given credit for. Hardly a day goes past without another sweatshop independent outfit sending me a single that bears a sizeable trace of Gabriel's theoretical overwrought hollow sorrow. The image that this LP throws up is that of an alienated artist trapped in Bath (Bath!) struggling with the contradictions of civilisation, the soul, our very existence . . .

From 'San Janctito' — sort of Richard Attenborough watching the natives — to 'The Family And The Fishing Net' (which casts a host of rich fleshy images as Gabriel undertakes an afternoon in the bush as part of a *Survival* special, animals rather than people being the subject this time around) to the blustering 'Lay Your Hands On Me', Gabriel seems entrenched in white liberal guilt, working from the premise that for truly great art to be created torment and suffering must be encountered at every turn. It's also echoed in the music, and endless barrage of stilted electronic devices, feebly constructed dire attempts to produce dynamics and atmospherics.

(Hardly assisted by the addition of a blown drainpipe, a glass!! a scraped exhaust pipe!!! and a scraped paving stone??).

Whereas on the last LP Gabriel showed signs of being able to grasp the fundamentals of his music and lash out with conviction on 'Biko', here he confines himself. The songs fall between half-assed posturing and nebulous conceits, jittery things like 'Shock The Monkey' and 'Lay Your Hands On Me' showing whatever musical muscle he once had stagnating in dank, painful introspection.

Even when he steps outside his stranger-in-a-strange-land wanderings and the incredibly selfish notion that we must look to tribal civilisations to understand ourselves (as if they'd been created specifically for the purpose) he sounds totally inept. 'Kiss Of Life' could be heavy metal at its grossest extreme *("With the heat from her skin and fire from her breath / She blows hard, she blows deep in the mouth of death.")*, and 'Wallflower' is the obvious hangover from his relationship with Tom Robinson, treading the politics of bedsitter isolation, offering no strength or comfort, just bland, wet condescension.

What is it that makes Gabriel and his ilk think that to address misery and depression the artist must sound miserable and depressed? Even when he uses The Ekome Dance Company — who, I'm sure, use music as a buoyant and uplifting release in their native environment, his music sounds like he's serving penance for the impurity and decay of the entire western world.

What are we going to do with these arthouse bores?

Gavin Martin

"Look, if I don't get a good review, I'll, I'll . . . throw myself down these stairs". *Pic: Adrian Boot*

Kate Bass *Pic: Adrian Boot*

KATE BUSH

The Dreaming (EMI)

KATE BUSH LPs are not the kind of thing duels are fought over up in the *NME* office, so when a hopeful looking Andy Gill handed me a copy of 'Dreaming', I was naturally apprehensive.

Now, several listens later, Kate Bush is still suspended in that vast and overpopulated void between the good and the bad, and since it's getting on for nine and we're paid by the word and not the hour, the second priority on my mind right now (the first being to identify the lumps in my Campbell's turkey and vegetable broth) is to boot la Bush either one way or the other. And much as I'd like to drag her up from the depths of MediOcRity and say she's found the candyfloss and bubblegum appeal of once sadly boring acts like Dollar, I'm afraid to say she's missed the boat this time.

I suppose she deserves some credit for pursuing her own style and not moulding hits on current trends, but some degree of progression would be appreciated. Thankfully she's given up the *gasp gasp breéeeeeaaaathe* of yore, but she's still got the habit of throwing her voice around like a lump of putty and testing the durability of our eardrums (mine nearly failed). Add to that the poetry, which attempts to emulate Eliot and comes nearer JCC, and you'll understand why 'The Dreaming' isn't as peaceful listening as its title might suggest. I must admit that the drama works very well on some of the songs, eg 'Pull Out The Pin', but even if they were all as effective, there'd still be problems — four minutes of highly strung verbosity may be stimulating but 10 times that much escalates to an unbearable pitch and you start having visions of armies of fishwives bearing down on you.

Still, it doesn't really matter what I think of 'The Dreaming' because it'll still leap into the charts and stay lodged there for months. A Bush in the hand is worth as much (or as little) as it ever was.

Leyla Sanai

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23 DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
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Louis Prima

DON'T GIMME NO LIP CHILD

LOUIS PRIMA

The Wildest! Just A Gigolo (Capitol EMI French Import)

DOES ANYONE know the secret of the lip? I said the lip, that's the l-l-l-l-lip. *"Well, you take a bucketful of steam and a dozen rooster eggs/You mix them up gently with a bushel of goldfish legs/You hang them on a skyhook in the midnight sun, then you fry up until they're done — that's the secret of the lip."*

Down in Louisiana, y'see, Keely Smith has just seen the liveliest, riproaringest horn player you ever clapped eyes on. She's so astonished she sings a song about 'The Lip', her lovely rich voice coated like clotted cream over a rolling bar-room rhythm. This guy, 'The Lip', plays so high that only dogs can hear him and Ms Keely has never heard no one, like absolutely no one, who could hit a note so high. The secret is this grease that he rubs on the, er, lip of his horn before playing. He makes it himself, ingredients as above, and at the end of the song her husband Louis Prima, his voice full, frothy and fruity, tells the secret and the band goes straight for a blazing fanfare.

Does anyone know the secret of Louis Prima, French/New Orleans bepop R&B singer and trumpet player? How he and his wife Keely Smith made some of the most sassy and succulent records that you're ever likely to hear?

You probably know as much as me — this LP is a reissue of some of the original Prima material, rather than the inferior re-recordings he made in later years. All the tracks are available to EMI in this country, and with no recording costs they could release it at a very low price, but probably don't even know it exists as they're too busy trying to find surrogate Duran Durans.

Louis Prima is a big brawny man with a swarthy complexion and a corduroy peaked cap — he looks a lot like Gerry Cooney — and has *the hairiest* hands I've ever seen. From what I can make out from the French sleeve notes, he first came to note playing jazz clubs in New York in the mid-'30s, and though there was a temporary setback when he was mismatched with a full orchestra in Hollywood, he soon returned to the be-bop combo featured here: stand-up bass, piano, drums, guitar and small but lethal horn section. By the time he met Keely Smith — partner in marriage and on record — he'd sold a lot of records and was known all over America by way of his appearances on the Dean Martin show.

Louis Prima is a master of the high rolling blues performance, swerving and burning round the track until he takes off to a scat singing style and a no-holds-barred horn finale. 'Oh Marie!' — a song that closes side one — is an astounding track; in a skilful and stylish arrangement Prima hs a duel with the horn player that sounds positively dangerous. As the phrases get longer the pace gets quicker, the words are in French (they could be Swahili — it wouldn't matter) and after one death-defying torrent the saxophone player can only muster a laugh, unable to return the maestro's high dive, double somersault scat vocal.

That's only one side of his talent, Prima's voice, like a bear with a broken heart, is perfectly complemented by Keely Smith's golden larynx on duets like 'Banana Split For My Baby' and 'The Lip', the former quite the most beautiful song I've heard for some time. There's a wealth of other gems — instrumental phrases organised by Prima, as seriously frantic as anything Louis Jordan ever produced, a great version of 'Buona Sera' and 'Basin Street Blues', loads of sex, exhilaration and spontaneity. A truly magnificent record.

And you tell me you *still* don't know the secret of the lip? You'd be a fool to miss out any longer.

Gavin Martin

'Just A Gigolo' is available from Rocks Off record shop Hanway St, London W1.

DEPENDS ON THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

BAD COMPANY

Rough Diamonds (Swan Song)

FRANKIE MILLER

Standing On The Edge (Capitol)

"NO ALBUM with Paul Rodgers on it can be *all* bad." Did I really say that when I picked up this Bad Company record to review? Well, I was right . . . but only just. These two LPs — both of which sport regulation tacko-macho rock-stars and rude women sleeves — well, I'm not saying they're tame, but I left them lying out last night and when I came down this morning they'd crept right back into their covers.

Mind you, this Bad Company effort *is* a hit. Straight into the chart first week of release. Oh really? Pull the other one — if more than 500 people have bought this apology for an album, I'll give all my Free records to Oxfam. Guess it must just show how hard the recession's hitting the poor old music business, when 50 sales gets you a bullet . . .

Oh, and talking of Free — as we always must in the context of Bad Company — I'm afraid it's still plain as plain that Boz Burrell and Mick Ralphs are just plain Joes compared to Andy Fraser and Paul Kossoff. Which is sad because I happen to be one of those unreformed types who stubbornly believe that rock music *isn't necessarily dead.* And then along comes Bad Company desperately trying to prove me wrong!

Well I won't hear of it. Paul Rodgers still remains The Greatest English Rock Singer Of All Time — even, in a couple of miraculous flashes of old glory, Of This Time. But Paul, for god's sake get rid of this albatross of a band, get yourself a couple of partners with a little wit, spunk, intelligence . . . take a listen to The Doobie Brothers, or that great Wilson Pickett album Andy's old mate Marty Simon played on last year, or go and see Van Morrison live, or . . . I mean, *I* could write you ten better songs than the insipid rubbish on 'Rough Diamonds' (hah!) Just bloody GET OFF YOUR ARSE AND SACK 'EM.

And as for you, dear reader, please don't buy this hopeless record — but *do* try to hear 'Untie The Knot' (a pleasant Rodgers/Kirke effort in the mode of sub 'That Lady' Isleys or 'Bad Girls' Donna Summer), 'Old Mexico' (a nicely casual narrative, Rodgers at his most relaxed) and Mick Ralphs' 'Kickdown', the only song on the entire album that manages to challenge Rodgers to take off his stetson and actually sing a bit. The rest of the record ranges from dumb to plumb laughable — Burrell's contributions easily managing to dominate the last category.

But oh, what a voice. What a waste.

It's a moot point who's more bankrupt artistically — Messrs Kirke and Rodgers, or their old colleague Andy Fraser, who collaborated with Frankie Miller in writing most of Miller's lame new LP. Recorded at Muscle Shoals (remember when a Muscle Shoals album was actually an exciting prospect? No, me neither), 'Standing On The Edge' (hah!) shows old Frankie trying his best, but it just ain't good enough. Sure, he sings Bob Seger style better than Bob himself, but what's the point in perfecting obsolescence? The massed guitars of Pete Carr, Wayne Perkins and Chris Spedding attempt to put a bit of fire under Frank, but it's all so predictable it's painful.

Still, it's pleasant enough. Frankie Miller never did have the sort of god-given genius that Paul Rodgers still exudes. Frankie's just a good ol' boy doing what a good ol' boy does best. I'm not going to get worked up about it.

But *Paul Rodgers . . .* UUUUUNNGGHHH!!!

Phil McNeill

LILIPUT

Liliput (Rough Trade)

THE BASICS of foreign music. None of the pretensions (or hedonistic appeal) of DAF, or unfairly unique talent of Liasons, or even the sinful gloss of all those Belgian upstarts — just Switzerland's answer to the Delta Five (They were a question?)

Liliput have no ambition further than to spit on the chalet roofs of their cosy green-pastured native land, and, perhaps, after much hard work supporting The Nightingales or recording LPs on budgets of 50 quid, to aspire to Raincoats heights . . . but that's the future, and we only live for the present, remember, because "future" is what that ominous old Establishment's always droning on about, so it must be a Threat.

Liliput know how to cope with that oppressive old monster when it rears its ugly head, anyway . . . *"keck his hills"* or give him *"a wacant look"*, or maybe even *"mmh a while"* and *"nipe the bud"*. So sure, if your bud's aching to be niped, hurry along and get into Liliput before they go bankrupt in true Rough Trade tradition. There's a joke here somewhere, some Rough Trader's laughing all the way to the Oxfam shop. If my travels ever landed me in Liliput, I'd Gulliver thousand miles away.

Leyla Sanai

LIGHTNING STRIKES

SURVIVOR

Eye Of The Tiger (Scotti Brothers)

THIS KIND of sub-Foreignoid muck is what passes for rock music these days, ponderous metal pop for Real Men to celebrate being tough by. Real iron-pumping stuff this; the band flex all their muscles except the heart. The brain — not being a muscle — doesn't get a look-in.

Charles Shaar Murray

TIGHT FIT

Tight Fit (Jive)

SOMEWHAT OF an obituary now that the two more pneumatic frontpeople have experienced a Big E style ousting situation (apparently they actually wanted to *get paid* for fitting tightly — *astonishing!)* at the hands of the customary "svengali". Pity, cos Tight Fit's eponymous LP is a perfectly adequate addition to pop '82 — slotting in between the naff cabaret of the Dooleys and Dollar's vaguely hip mannerisms. Some enticingly sugary tunes ('Fantasy Island', 'Secret Heart') constructed upon subservient synthetics and bolstered by lush keyboards and harmony bestow a commercial credibility without plumbing too many contrived chart depths.

Not bad at all . . . apart from the reassuringly awful sleeve!

James T. Kirk

MIDNIGHT STAR

Victory (Solar)

A VICTORY by MIDNIGHT STAR

"Each morning we wake to see the sun / Another heart turned pure / A wish come true . . . ."

Honest guv, that's what it says on the sleeve. Victory? It's not even a goalless draw!

Lloyd Bradley

C. W. VRTACEK

Victory Through Grace (Leisuretime)

SUB-RESIDENTIAL stuff which tries too hard to be truly weird, and just ends up annoying. Real weirdness must come naturally, or not at all. Vrtacek's is a ghetto with little tourist potential.

Andy Gill

NERVOUS GERMANS

Desolation Zone (Rondelet)

AWFUL ANTISEPTIC boogie *moderne* with abysmal 'social comment' and genital-fixated lyrics which lower the dreary art of stating the obvious to levels of tedium previously undiscovered on this planet. Good sleeve though!

Dave Hill

THE LAST MAN IN EUROPE CORPORATION

Songs From The Ark (Situation 2)

SOMEONE OUGHT to stop those children over at Sit. 2 from banging bits of wood together and trying to pass it off as art. Put those toys down, you spoilt little brats!

Amrik Rai

MIKEY DREAD & CO

Rockers Vibration (Dread At The Controls)

MORE DUB on toast (and vice versa) from the DATC stable, including a contribution from Sugar Minott and music from Roots Radics and a couple of guys named Sly Dunbar and Robbie Something, whose names seem to keep cropping up on rather a lot of records these days. Not their finest iwah.

Charles Shaar Murray

SAD LOVERS AND GIANTS

Epic Garden Music (Midnight)

TO SAY that Sad Lovers And Giants (Ho Ho) have not got a great deal going for them would be understatement indeed. A name of unremitting clumsiness, a press release capable of ending careers, and a music steeped in a tradition of limp derivation. They've listened to the Banshees, they've listened to the Cure, sorted out the good bits and used the rest.

James T Kirk

BIG TWIST AND THE MELLOW FELLOWS

One Track Mind (Red Lightnin')

IS THIS a treat or what? Big Twist is a big fat man with a big fat voice in the Bobby Bland tradition, and he's backed up by a band that moves effortlessly from late '60s/early '70s soul back to hard-swinging jump blues and forward to funk, featuring some exceptionally powerful horn charts and a niftily audacious slap'n'bubble bass that isn't inappropriate once. The repertoire includes the old standard 'Rescue Me', 'I Wouldn't Treat A Dog The Way You Treated Me' and 'Cold Women' (associated respectively with Fontella Bass, Bobby Bland and Albert King). 'One Track Mind' is *serious:* try and hear it.

Charles Shaar Murray

Linder of Ludus *Pic: Birrer*

LUDUS

Riding The Rag (Expanded Import)

MENSTRUATION — The Album. Bludgeoning euphemism, cack-handed imagery and a petulant egoism severely cripple Linder's exorcism of womanhood, both mental and gynaecological. Doubtless intended to be 'uncompromising' and 'provocative', the lyrics merely decay into a diffused confusion, waiting in vain for some sort of musical rescue. Tuneful succour is not, though, forthcoming — Ian Devine preferring a blinkered isolation, a post-punk, theoretical exposition of jazz in the belief that nirvana can only be sought through discord and polyrhythm. The odd enticing melody, like the occasional incisive stanza, is swamped by the screeching sound of ideas being stretched far too thin.

James. T. Kirk

The Bitterest Pill (I ever had to swallow)

THE JAM

NEW SINGLE

POSP 505

polydor

HEIGHT OF FASHION

FASHION undertake their most extensive UK tour to date in mid-autumn, climaxing in a major London concert. Their schedule takes in Liverpool University (October 20), Glasgow Tiffany's (21), Newcastle Polytechnic (22), Loughborough University (23), Manchester Apollo (25), Hanley Victoria Hall (27), Norwich East Anglia University (29), Aylesbury Friars (30), Birmingham Odeon (31), Bristol Colston Hall (November 1), Southampton Gaumont (2), Cardiff University (3), Guildford Civic Hall (4), Derby Assembly Rooms (5), Sheffield Lyceum (6), Exeter University (8), Brighton Dome (9) and London Hammersmith Odeon (10).

It's likely that one or two more dates will be added later.

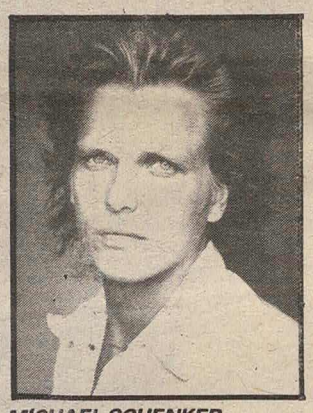
Tickets are on sale now at all box-offices, though prices vary from one venue to another. The band's current single is 'Love Shadow', but it's expected that new material will be released by Arista to coincide with the outing.

Schenker shaker, but tour goes on

MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP, who headlined the final night of this year's Reading Festival, have now announced details of their major autumn tour — the biggest they have so far undertaken in this country. Ironically, it's still not clear who will be their lead singer at the time of the UK outing, as their new vocalist Graham Bonnet has now quit the band following a heated argument with Schenker. He was replaced at short notice for the Reading event by their previous singer Gary Barden — who had been sacked six months earlier — and he also appeared with the group at a German festival last weekend, but it's not yet known if he will stay with them for the upcoming tour.

Dates are Bristol Colston Hall (November 21), Southampton Gaumont (22), Cardiff St David's Hall (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (26 and 27), Newcastle City Hall (29 and 30), Edinburgh Playhouse (December 1), Glasgow Apollo (2), Leicester De Montfort Hall (4), Liverpool Empire (5), Bradford St. George's Hall (6), Birmingham Odeon (8 and 9), Nottingham Theatre Royal (10), Manchester Apollo (12 and 13) and Sheffield City Hall (14 and 15).

Final mixing of the band's new album is now taking place in Germany, and it's planned for October 15 release by Chrysalis. After the pre-Reading bust-up, Schenker was insisting that Bonnet's vocals should be erased from the tapes, with new voice-overs by Barden dubbed on — but there's no indication yet as to whether this is actually happening.



MICHAEL SCHENKER

● Tickets are on sale now for all tour dates, except Bristol where the box-office opens on October 20. Prices generally are £4.50, £4 and £3.50 — the only exceptions being Edinburgh and Leicester (£4.50 and £4) and Bradford (£4 only). MCP are the promoters.

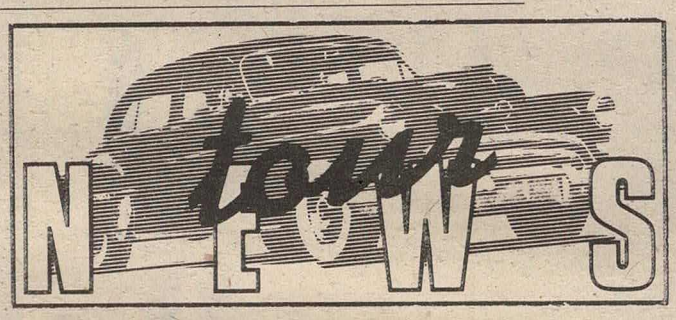
Idol in London one-off

BILLY IDOL is set to play his first solo gig in the UK since leaving Gen X 18 months ago — at London Charing Cross Heaven on Monday, September 20. He's recently been touring with his new backing group in the States, where his solo album and single have enjoyed a fair measure of success, and now he's decided to test the British climate. Tickets for the show are £3.50 — available from London Theatre Bookings, Keith Prowse, Premier, Rough Trade and Honky Tonk Records of Kentish Town.

MAJOR DOO-WOP OUTBREAK

SHOWADDYWADDY set out this week on their biggest-ever tour, taking in 62 dates and running until Christmas. At this point, we'll give their schedule for the next two months, and print the remaining gigs in a few weeks' time. They play:

Bletchley Leisure Centre (tomorrow, Friday), **Basingstoke** Sports Centre (Saturday), **London Wimbledon** Theatre (Sunday), **Slough** Thames Hall (September 13), **Dartford** Orchard Theatre (14), **St. Austell** Cornwall Coliseum (17), **Barnstaple** Queens Hall (18), **Stockport** Davenport (19), **Southend** Westcliff Pavilion (24), **Ipswich** Gaumont (25), **Batley** Frontier Club (28), **Oxford** Apollo (October 1), **Tunbridge Wells** Assembly Hall (2), **Poole** Arts Centre (3), **Bristol** Colston Hall (4), **Southampton** Gaumont (5), **Motherwell** Concert Hall (7), **Paisley** Town Hall (8), **Dundee** Caird Hall (9), **Aberdeen** Capitol (10), **Inverness** Eden Court (11), **Edinburgh** Playhouse (12), **Chesterfield** Aquarius (14-16), **Cardiff** St. David's Hall (21), **Rhondda** Sports Centre (22), **Camber Sands** (23) and **Camberley** Lakeside Club (29-30).



Cafe self-service

SAD CAFE open an extensive 27-date UK tour at the beginning of next month, culminating at Manchester Apollo (November 2), Liverpool Empire (3) and London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (9) — tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) priced £4, £3.50 and £3 for Manchester and Liverpool; and £4.50 and £3.50 for London. Promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises. Admission prices vary at other venues on the schedule, which are:

Aberystwyth University (October 1), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (4), **Guildford** Surrey University (5), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (6), **Tunbridge Wells** Assembly Hall (7), **Bristol** University (9), **Sheffield** University (10), **Hull** City Hall (11), **Nottingham** Rock City (12), **Preston** Guildhall (13), **Oxford** Polytechnic (15), **St. Austell** Cornwall Coliseum (16), **Worthing** Assembly Hall (20), **St. Albans** City Hall (22), **Bradford** University (23), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (24), **Cleethorpes** Winter Gardens (25), **Newcastle** Mayfair (26), **Edinburgh** Playhouse (28), **Fife** St. Andrew's University (29), **Llandudno** Astra Theatre Centre (November 4), **Stoke** Trentham Gardens (5), **St. Helens** Theatre Royal (6) and **Winsford** Civic Theatre (7).

FRIEDMAN'S HOOKED!

DR. HOOK return to the UK to headline a 21-date autumn tour, and *NME* understands that negotiations are well advanced for Dean Friedman — who had a string of hits in the late '70s, including 'Lucky Stars' which reached No.3 — to appear as special guest on all dates. They play Leicester De Montfort Hall (November 2), Manchester Apollo (3 and 4), Sheffield City Hall (5), Preston Guildhall (6), Bristol Colston Hall (7), Portsmouth Guildhall (9), Birmingham Odeon (10 and 11), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (12), Southampton Gaumont (14), Brighton Centre (15), London Wembley Arena (17 and 18), Ipswich Gaumont (19), Liverpool Empire (21), Glasgow Apollo (22 and 23), Edinburgh Playhouse (24), Aberdeen Capitol (25) and Newcastle City Hall (26).

● **Wembley tickets are £7.80 and £6.80 are available by post only from Kennedy Street Enterprises (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH, enclosing SAE. Apart from Bristol where it's also post only for the time being, tickets elsewhere are on sale now at box-offices priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 — except Ipswich and Aberdeen (7.50, £6.50 and £5.50) and St. Austell (7, £6 and £5).**

Ex-Buzzcocks hoist flag

FLAG OF CONVENIENCE, the band launched recently by former Buzzcocks members Steve Diggle (vocals and guitar) and John Maher (drums), have set up their first string of live dates. The outing coincides with the release this week of their debut Sire Records single 'Life On The Telephone'.

Dates confirmed so far, with more to follow, are Leeds Warehouse (September 16), Norwich Jacquard Club (23), Bristol Redlands College (25), Brighton Sherry's (29), London Victoria The Venue (30), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (October 1) and Retford Porterhouse (2).

The band are also busy working on material for their first album, written entirely by Diggle, which should see the light of day before the end of the year.

Completing the outfit's line-up are Dave Farrow (bass) and D.P. (keyboards).

AZTEC CAMERA EXPOSURE

AZTEC CAMERA set out early next month on a 30-date UK tour, running through into November. The first half-dozen gigs to be confirmed are at Retford Porterhouse (October 1), Liverpool Polytechnic (2), Dundee University (7), Glasgow Night Moves (8), York St John's College (9) and Newcastle Soul Kitchen (12), with the remainder to be announced in a week or two. This burst of activity aids promotion of the band's debut single for Rough Trade Records, 'Pillar To Post'/'The Queen's Tattoos', issued this weekend in both picture disc and conventional formats. They're also putting the finishing touches to their first album, due out in mid-October.

BLUE ORCHIDS, newly returned from a Dutch tour, are playing a number of selected dates to coincide with the release next month of their new Rough Trade 12-incher — at London Victoria The Venue (September 23), Middlesbrough Cavern (October 7), Edinburgh University (9), Leicester Polytechnic (20), Solihull Technical College (21) and Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (22).

Q-TIPS, who disbanded earlier this year, are getting together again to play a couple of shows at London Victoria The Venue this Friday and Saturday (10-11). They say this is the result of public demand, following the success of their last tour and live album. All tickets are £3.50.

CRASS celebrate achieving full chart status by headlining a short package tour during the comng week — supported by Dirt, Annie Anxiety and the film *Choosing Death*. They visit Belfast The A Centre (this Saturday and Sunday), Meifod Village Hall, Mid-Wales (September 14), Port Talbot Sandfields Youth Club (15), Yeovil Preston Centre (16) and Exeter St George's Hall (17).

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS have added Margate Winter Gardens (October 19) and Loughborough University to their previously reported autumn tour. Their show at Poole Arts Centre is moved from November 1 to October 24, and their November 9 show in Belfast is switched from the Whitla Hall to the Ulster Hall.

RUSH have their new album 'Signals' featured in its entirety as a laser light concert in the Laserium at London Planetarium — three performances nightly on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays for three weeks from September 16. Admission £2.50 (adults) and £1.25 (under-16s).

THE FOUR TOPS have brought forward their show at London Dominion Theatre from October 30 to 28. And they have now slotted in two extra dates next month — at Kendal Leisure Centre (October 24) and Basildon Leisure Centre (30).

THE BLUEBELLS are a Scottish five-piece for whom great things are forecast (particularly by *NME's* Adrian Thrills), and this week they took two giant steps towards the fulfilment of those predictions — they were named as the support act on the major UK tour by Elvis Costello & The Attractions starting this Saturday, and they were signed up by Decca's London Records label. Their debut single is expected to be released at the end of this month.

THE TRUTH, the new band formed by Dennis Greaves of Nine Below Zero fame, continue their debut tour at Bristol Granary (tonight, Thursday), London Marquee (this Friday and September 23), Folkestone Marine Pavilion (Saturday), Southend Zero 6 (September 13), Swindon Brunel Rooms (14), London Camden Dingwalls (16), Liverpool Warehouse (17), London Woolwich Tramshed (21), Bradford University (24), Dunstable Queensway Hall (25), Leeds Warehouse (29), Sheffield Limit Club (30), Loughborough University (October 2), London Regents Park Bedford College (4) and Keele University (9). More are being set.

AC/DC will have American rockers Yesterday & Today as special guests on their upcoming UK tour. And they have now confirmed two dates in the Irish Republic at Dublin RDS Stadium on October 21 and 22 — all tickets are £8.50 (Irish).

SAXON have added two more dates to their impending UK tour — at Newcastle City Hall (September 17, tickets £4 and £3.50) and Sheffield City Hall (28, tickets £4).

MAXIMUM JOY play Sheffield Polytechnic (September 25), Manchester Hacienda Club (29), Brighton New Regent (30), Southampton University (October 1) and London North Polytechnic with Pinski Zoo (8). These gigs support their debut album 'Station MXJY', released by Y Records this weekend — on which Tony Wrafter plays, even though he's now left the group.

MOVING HEARTS, the Irish band whose line-up includes ex-members of Planxty and Horslips, headline the Leeds Folk Festival starting tomorrow (Friday). They also have London dates at Putney Half Moon (September 12 and 13) and Kilburn National Club (14). Their new album 'Dark End Of The Street' is being released by WEA Records this month.

PIGBAG play a one-off at Exeter University on October 30, and at present there's no sign of any other dates by the band . . . Two other one-off gigs of interest are by DIAMANDA GALAS at London ICA Theatre in The Mall (October 12) and PERE UBU at London Victoria The Venue (22).

JULIO IGLESIAS — already set for four nights at London Royal Albert Hall on October 24-25 and 27-28 — is also playing Brighton Centre on November 2 (£15, £12.50, £10 and £7.50) and Coventry Apollo on November 3 and 4 (£15, £12.50, £10 and £8).

SEVEN BANDS IN LYCEUM PACKAGE

SEVEN BANDS are featured in a value-for-money package being staged at London's Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, September 19 (3.30-11 pm), rejoicing in the title of "Lost In Beirut". They are Wasted Youth, UK Decay, Sex Gang Children, Actifed, Erazerhead, Crown Of Thorns and March Violets. All tickets are £3 and the promoters are Head Music.

More Tour News: page 42

Asia's UK debut; Roches in concert

ASIA, the new British band who've been taking America by storm, make their UK concert debut next month — at London Wembley Arena on Wednesday, October 27. The outfit — featuring Geoff Downes, Steve Howe, Carl Palmer and John Wetton — have been spending the summer headlining at sports arenas throughout the States. Their self-named album has now sold over 3½ million copies, and is claimed to be the fastest selling debut LP ever — it was at No.1 in America for several weeks, and had a 15-week run in the *NME* chart.

Mail order tickets are priced £6.80 and £5.80 (including booking fee) and are available from The Asia Box-Office, P.O. Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS — make cheques and POs payable to 'Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd.', enclose SAE and allow up to three weeks for delivery. Tickets are also on sale to personal callers at the Wembley box-office (£6.50 and £5.50) and branches of Keith Prowse (£6.50 and £5.50 plus booking fee).

THE ROCHES return to the UK in November to play two concerts, as part of a short European tour — at Aldeburgh Snape Maltings (5) and London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (7). During their visit they'll also be appearing in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on November 1, and their new album — currently being completed with Robert Fripp producing — will be issued through WEA to coincide.

These will be the first British dates by the three sisters (Maggie, Terre and Suzzy) for 16 months. London tickets are on sale now priced £5.50, £5 and £4.50 — and Aldeburgh tickets are also available from the local box-office at £6 and £5, though mail order bookings may also be made to Festival Box-Office, High Street, Aldeburgh, Suffolk; make cheques and POs payable to 'A.F. — SMF' and enclose SAE.

SLIM TWINS IN TRIM SPIN

THE THOMPSON TWINS, now reduced to slimline form, will be doing the rounds in mid-autumn. More dates have still to be set, but those confirmed so far are Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (October 20), Norwich East Anglia University (22), Bristol Locarno (24), Manchester Hacienda Club (26), Leicester Polytechnic (27), Sheffield Lyceum (28), Bath University (30), Brighton Top Rank (November 1) and London Hammersmith Palais (2).

Support act on all dates is Phonogram duo Tears For Fears, whose third single 'Mad World' is released this week in both 7" and 12" formats. They're also playing a few headine dates of their own at Hastings Downtown (September 16), Bournemouth Midnight Express (17), Manchester Polytechnic (22), Leeds Warehouse (23), Liverpool Warehouse (24) and Glasgow Maestro's (26).

record NEWS

● The much-heralded re-working of the C&W classic 'Stand By Your Man', duetted by **Wendy O. Williams** (of The Plasmatics) and **Lemmy**, is out on Bronze Records this week. The track, which led to Eddie Clarke quitting Motorhead, also features two other songs — Wendy's version of Motorhead's 'No Class' and Lemmy's treatment of The Plasmatics' 'Masterplan'.

● **Big Country**, the band formed by ex-Skids guitarist Stuart Adamson, have their first single issued by Phonogram on September 17 — "Harvest Home"/"Balcony'. Their debut album is scheduled for early next year.

● **Michael McDonald**, a member of The Doobie Brothers since 1975 and previously with Steely Dan, has his first solo single 'I Keep Forgettin' issued by Warner Brothers this weekend. His debut solo album 'If That's What It Takes' is already on release.

● Birmingham four-piece **Diamond Head** have a double-pack single out this week on MCA. The first record features 'In The Heat Of The Night' coupled with 'Play It Loud' — while the bonus single sports an interview by Tommy Vance with the band, backed with 'Sweet And Innocent'. It's also available as a single 12-incher. Their first MCA album is due on October 1, and they'll be touring to promote it, dates to follow shortly.

● **The I Spy Club** are a British disco-rock band now based in St. Tropez, and their claim to fame is that they first got together in Marseilles Prison, where they were all serving sentences for a wide range of crimes! They've now been signed by State Records and have their first single 'I Spy', written by lead singer Paul Gallard in the nick, released this weekend.

● Motown artists **The Dazz Band**, who hail from Cleveland, have their new album 'Keep It Live' issued this weekend. The title track follows as a single on September 17.

● Latest single from 15-year-old **Stacy Lattisaw** is 'Sneakin' Out', issued this weekend by Cotillion Records (through WEA). There's a strong backing contribution from Narada Michael Walden on drums, keyboards and percussion.

● **The Swinging Laurels** make their debut on WEA Records on September 17 with the single 'Rodeo', the theme song of their live show, and it's coupled with 'Hair By Mantini'. The 12-incher carries an extended six-minute version of the A-side, plus the instrumental 'Go Man Go' as a third bonus track.

Last week *NME* reported the advent of a solo album by Abba's FRIDA, which was produced in Sweden by PHIL COLLINS, who is also included in the composer credits — along with Rod Argent, Russ Ballard, Stephen Bishop and Bryan Ferry. Now comes this picture of the red-headed one and her stubble-chinned producer, actually at work in the studio *(gasp!)*. The LP is called 'Something's Going On', and it's issued this week by Epic.

THE ROLLING STONES have a new single out next Monday on their own label (through EMI) titled 'Time Is On My Side'. The B-side is a version of the Eddie Cochran classic 'Twenty Flight Rock', and there's also a 12-incher with an extra track called 'Under My Thumb'.

THE TECHNO TWINS, who support Imagination on their UK tour starting this week, have their debut album 'Technostalgia' released by PRT Records tomorrow (Friday).

KATE BUSH's previously reported new album 'The Dreaming' is now set for EMI release on September 13. It features ten songs including her last two singles, 'Sat In Your Lap' and the title track. Irish band Planxty are among musicians featured on the LP.

JONI MITCHELL has signed with Geffen Records, distributed in the UK through Epic. Her first LP for the label will be 'Wild Things Run Fast', due towards the end of the year. She previously recorded four albums for Reprise and eight for Asylum.

SHEENA EASTON has her third album 'Money, Madness and Music' issued by EMI next Monday (13), with a new single planned for the end of this month. On returning from her current US tour, she'll be filming a TV special for screening on December 13.

KID CREOLE & The Coconuts have a single out on Island next week, as a prelude to their upcoming UK tour. It's a remixed version of 'Annie I'm Not Your Daddy' from their hit 'Tropical Gangsters' album, and it comes in both 7" abd 12", also available as limited edition picture discs.

ROXY MUSIC have scheduled their latest single for September 17 release on EG/Polydor, 'Take A Chance On Me' backed with 'The Main Thing'. The 12-inch format features an extended seven-minute version of the B-side, specially remixed for clubs.

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS have their new album 'Forever Now' released by CBS on September 24. They have now confirmed that Vince Ely has left the band, and he's been replaced by drummer Phil Calvert, who was previously with The Birthday Party — which outfit he left when they decided to take up residence in Berlin.

MOOD SIX have a new single called 'She's To Far' issued by EMI on September 20, and it's the last to feature the band's old line-up. Keyboards player Paul Shurey has now left the line-up, following hot on the heels of rhythm guitarist Guy Morley, and the band will shortly be announcing the re-shaped personnel.

HOLLY BETH VINCENT, former leading light of Holly & The Italians, has her first solo album issued by Virgin this weekend. It features her current four-piece backing band but, just to confuse the issue, the LP is titled 'Holly & The Italians'.

MIKE RUTHERFORD of Genesis releases his self-produced solo album 'Acting Very Strange' on WEA Records this weekend. It contains eight tracks, and Police drummer Stewart Copeland is among backing musicians.

TIGHT FIT have their debut album released by Jive Records this week — not surprisingly, with their name as its title. But plans for the group to undertake an extensive autumn tour have been delayed by line-up changes, with two new girls coming in to join Steve Grant.

FLEETWOOD MAC have a new single out this weekend by Warner Brothers, written by Stevie Nicks and titled 'Gypsy'. It's taken from their hit album 'Mirage' which, thanks to its No. 1 status in America, is proving to be their most successful LP since the 16-million seller 'Rumours'.

PERE UBU'S fifth studio album 'Song Of The Bailing Man' is issued by Rough Trade this week. It was produced by Adam Kidron, who has previously worked with Scritti Politti, The Raincoats, Red Crayola and Delta 5. And it's the first to feature the band's new drummer Anton Fier (ex-Lounge Lizards), plus guest musician Tan-Tan (Boney M's trumpeter).

CLIFF RICHARD's latest single is another track taken from his current album 'Now You See Me, Now You Don't'. Titled 'Where Do We Go From Here', it's issued by EMI this week.

Cherry pickings

CHERRY RED are at last releasing the 'Orgasm' album by *John's Children*, much delayed while tapes were being tracked down — it features the original bootleg 'Orgasm' LP in its entirety, plus both sides of the band's first two hit singles from 1965. The label also issues the first solo album from Eyeless In Gaza songwriter and vocalist *Martyn Bates*, which is a ten-incher called 'Letters Written'. And *Eyeless In Gaza* themselves have a double A-side single out, 'Veil Like Calm' and 'Taking Steps'. Two other Cherry Red delayed offerings are now finally available — *The Monochrome Set's* album 'Eligible Bachelors' and the *Felt* single 'My Face Is On Fire'/'Trails Of Colour Dissolve'.

● **Rock Goddess** have been signed by A&M Records, and are already in the studio recording their first single for the label, which will be rushed out as soon as possible.

● **Yazoo** are featured on a No Nukes 12-inch single called 'Europe In The Year Zero', now available from Pinnacle. The other two bands involved are **Sudeten Creche** and **Colour Me Pop**.

● Polydor release the new **Music For Pleasure** album 'Into The Rain' tomorrow (Friday), and the band are planning a full autumn tour to promote it. Another LP from the same source is 'Hard Station' by Irish rock artist **Paul Brady**, originally issued last year but now completely remixed.

● **Apocalypse**, the band formed by Tony Fletcher and Jeff Carrigan, have their debut single 'Teddy'/'Release' issued this weekend. It's on Jamming Records, and was produced by the band and the label's co-director Paul Weller.

● Three-piece outfit **Attak** release their second single this weekend on No Future Records, distributed by Pinnacle and The Cartel. It's a double A-sider, coupling 'Murder In The Subway' and 'Future Dreams'.

● **Troops Of Tomorrow** is not only the name of a band, but also the title of their 12-inch single — the track runs 23 minutes and retails for £1.75. The line-up comprises Knox (guitar and keyboards), Alvin Gibbs (bass), Kevin Wilkinson (drums) and Andy Aitchinson (violin). It's on Just When You Thought It Was Quiet Records, through the indie network.

● Whaam! Records of Chelsea have signed highly-rated Essex band **Le Mat**, and release their single 'Waltz Of The Fool' next week. Their debut album is planned for October, and a British tour is also being set up.

● **John Otway's** new single 'In Dreams' is scheduled for September 24 release by Empire Records, though that's now in some doubt because the lad has vanished! His manager has been trying to contact him for three weeks regarding the cover design, but so far without success. It seems that his wife failed to return from a short trip to Canada supposedly to see her parents, and it's assumed that he's trying to find her.

● **Mikey Dread**, who is guesting on the UB40 tour starting next week, has a ten-inch single issued on September 17. It couples 'Rub-A-Dub And Rub-A-Dub-Dub' with a remix of 'Heavyweight Style', and it's released by Do It Records in conjuction with the Dread At The Controls label.

● Next week sees the release of the latest **Positive Noise** single on Statik Records, titled 'Get Up & Go'. It's available in both 7" and 12", the former featuring 'Tension' as the coupling, while the B-side of the latter is a remixed version of 'Feel The Fear'.

● Coming up in a week or two is 'Lucifer's Friend', the debut EP by new band **Vision** on Birmingham label MVM Records. The group itself hails from Sheffield and features B-Movie founder member Stat, who has now quit that outfit.

● The new single by **Duffo**, issued by PVK Records this weekend, is his version of Lou Reed's classic 'Walk On The Wild Side'. It was apparently released some months ago in Argentina, where it made the Top 40, though Duffo hasn't received any royalties for it! British dates and a new album are planned for next month.

● **Via Vagabond** are a keyboards and vocals duo comprising Nick Plytas and Anne Pigalle. Their debut single is 'Who Likes Jazz?', produced by Robin Scott and released this week by Stiff.

● Sheffield band **Artery** have two releases this month on Red Flame Records. Their single 'The Clown' is out this weekend, and it's followed on September 17 by a seven-track mini-LP called 'Oceans'.

● Mute Records this week release a 12-inch version of **Depeche Mode's** sixth single 'Leave In Silence', and it features both an extended and a "quieter" version of the track. The B-side is a re-working of excepts from 'My Secret Garden'.

● **The Adicts'** debut album 'Songs Of Praise' has been made available again, now on Fall-Out Records (through Jungle and The Cartel), under licence from the band's own Dwed Wecords. Meanwhile, they have now signed to Razor Records, and have just started work on their second album and a new single.

● The **John Cougar** single 'Jack And Diane', already a big hit in the States, is released in the UK by Riva Records this weekend.

● **The Freshies**, best-known for their oddly titled 'I'm In Love With The Girl On The Manchester Meagastore Check Out Desk', have now slimmed down to a duo — comprising founder member Chris Sievey and newcomer Barbara O'Donovan. Their first single in this form is 'Fasten Your Seatbelts', issued by Stiff this week.

● The standard 'Always Something There To Remind Me', a former hit for Dionne Warwick and Sandie Shaw, now re-appears as an electronic speciality. It's been recorded by Bath-based duo **Naked Eyes**, and is released by EMI this week.

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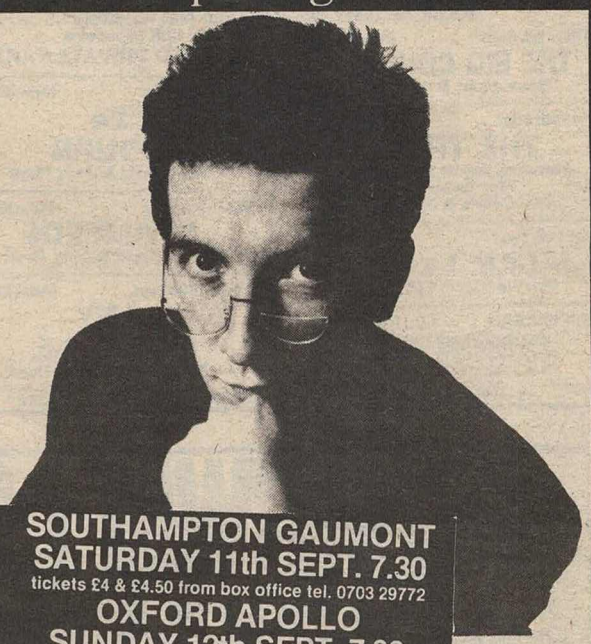

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THE TUNNEL

Thursday 9th September Free
WILDLIFE
+ King Kong & The Empire States

Friday 10th September Free
DEVILISH TIN TRUMPET
+ Stomping Pond Frogs

Saturday 11th September Free
STEVE HOOKERS SHAKERS
+ Something Else

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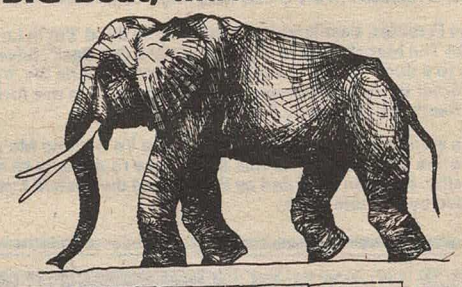
"ROCKIN THE BOOGIE!"
Featuring Art Themen/ Dave Chambers
Wednesdays
'The Cherry Tree',
The Green, Southgate
Saturdays
'The Pegasus',
109 Green Lanes, N16

BIG Beat, Much fun

THURSDAY 9th SEPT
MOONLIGHT
10.30pm



THE GREAT DIVIDE

Le Beat Route

OPEN 9.00PM TO 3.30AM
LICENSED TO 3.00AM
17 GREEK STREET, LONDON W1 · TELEPHONE 437 5782 Night 499 2645 day

MONDAY
LE BEAT ROUTE WITH EYES AND EARS PRESENTS
NEW YEAR'S EVE
EVERY MONDAY
with Nicky McKenzie and Alan Coulthard
Cabaret – Prizes – Balloons
Free glass of Bubbly at Midnight
Admission £2.50

TUESDAY
60's Soul Night
with the original Dr Soul Capital Radio's
JAMES HAMILTON
plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

WEDNESDAY
DON'T BLINK NIGHT
ALL DRINKS **25p**

Thursday 9th September
LIVE MUSIC from
TOTO COELO
Thursday 16th September
THE SCARS

FRIDAY
FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
(MEMBERS ONLY)
STEVE · OLLIE
STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

SATURDAY
OWEN WASHINGTON
Invites you to spend an evening with him and his special guests.
Entrance £2.50 and ALL DRINKS 50p until 11.00. Entrance £3.50 and drinks normal price 11.00 - 3.30.

RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED

MCP presents

SQUEEZE
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HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
MONDAY 8TH NOVEMBER 8.00 pm
Tickets : £3.50 Adv, £4.00 Door
Available from Box Office Keith Prowse, Premier, LTB and Albemarle.

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING
GEORGE BENSON OCT 20, 21, 22, 23, 24

SEPTEMBER
9 UK Decay
12 Showaddywaddy
12 Tygers of Pan Tang
12 King Crimson
12, 13 Simple Minds
14 The Associates
16 Blitz
16 Mike Oldfield
17 The Blues Band
18 Echo & The Bunnymen
19 The Spinners
19 Gloria Gaynor
20 Billy Idol
20, 21, 22, 23 UB40
21 Radio 1's 15th Birthday Party
22 Roxy Music
23 Chelsea
24, 25 Hot Chocolate
24, 25 Bob James
26 Dollar
28 Neil Young
30 Shirley Maclaine

OCTOBER
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 Shirley Maclaine
2 Gregory Isaacs
3 The Beat
3,4 Imagination
3, 11 Shadows
4 Toto
6 Neil Sedaka
7 Stiff Little Fingers
8, 9 Saxon
11 The Damned
12 Kid Creole & The Coconuts
13 England v West Germany
13, 16 AC/DC
14 Bauhaus
15 The Fureys & Davey Arthur
17, 18, 19 Darryl Hall & John Oates
18, 19 AC/DC
20, 21, 22, 23, 24 George Benson
21 Odyssey
22 John Martyn
24, 25 Depeche Mode
24, 25, 27, 28 Julio Inglesias
26 Belle Stars
26 Chris De Burgh
26, 27 Kid Creole & The Coconuts
26, 27 Kim Wilde
27, 28 Asia
28, 29 Shakin' Stevens

NOVEMBER
2 Thompson Twins
2 Joan Jett & The Blackhearts
3, 4 Duran Duran
5 Millie Jackson
7 George Thorogood
8 Squeeze
11 Shakatak
12, 13 Hawkwind
14, 16 Duran Duran
17, 18 Doctor Hook
17, 18 Japan
23, 24 ABC

DECEMBER
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 Elton John
17 Gillan
17 Slade
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Elton John
24, 27 Elvis Costello

JANUARY
24 Echo & The Bunnymen

APRIL
18, 22 James Last

MAY
11, 15 Johnny Mathis

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MAXIMUM MUSIC
presents

SIMPLE MINDS
+ HEY! ELASTICA
Wednesday 15th September. 8.00pm
Tickets £3.50 from Top Rank
& Usual Agents

NEXT ALL—NIGHTER
CLEETHORPES
Winter Gardens
Saturday/Sunday
September 11/12
12.30 am - 8 am

WORDS BARRY CLARKE

Queensway Hall, Dunstable
Tel: 0582 603326

Thursday 16th September — 7.45pm
LEVEL 42
+ STIKKI STUFF

Tickets from Box Office, F. L. Moore's Luton, Dunstable, Diamond Stylus — Harpenden, Record Room, Zodiac Records — St Albans, E.G.E. — Watford or on night
Free Snack Bar. Bar

Sept 25th THE TRUTH + LIAR
October 3rd STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

WORDS BARRY CLARKE

City Hall, St. Albans
Tel: 0727 64511

Saturday 11th September — 7.45p.m.
TYGERS OF PAN TANG
+ TYTAN

Tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer St., St Albans — Record City, Luton or on the Door

October 1st WISHBONE ASH
October 6th Regal HITCHIN THE DAMNED

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 9th

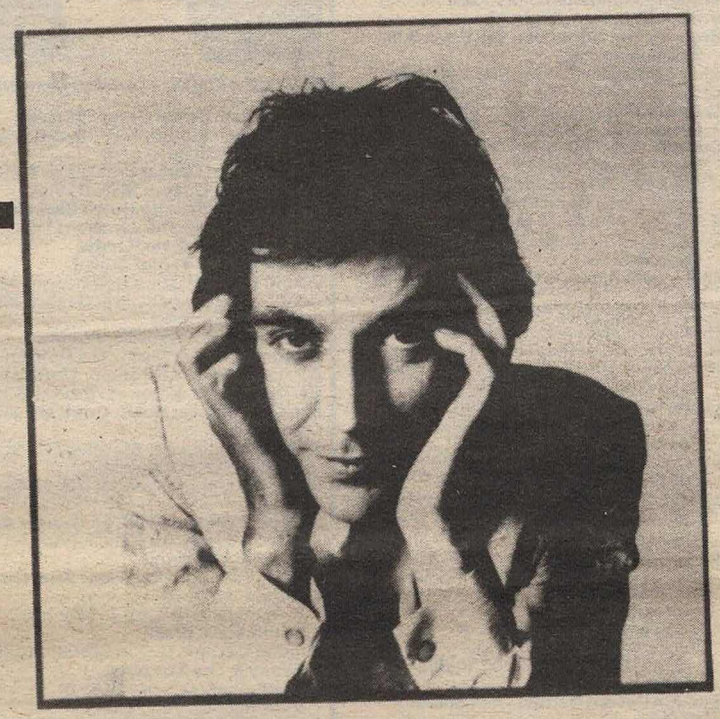
RIP RIG & PANIC: (London Venue)

Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Blue Poland/The Cherry Boys/Totem & Taboo/Crowded**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **International Heroes**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Borden (Standford) Robin Hood: **Kevin Brown**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Bars: **Crossfire**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **The Go-Betweens**
Brighton The Concorde: **The Legendary Tenfoots/Where's The W?**
Bristol Granary: **The Truth**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Corby FC Willow Room: **Energy**
Derby Havana Club: **Ipso Facto**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Simple Minds**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Mike Oldfield**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Q Test**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **R&B Spitfires**
Glasgow The Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **E.S.P.**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Approaching Footsteps/The Tuxedos**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Quick**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Europeans**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **Five Play Dutch**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Amazulu/Ramone System**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Fast Buck/Top Secret**
London Battersea The Latchmore: **Duffo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Bambi Kino**
London Brentford The Red Lion: **Kim Beacon Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **OK Jive**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Shadowboys/The 12th of August**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **James Danton's Flight to Zenith**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Heartbeats**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Ahmad Jamal Quartet (until September 18, except Sunday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Precious Few/Strange Days**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Club Foot: **UK Decay/Sex Gang Children/Ritual**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Escalators**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Beatroots/Section 10**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Betty Comora & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **The Big Country**
London Northolt Load Of Hay: **Exhibit A/Dick Cox**
London N.7 The Favourites: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Radical Sheiks**
London Oxford St. 101 Club: **Squire**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Putney White Lion: **Charlie Harper's Urban Dogs/Brigandage**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Tracey Trio**
London Southall White Hart: **Mono Pacific**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Flying Pigs/Vin Ordinaire**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jeff Scott**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Hank Wangford Band**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Ivor Cutler/Phyllis King/The Ravishing Beauties**
London Tottenham The Mayfair: **Brunel**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Imagination**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rip Rig & Panic**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Whitechapel The London Hospital: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Princes St.) Le Beat Route: **Toto Coelo**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **The Next Step Band**
Maidstone Queens Head Hotel: **Three Parts Human**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Hanky Panky**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Pale Fountains**
Mansfield Leisure Centre: **Matchbox**
Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: **Loot**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Milborne Port Tapps: **The Man Upstairs**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Blues Band**
Northampton White Elephant: **Precious Little Idol**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham The Newshouse: **If All Else Fails**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **L. A. Hooker**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Ghost**
Scarborough Taboo: **Marillion**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Danse Society**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Southport Follies: **Satanic Rites**
Stockton Dovecott Arts Centre: **Rules of Croquet**
Sunderland Fusion Ballroom: **Hot Quisine**
Wokingham Angie's: **Inner City Unit**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

THE ARRIVAL OF September invariably signals a burst of activity on the gig circuit, as the autumn season starts to gather momentum, and this year is no exception. This week, for instance, sees the start of several major tours — including ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS *(right)*, who kick off in Southampton (Saturday), Oxford (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday) and Sheffield (Tuesday); UB40, whose schedule opens in Liverpool (Monday) and Glasgow (Wednesday), with MIKEY DREAD guesting; and IMAGINATION, who play the first of seven London concerts on Thursday (the other six follow at the end of the month), before setting out into the provinces.

The two principal special events of the week are THE WHO's only British gigs of 1982 (and possibly their penultimate in the UK) in Birmingham on Friday and Saturday; and the fourth Futurama Festival, which has now moved to Deeside, and has NEW ORDER and THE DAMNED headlining on Saturday and Sunday respectively — though there are over 30 other acts also in contention. Two London one-offs of interest see the temporary reunion of Q-TIPS at The Venue (Friday and Saturday) and a KING CRIMSON concert at Hammersmith (Sunday).

Also setting out this week are SIMPLE MINDS, who play the Edinburgh Festival on Thursday and Friday, before descending upon London for Lyceum shows on Sunday and Monday. CRASS headline a package mini-tour which gets under way in Belfast at the weekend. GLORIA GAYNOR and EDWIN STARR fly in from the States, opening separate tours on Monday. And among other acts newly on the road are THE BLUES BAND, LEVEL 42, THE CIMARONS, SHOWADDYWADDY and country star GEORGE HAMILTON — while current outings by HOT CHOCOLATE, MIKE OLDFIELD and the TYGERS OF PAN TANG continue apace. All of which augurs well for the traditionally hectic build-up to Christmas.



friday 10th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Jo-Ann Kelly Band/Kevin Brown**
Alfreton George Hotel: **Saracen**
Bexhill De La Warr Pavilion: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Great Outdoors/Hojo Navigator**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **The Who**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bletchley Leisure Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Stacks**
Brighton Top Rank: **Prince Lincoln & The Royal Rasses**
Bristol Western Star Domino Club: **The Pros From Dover**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Europeans**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Peter James**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Dave Swarbrick & Simon Nicol/English Country Blues Band / The Shanty Crew etc.**
Doncaster (Carcroft) Welfare Hall: **The Dynamite Band**
Dorking (Beare Green) White Hart: **English Rogues**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Cry Wolf**
Edinburgh Assembly Rooms Music Hall: **Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Simple Minds**
Folkestone Royal Norfolk Hotel: **Larry Miller Band**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Taildragger**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Genes**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Laughing Academy**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Chinatown**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Travelling Shoes**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Marillion**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Headless Horsemen / The Man Upstairs**
Leeds Folk Festival at Temple Newsam Park (for three days): **Moving Hearts/The Fureys / Maddy Prior Band / Home Service / Richard & Linda Thompson / Clannad / Tony Capstick etc.**
Liverpool Left Bank Bistro: **Tears Of Joy**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Mortal Disguise / Backhander**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The Masked Orchestra**
London Blackheath Kidbrooke House: **Marble Staircase**
London Brentford The Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Hells Angels Bike Show**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ruby Turner Band / Screen 3**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Vocalotion**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Go Fundamental**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Inmates / Roman Holiday**
London Dalston Greyhound: **The XL's / Lemon City**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tiger**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mad Shadows / Bambi Kino**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Devilish Tin Trumpet**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Park Umbrellas / Dark Design**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Hank Wangford Band**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Kingston The Swan: **Brutal Attack / Afterbirth**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Yellowstone Picnic Band/Five Cents**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street/Dr Sax**
London Oxford Street 100 Club 100: **Stollywood Harlets**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Plumstead The Ship: **China Moon/The Castaways**
London Putney Half Moon: **Short Stories**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Tracey Trio**
London Southall White Swan: **Scarlet O'Hara**
London St John's Wood The Crown: **The Zodiacs**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The London Apaches**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Lindsay Cooper & Friends/Slapp Happy**
London Victoria The Venue: **Q-Tips**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Hollywood Killers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Tygers of Pan Tang**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Saffari**
Milton Keynes Gladiator Club: **Bleak House**
Northwich Pillar of Salt: **International Heroes**
Nottingham Ollerton & Bevercotes Miners Welfare: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford The Pennyfarthing: **Truffle**
Peterborough Fleet Centre: **Neat Neat Neat/E.S.P.**
Preston Clouds: **Hot Quisine**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Tilt**
Retford Porterhouse: **China Crisis**
Salisbury Cathedral Hotel: **Crossfire**
Thirsk Topcliffe Old Mill: **Seizure/Passion Trade**
Warrington Spectrum Arena: **George Hamilton IV**
Whitehaven White House: **The Cimarons**
Whitworth Rawstron Arms: **Ik**
Wokingham Angie's: **Short Stories**

saturday 11th

NEW ORDER: (Deeside)

Aldershot West End Centre: **Richard Digance**
Basingstoke Sports Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Belfast The A Centre: **Crass/Dirt/Annie Anxiety**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham International Arena: **The Who**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beats**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Nick Hooper & Megan Edwards**
Bristol Hawthorne Hotel: **Nat Adderley**
Bristol Mina Road Park (free festival from 11am): **Ekome/Talisman/Joshua Moses Band/Phase One Steel Orchestra/Mainstream etc.**
Burton British Oak: **Riot Squad**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Trux/Stallion**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Inner City Unit**
Cardiff Dowlais Inn: **Xena Zerox**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Ghost**

□ *CONTINUED OVER*

☐ *FROM PREVIOUS PAGE*

Chesterfield Birmingham Tavern: **Saracen**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry Red House: **Afternoon**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Martin Carthy/The Watersons/Cyril Tawney/Skinners Rats**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **'Futurama' with New Order/Blancmange/China Crisis/Durutti Column/Dislocation Dance etc**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Edinburgh Assembly Rooms Music Hall: **Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Folkestone Marine Pavilion: **The Truth**
Gourock Ashton Locker: **Laughing Academy**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Deep Machine**
Great Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Mouse & The Underdog**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Dean Martin's Dog**
Henlow The Airman: **Scarlet O'Hara**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Spiteful Child/Box 33**
Huddersfield Stars Bar: **The Cimarons**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Imagination**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Liverpool Dockers Hook: **Satanic Rites**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Bottles/Acrobat**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **C.C. Rockhouse**
London Brixton Archway Studios: **A Popular History Of Signs/Music For Spooks**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Biddy & Eve**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ruthless Blues/R & B Spitfires**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen/Dana Gillespie**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **D. V. Campbell/Brave Face**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Feelers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance/The Perfect Gift**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Harrow Road Centro Iberico: **Bladder Flask/Nigel Jacklin & Alien Brains**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Dancing Did/Xena Zerox**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Ricky Cool**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Juice On The Loose/Commuter**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Sexagisma/Aquila**
London Putney Half Moon: **Crannog**
London Putney White Lion: **Flying Saucers**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London SW9 Landor Adventure Park: **Steel & Skin**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Eddie & Sunshine/Pale Fountains**
London Victoria The Venue: **Q-Tips**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Brunel**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.1 (Princes St) Le Beat Route: **Squire**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Orchestre Jazira**
Manchester Lamplight Club: **The Daze**
Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: **Glasshouse**
Melrose Waverley Castle Hotel: **Marillion**
Newcastle City Hall: **Mike Oldfield**
Nottingham The Hearty Good Fellow: **Ik**
Oakengates Town Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Oundle Victoria Halls: **International Heroes**
Oxford Big Top Marquee: **Friends Of The Earth**
Oxford The Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Level 42**
Retford Porterhouse: **Rage/Depth In Metres**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Southampton Canute Hotel: **Crossfire**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
St Albans City Hall: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Stanwick Working Men's Club: **Energy**
Telford Amphi Theatre: **The Nashville Teens**
Toddington The Angel: **Mortal Disguize**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Illusions**

sunday 12th

CRASS: (Belfast)

Belfast The A Centre: **Crass/Dirt/Annie Anxiety**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Odeon: **Mike Oldfield**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **Warrior**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Night Music**
Bromley The Northover: **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis** (lunchtime)
Cheriton Colden Arrow: **Masterstroke**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Level 42**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Lee Cornes/The Websters**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **'Futurama' with The Damned/Dead Or Alive/Nico/Southern Death Cult/Danse Society/Sex Gang Children etc.**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Marillion**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **The Blues Band**
Glasgow Star Rock Club: **The Duff Party**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Handsome Beasts**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms: **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests** (lunchtime)
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys** (lunchtime)
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Paul Lacey Band**
London Brentford The Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Onward Internationals** (lunchtime)/ **The 45's** (evening)
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Aquilla/The Crows**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Valdez**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Deep Machine**
London Finchley Torrington: **G.B. Blues Co with Root Jackson**
Lodnon Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Breakers**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Django Bates & The Humans**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Pete Nu Trio**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
London Hammersmith Palais: **King Crimson/The Three Courgettes**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Elton Dean Group**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ken Barton Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Moving Hearts**
London Shepperton The Goat: **Blackfoot Sue**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London St. John's Wood The Crown: **Ricky Cool**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Steve Waller & Stevie Smith**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Bop Squad**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Simple Minds**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's** (lunchtime)
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Trafalgar Sq. St. Martin's Crypt: **Steve Turner**
London Wimbledon Nelson's: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Luton Cottars: **Energy**
Margate Ship Inn: **Dave Corsby Band**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Tobruk**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham The Newshouse: **Dubious Intent/Elephants Are Go**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Peterborough Glasshouse: **So What**
Southampton Top Rank: **Imagination**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **French Lessons**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Bottles**

monday 13th

SIMPLE MINDS: (London Lyceum)

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Bingley Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Birmimgham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Odeon: **Mike Oldfield**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Up The Junction: **The Nightingales/Ever Readys**
Blackpool J. R.'s: **Riot Squad**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **Xena Zerox**
Dartford Orchard Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Frontier**
Glasgow Cinders Disco: **The Duff Party**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Marillion**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **Abrasive Wheels/The Ejected/Disorder/Mayhem**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **UB40/Mikey Dread**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Comsat Angels**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Overkill/Mustang**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Guest Artists**
London Camden Dingwalls: **X-Remipeds/Serious Drinking/Short Commercial Break**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Striding Benny & The Strutters**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Lix Helix/The Sanity Clause**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Happy Breed/Zurich Eleven/Lost Boys**
London Euston Capital Tower: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Perry & The Gook**
London Fulham The Greyhound: **Fear Of Falling/Strategy**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laiso & The Leopards**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Eddie Thompson & Guests (for four days)**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pete Hurt Quartet/Jam Ponsford Quintet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Moving Hearts**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Bullet Blues**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Simple Minds**
London Victoria The Venue: **T34**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Karamojos**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Edwin Starr** (for a week)
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Annette Peacock**
Manchester Palace Theatre: **Preservation Hall Jazz Band**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Imaginaton**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Nottingham (Beeston) Charlie's Barn: **A Conversation**
Nottingham The Yorker: **If All Else Fails**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Level 42**
Sandown I.o.W. The Court Jester: **The Choir**
Slough Thames Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Southend Zero Six: **The Truth**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Watford Bailey's: **Gloria Gaynor** (for a week)

tuesday 14th

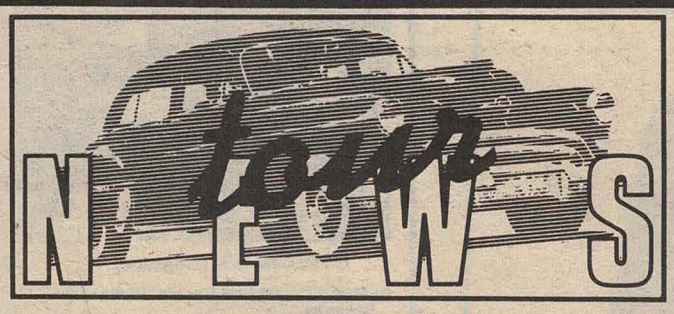
IMAGINATION: (Brighton)

Ayr Pavilion: **Marillion**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Riot Squad/Friktion Agitator**
Brighton Centre: **Imagination**
Chester Angels: **The Volcanoes**
Clydebank The President's Place: **The Duff Party**
Dartford Orchard Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Acrobat**
Hastings Rumours Club: **4A.M.**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Comsat Angels**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Key West/Repercussion**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Heyday**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Dirty Strangers/Lollipop Sisters**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Slim Sam**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **1000 Mexicans/Decoy Avenue**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Corporation/Music For Spooks**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Into The Blue**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bella Donna/The Outboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Caper**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Liaison**
London Kilburn National Club: **Moving Hearts**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Salamander**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **The Lurkers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrisey Mullen Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Larry Miller Band**
London The Venue: **The Go-Betweens/The Laughing Clowns**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **True Life Confessions/Naughty Thoughts**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **John Dowie/Bet Lynch's Legs**
Meifod (Mid-Wales) Village Hall: **Crass/Dirt/Annie Anxiety**
Middlesbrough Ossie's: **Rules Of Croquet**
Newcastle Corner House: **Nat Adderley**
Nottingham Rock City: **Level 42**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Mike Oldfield**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Blues Band**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Fiat Lux**
Sheffield City Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Starting Red/Bathroom**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Truth**

wednesday 15th

UB40: (Glagow)

Aberdare Conway Inn: **Xena Zerox**
Aldershot Civic Centre: **George Hamilton IV**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton The Centre: **Shirley Bassey**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Blues Band**
Cheltenham The Plough: **Roadsters**
Coventry Busters: **The Cimarons**
Darlington Rumours: **Rules Of Croquet**
Dudley Prole Club: **Active Restraint/The Sect**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Illegal Sane/Jetset Danse**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **UB40/Mikey Dread**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Sneezes In China/German Make Up**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Dark Design**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Matumbi/Max Romeo/Horage Andy**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Stygian Eels/The Thin Men**
London Camden Garden Rock Garden: **Still Life/Kid And The Beam**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Boys Own/Jump In Your Datsun**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Blue Wind**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Kings Cross Pindar Of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Beatroots**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Five A Side**
London Plumstead The Ship: **His Create He/The Agent Orange**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ricky Ford Quartet** (for three days)
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J. J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Comsat Angels**
London Wimbledon Nelson's: **Diz & The Doormen**
London W.1 (Down St) Gulliver's: **Elixia**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall; **Empty Bed Blues Band**
New Romney Seahorse: **Emotional Play**
Port Talbot Sandfields Youth Club: **Crass/Dirt/Annie Anxiety**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Imagination**
Reading Top Rank: **Simple Minds**
Rochdale Nell Rackers: **Howard The Duck**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Level 42**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stirling Atom Club: **Marillion**
Stockton Arts Centre: **Fault**
Strood Stable Club: **English Rogues**
Walsall Hardy's Club: **Sub Zero**
Weymouth Verdi's: **Crossfire**



Where & When to see Here & Now in action

HERE & NOW headline a major tour throughout next month, coinciding with the release of their third album 'Fantasy Shift', and marking the debut of ex-Dangerous Girls member Rob Peters in the drumming seat. The band are also producing a special magazine which will be on sale at their gigs, as will the new LP. Dates confirmed so far are:

Nottingham Polytechnic (October 1), **Manchester** UMIST (2), **Lancaster** University (3). **Edinburgh** University (4), **Blackpool** J.R.'s (7), **Bolton** St. James Hall (9), **Bradford** University (11), **Liverpool** Warehouse (12), **Sheffield** University (13), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (14), **Birmingham** Bournbrook Hotel (15), **Slough** College (16), **Bishops Stortford** Triad Centre (17), **London Hammersmith** Clarendon Hotel (19), **Worcester** The Barn (20), **Bournemouth** Town Hall (21), **Hatfield** Polytechnic (22), **Salisbury** St. Edmund's Art Centre (26) and **Reading** Rock Club (28). More are being set.

PLAY MISTY FOR ME

MISTY IN ROOTS, just back from a seven-month African tour, are about to hit the UK road again. Dates so far set are Bournemouth Town Hall (September 20), London Victoria The Venue (21), Brighton Top Rank (24), Hitchin College (25), Hatfield Polytechnic (October 1), Glasgow Mayfair (7), Edinburgh University (8), Fife St. Andrew's University (10), Aberdeen University (11), Edinburgh Queen's Hall (12), East Kilbride Reggae Club (13), Dundee University (14) and Sheffield Leadmill (16). They're also working on their third album, for release later in the autumn.

● **THE CIMARONS, whose September tour dates were announced last week, have now confirmed ten more in October — at Slough Community Centre (1), Torquay 400 Ballroom (2), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (6), Norwich Pennys (7), Nottingham Ad Lib (8), London Victoria The Venue (9), London Hampstead Westfield College (11), Bournemouth Royal Exeter Hotel (15), Manchester Unity (16) and London Brixton Fair Deal (17). And there's still more to come.**

Baldry Blues Bash

LONG JOHN BALDRY, one of the giants of the British blues scene, returns to the UK next week after a four-year exile in Canada. His previous bands have included musicians of the calibre of Elton John, Rod Stewart, Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger, Alexis Korner and the late Cyril Davies — while his current outfit comprises Mickey Waller (ex-Rod Stewart), Mike Piggott (ex-Denny Laine Band), David Wilkie (from the Elkie Brooks Band), Gordon Sellars (ex-Alex Harvey) and a flexible reed section from Rocket 88.

Known as the Long John Baldry Blues Explosion, they play **Norwich** Theatre Royal (September 14), **Stanmore** Middlesex & Herts Country Club (15), **Brentwood** Hermit Club (17), **Croydon** Star (19), **London** Marquee (24), **London Putney** Half Moon (25 and 26) and **London Kentish Town** Bull & Gate (27 and 28). After a European tour, they resume at **Southampton** Concorde (October 13), **London Stratford** The Pigeons (14), **London Battersea** Civic Hall (15), **London** Marquee (16 and 17), **Kendal** Jazz Festival (21), **Cleethorpes** Pier Hotel (22) and **London Wimbledon** Nelson's Club (24). More dates are being set.

GEORGE THOROGOOD & The Destroyers, who were last here as special guests of The Rolling Stones at Leeds, play a one-off at London Hammersmith Palais on Sunday, November 7 (all tickets £4). Their new album 'Back To The Bone' is due out within the next couple of weeks on Capitol.

DUMPY'S RUSTY BOLTS have won fortnightly residencies at London's Lee Green Old Tiger's Head (starting on September 9) and Croydon Star Club (commencing September 17). Both residencies will continue until the end of the year. Meanwhile, the band confirm further September gigs at Carshalton Cottage of Content (4) and Oxford Penny Farthing Club (25).

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MCP presents

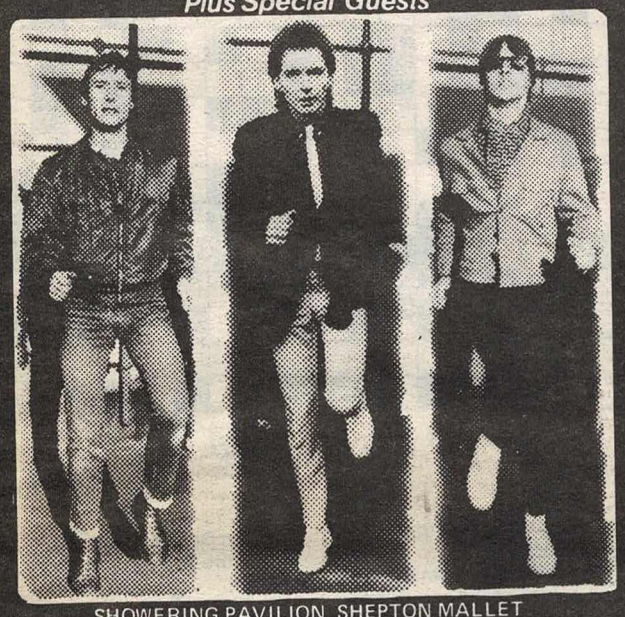
SAXON

ODEON THEATRE
HAMMERSMITH
FRI/SAT 8th/9th OCTOBER 7.30 pm.
Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50 Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081

MCP presents

THE JAM

Plus Special Guests



SHOWERING PAVILION, SHEPTON MALLET
TUESDAY 21st SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Virgin Bristol, Spillers Cardiff, Derricks Swansea, Music Market Bath, Records Unlimited Mid Summer Norton, La Monde Travel Wells, Acorn Records Yeovil, Pathway Records Shepton and Bath Place Records Taunton.

BRIGHTON CENTRE
WEDNESDAY 22nd SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Box Office 0273 202881 and all usual agents.

GRANBY HALLS, LEICESTER
THURSDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Box Office Tel No: 0533 544414

ROYAL COURT THEATRE, LIVERPOOL
FRIDAY/SATURDAY 24/25 SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Box Office Tel No: 051 709 4320

ROYAL HIGHLAND EXHIBITION HALL, INGLISTON, EDINBURGH
MONDAY 27th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Playhouse Theatre Edinburgh, Liston Records and Apollo Theatre Glasgow, Rockpile Records Dundee, 2001 Ayr, Other Records Shop Aberdeen and Pink Panther Carlisle and Other Record Shop Stirling.

WHITLEY BAY ICE RINK
TUESDAY/WEDNESDAY 28th/29th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Ice Rink, Newcastle City Hall Box Office, Image Records South Shields, Spinning Disc Sunderland, Gateshead Leisure Centre, Music Box Blyth, Musicore Durham and Hamiltons Middlesbrough and Williams Darlington.

LEEDS QUEENS HALL
THURSDAY 30th SEPTEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Queens Hall Box Office, Virgin Leeds, H.M.V. Bradford, Sound Effects York, Virgin Sheffield, Cavendish Travel Sheffield and Middlesbrough and Gough and Davy Hull.

BINGLEY HALL SHOWGROUND, STAFFORD
FRIDAY 1st OCTOBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc. VAT)
Available from Bingley Hall Box Office, Cyclops Birmingham, Goulds Wolverhampton, Lotus Records Stafford, Mike Lloyd Music, Hanley & Tunstall, Piccadilly Manchester, R.E. Cords Derby and Select a Disc Nottingham.

DOMINION THEATRE - LONDON
SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 19TH
Jeffrey and Howard Kruger Present
GLORIA GAYNOR
And her Special Guest EDWIN STARR
TICKETS: £7.50, £6.50, £5.50
On Sale BOW from Theatre and all leading ticket agencies

Tickets: £3.00
ICA Day Pass 40p.

ICA MUSIC
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DIAL M FOR MUSIC
A Week of Systems & Allsorts
Wed 8 Sept — Regular Music & The Michael Nyman Band
Thurs 9 Sept — Ivor Cutler & Phyllis King, The Ravishing Beauties
Fri 10 Sept — Lindsay Cooper & Friends, Slapp Happy.
Sat 11 Sept- Sunshine and Eddie, The Pale Fountains
PLUS Brian Eno's video Mistaken Memories of Medieval Manhatten
First band 8.00

Klub Foot CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR-OPENING HOURS), ALBEMARLE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS
LATE BAR TILL 12-00

£2.00 UKDECAY
SEX GANG CHILDREN
RITUAL
THURSDAY 9th SEPTEMBER AT 8.00

BLITZ PETERS THE TEST TUBE BABIES
ONE WAY SYSTEM £2.00
THURSDAY 16 SEPTEMBER 8-00

Derek Block presents

UB40

plus
MIKEY DREAD

MONDAY 20th SEPTEMBER & TUESDAY 21st SEPTEMBER
7.30
FAIRDEAL BRIXTON
TICKETS £4.00 AVAILABLE BY POST FROM DEREK BLOCK CONCERT PROMOTIONS (UB 40), RICHMOND HOUSE, 12/13 RICHMOND BUILDINGS, DEAN STREET, LONDON W1.
BY POSTAL ORDER/CHEQUE, PAYABLE TO DEREK BLOCK CONCERT PROMOTIONS - S.A.E. ALSO FROM FAIRDEAL 01-274 9610

WEDNESDAY 22nd SEPTEMBER & THURSDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER
7.30
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TICKETS £4.00 FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 4081/2.

TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE FROM: KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & PREMIER BOX OFFICE.
THERE WILL BE A £1.00 REDUCTION FOR DOLE CARD HOLDERS & UB 40 INFOCO MEMBERS AVAILABLE FROM ALL MAIN BOX OFFICES ONLY.

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
OUTLAW PRESENTS
NEW ALBUM "Well Kept Secret" AVAILABLE NOW WEA RECORDS (K99255)

JOHN MARTYN

AND HIS BAND + Durutti Column
FRIDAY 22nd OCTOBER 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)
JOHN MARTYN SONGBOOK AVAILABLE NOW

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Derek Block presents

THE DAMNED

PLUS CHARGE
MONDAY 11th OCTOBER
7.30pm TICKETS 4.00 3.50 & 3.00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01 748 4081)
KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS

MEL BUSH PRESENTS

KIM WILDE

October		
Tue 5th	BRISTOL Colston Hall	0272-291768
Wed 6th	WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall	0902-28482
Thu 7th	SCARBOROUGH Futurist Theatre	0723-60644
Sat 9th	NEWCASTLE City Hall	0632-612606
Sun 10th	GLASGOW Apollo Theatre	041-332-9221
Mon 11th	ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre	0224-23141
Tue 12th	DUNDEE Caird Hall	0382-22200
Wed 13th	EDINBURGH Usher Hall	031-228-1155
Fri 15th	SOUTHPORT Theatre	0704-40404
Sat 16th	SHEFFIELD City Hall	0742-735295
Sun 17th	MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre	061-273-1112
Mon 18th	BIRMINGHAM Odeon Theatre	021-643-6101
Wed 20th	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	0533-544444
Thu 21st	GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre	0452-36788
Sat 23rd	PAIGNTON Festival Theatre	0803-558641
Sun 24th	BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens	0202-26446
Mon 25th	BRIGHTON Dome Theatre	0273-682127
Tue 26th	LONDON Dominion Theatre	01-580-9562
Wed 27th	LONDON Dominion Theatre	01-580-9562

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St : 736 1413

Thursday 9th September £1.50
THE JAZZ SLUTS
Friday 10th September £1.50
THE 45'S
Saturday 11th September £1.50
S.A.L.T.
With Little Stevie Smith
Sunday 12th September £1.00
THE BREAKERS
Monday 13th September £1.00
LASLO & THE LEOPARDS
Tuesday 14th September £1.00
THE CAPER
Wednesday 15th September £1.00
BASIL'S BALLS UP BAND

MOONLIGHT
100 West End Lane
(West Hampstead Tube)
Sunday 7.30 — 10.30

Wednesday 8th September £1.50
BRAG
+ White Noise
Thursday 9th September £1.50
THE GREAT DIVIDE
+ Electric Warrior
Friday 10th September £1.50
CHRIS CULLEN BAND
+ The Czechs
Saturday 11th September £1.00
RUDIMENTARY PENI
+ Support
Sunday 12th September £1.00
FLIGHT 19
+ Vision Twenty Twenty
Monday 13th September
Closed
Tuesday 14th September £1.50
MIDAS
+ Support
Wednesday 15th September £1.50
BEDSIDE MANOR
+ Spectrum

LIVE ADS ALEX
01 261 6153

WHITE LION
14 PUTNEY HIGH STREET, SW15
(Putney High St Tube) 01-788 1540

CLOSING DOWN PARTY
Thursday 9th September £1.50
Charlie Harper's
URBAN DOGS and BRIGANDAGE

Sorry, due to police objections we can have no more live bands at The White Lion. Everything after tonight is therefore cancelled. We hope to re-open if at all possible. Thankyou for your support in the past.

FUTURAMA

Leisure Centre Deeside '82
FUTURAMA·4
QUEENSFERRY NORTH WALES
SEPTEMBER 11th
Saturday ---noon onwards

NEW ORDER
BLANCMANGE
CHINA CRISIS — the single 'FEEL ME' still in the charts 'AFRICAN AND WHITE'
and introducing BRILLIANT! youth's new group!
with DURUTTI COLUMN featuring Vinnie Reilly and Bruce Mitchell
and dalek i love you
plus THREE COURGETTES
Icicle Works, Dislocation DANCE, NAAFI SANDWICH, BLUE POLAND
30:A Fish In Sea
Cook the Books
THE CHERRY BOYS, the DISCO STUDENTS
Sleeping Figures, The Alarm
AND the WAKE
VINCE BERKELEY
with special guests: C. P. LEE and Lone Comic CHOC

12th SEPTEMBER
noon onwards-------Sunday

THE DAMNED
dead or alive
Southern Death Cult
THE DANSE SOCIETY
sex gang children
the ROOM, The BLACK Decorators
THE MARCH VIOLETS, Gene loves Jezebel
PUNCHING HOLES with Brian Bond
ORCHESTRA JAZIRA
the Membranes, ZANTI MISFITZ
Vending Pact
DISCOBOLISK
WORKFORCE
and special guest: NICO and her group
STOCKHOM MONSTERS

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(Normal opening hours)
STAY OVERNIGHT -SHOWERS etc.
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BLACKPOOL - Graffiti FLINT -
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TRATHENS 01-370 1619

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MCP presents

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

plus Special Guests

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THURSDAY 7TH OCTOBER 8.00 pm

Tickets : £4.00, £3.50

Available from Box Office Tel No. 748 4081/2

L.T.B., Keith Prowse, Premier and Albemarle.

FAC 51

THE HAÇIENDA

Tuesday 21st September

MARK STEWART'S MAFIA

Thursday 23rd September

DURUTTI COLUMN & STOCKHOLM MONSTERS

Monday 27th September

THE APOLLINAIRES

Wednesday 29th September

MAXIMUM JOY

Monday 4th October

Final Academy

PSYCHI TV

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

Wednesday 6th October

PALAIS SCHAUMBERG

Thursday 7th October

SCRITTI POLITTI

11-13 Whitworth St., West, Manchester

061-236 5051

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St., Leeds 1. Phone 468287

Thursday 9th September
THE EUROPEANS

Tuesday 14th September
THE COMSAT ANGELS

Thursday 16th September
FLAG OF CONVENIENCE

Wednesday 22nd September
GENE LOVES JEZEBEL

Late Bar 9-2 am

MCP presents

AC/DC

Plus Special Guests

Y&T

LEEDS QUEENS HALL FRIDAY 1ST OCTOBER 7.30 PM

Tickets £5.00 + 30p booking fee, available from Virgin Records, Leeds and Sheffield, Cavendish Travel, Leeds, Sheffield and Middlesbrough, Gough & Davy, Hull, Holiday Travel, Bridlington, Peter Sheffield Coaches Cleethorpes, Box Office Lincoln, Select a Disc, Nottingham, HMV Bradford, Sound Effects York, and Piccadilly Records, Manchester

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH

WED, THURS, FRI, SAT OCTOBER 13th—16th inc. 8.00pm.

Tickets £6.00 and £5.00 Available from

B/O Tel: 01 748 4081 and usual agents

The LYCEUM

The Strand, London WC2

Derek Block presents

SIMPLE MINDS

PLUS **HEY! ELASTICA**

MONDAY 13th SEPTEMBER, 7.30pm

ALL TICKETS £3.75 **SUNDAY 12th SEPTEMBER — SOLD OUT**

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HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

OUTLAW PRESENTS

King Crimson

+ THE THREE COURGETTES

SUNDAY 12th SEPTEMBER 7.30pm

ALL TICKETS £4.00

FROM BOX OFFICE (01-748 2812) LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, KEITH PROWSE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, CENTRE TICKETS, PRICE BUSTERS (HAMMERSMITH) & USUAL AGENTS

(SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

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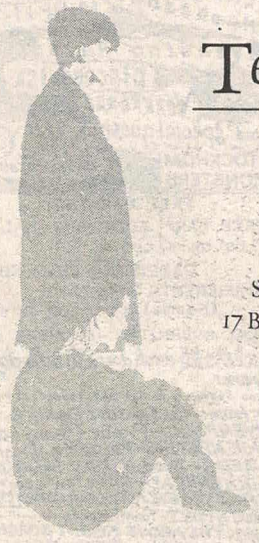

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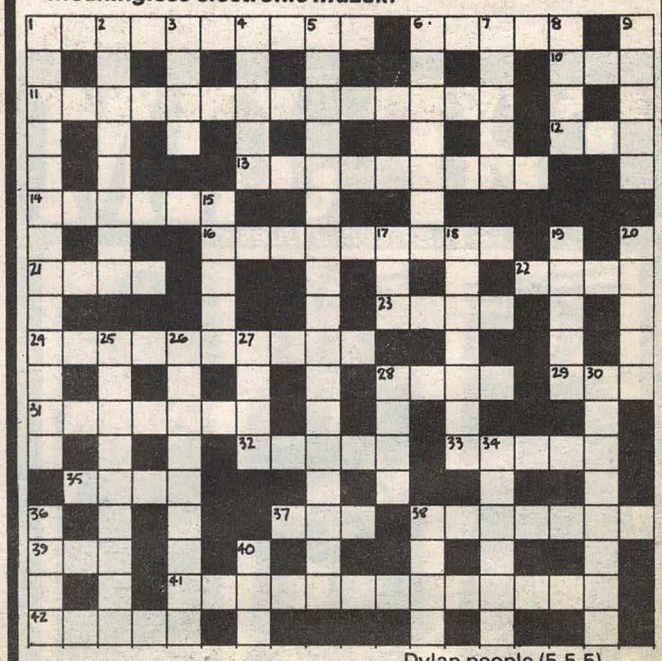

ACROSS

1 & 6 A fool's gold award for the simplest mind? (10-5)
10 Gig transport for Morrison (3)
11 From the original psychedelia era, this US band blew our minds, man, with 'I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night' (8-6)
12 See 26D
13 After this group's break up, Led Zeppelin eventually emerged (9)
14 TV personality who would have been a nobody but for the Pistols (6)
16 It's a pinta — shake well (4.5)
21 See 39A
22 see 5D
23 Tons Of Sobs and Heartbreaker were their first and last albums (4)
24 Ed's schools go mixed — thanks to the Stones in 1980 (4-2-4)
29 / 28 And this is one of the Stones (3-4)
31 Billy J Kramer's backers (7)
32 & 18D Everybody's fave TV prog — and a number by the Rezillos (3-2-3-4)
33 & 7D One of the hits from 13 across (5-2-3)
35 How Andy Fairweather-Low signed off in the corner (4)
37 See 4D
38 The hairstyle that Mari Wilson is bringing back into fashion all on her own (7)
39 & 21 A Sometimes referred to as the godfather of punk (3-4)
41 *"I never thought that it would happen with me and this girl from Clapham"* — line from 1979 hit (2-3-8)
42 Burning ——, reggae artist (5)

DOWN

1 The one and only member of Scritti Politti? (5-8)
2 Australian band who came to our attention via their video on Riverside (8)
3 Hold The Line — this was their number . . . (4)
4+37A+20D . . . and numbers 12 and 35 belonged to these Dylan people (5-5-5)
5+22A Chuck Berry without any great idea of what to do in 1964 (2-10-5-2-2)
6 Ian Dury's matching attire for his new boots (7)
7 See 33A
8 ELO's woman (4)
9 Sang with Chris Spedding's Sharks, the Baker Gurvitz Army, and his solo singles include '9 o'clock' (5)
15 Recently formed by ex-member of Depeche Mode . . . (5)
17 . . . and this is his other partner (3)
18 See 32A
19+36D Alternative title to Hazel O'Connor's 'We're All Grown Up' (5-4)
20 See 4D
25 The reggae singer who can make women stand on chairs (3-1-5)
26+12A I should be so lucky to be in this comfortable position with Kate Bush (3-2-4-3)
27+30D Topic of conversation not just for Clash fans but everyone who speaks with money (4-2-6)
28 'Be My —', from the Bowie album 'Low' (4)
34 Well, did you succumb to doing the birdie dance at a party? This lot should remain in eternal damnation (6)
36 See 19D
38 Their *Last Waltz* was featured on BBC's recent rockweek (4)
40 Of whom Andy Partridge is a member (1-1-1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Party Fears Two, 9 Shoes, 10 Eton, 12 To Hell, 14 Iko, 15 Those, 17 Ava, 18 I Go, 20 Rets, 22 Len, 23 Dreams, 24 Erazer, 25 Empire, 27 Jim, 29 Orson, 31 Duke, 32 Stones, 33 Sam, 34 Laverne, 36 M(ick). K(arn), 37 Boy, 39 Al, 40 Danceteria, 42 Cry, 43 Satisfied, 44 DVA.

DOWN: 1 Positive Noise, 2 Riotous Assembly, 3 Yes, 4 Emotion, 5 Richard Pryor, 6 Too Late, 7 Monochrome Set, 8 Stinks, 11 OK, 13 Ever (Fallen in Love...), 16 Eileen, 19 Germ, 21 Save, 26 Previn, 27 Junkyard, 28 Ike, 30 L.S.E., 31 Dom, 34 Lydia, 35 Not, 38 Trad, 39 Art, 41 CBS.

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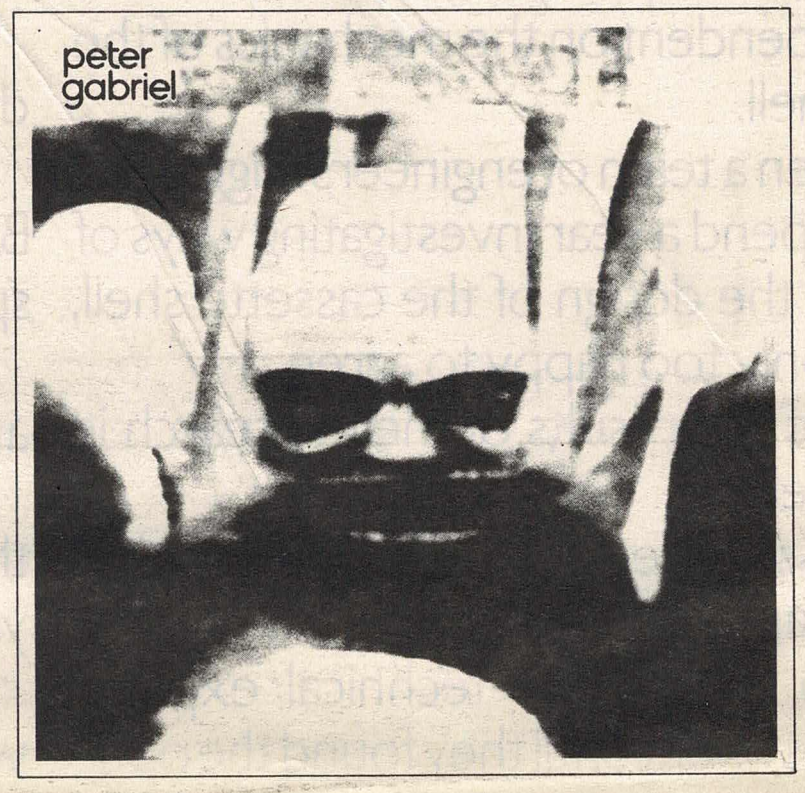

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LIVE!

Kirk Brandon *Pic: Bryn Jones*

ALAS, POOR KIRK!

THEATRE OF HATE

Sheffield Polytechnic

ONSTAGE AT Sheffield City Polytechnic, the Kirk Brandon smile could just as easily shine from pinky blue Clare and even mellow yellow Nick. They share that same familiar, endearing, but terribly affected naivete that, tonight, simultaneously serves to welcome the intrusion of 1500 gatecrashers to a zinky little party called HATE and lets them know there's plenty more outside without invitation.

And, of course, you know that Kirk is an unlikely link between Adam and The Clash, so just how eclectic is this pop star from Burning Rome? Brandon would say that Theatre Of Hate are more than just a band, which is as good an excuse as any Martin Fry's given, I suppose. And what about this audience? There's a massive variety of off-the-peg 'billy' down here tonight: y'know, as in rocka, punka, blitza and silly.

A grand old assortment of treats for which thanks must go, in no small measure, to Sheffield's strong Labour Council who've put up the money for (amongst others) this little soiree, so's we can all see the Hate for 50p. The Socialist Workers are going round muttering things like 'buying off the unemployed' but we'll forget about them for now.

A procession of dimmer switches and Theatre Of Hate bounce on stage like the fantastical Aryan idols their dreams must be pumped full of. Brandon, a frail but snotty mess of yellow spikes and yellow shirt, bears the weight of his oversized guitar with arrogant discomfort. For some reason he reminds me of Billy Idol, the prat of punk.

'Westworld' is the Hate theatre group's opening sketch. A grand initiation, the Poly goes to a go go (spelt P-O-G-O), with a shockingly intense opening that scans Brandon's voice, soaring at the slightest whim, to the rafters and beyond. Hate's finest moment is a cinematic delight: swashbuckling Errol careering through miles of spaghetti with all the traditional virtues of style, panache and exuberance still intact.

It's all good unclean fun and you can't keep the feet still. It's a rare parade of sizzling tremelo, twang and slam. It's the amateurish dervish in Hate (which is what we all love, don't we?) that carries this song along on layers of magnificent excess. It's a hot-blooded war cry that dances on the grave of 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier'. It's a shame that the Hate slide starts here.

What follows is a deathly disco, a dangerous direction for Theatre Of Hate to insist upon. As the set progresses through 'Poppies', 'The Wake' and a selection of new songs, it becomes painfully obvious that, for some reason or other, rather than blasting their own cannon, Hate are backfiring on Mick Jones' guns with a tired but stubborn devotion.

We all know that the Clashman's production was a substantial influence on the ruin of the 'Westworld' LP, even if he acted with the very best of intentions. Where Hate's strength lay in the guitar doing a powerful adolescent hop on brittle, snappy drums accompanied by cracked stabs of sax and an inert but effective bass, Jones insisted that rhythmic control and minimalist guitar were the order of Hate.

So now Billy Duffy has vacated the guitar role and the cast is down to four, with Kirk handling the frets. So now the Theatre stages only a tragedy. A sorrowful compendium, that tests the loyal and leaves the impartial stone cold, that reflects the sorry state of today's fairground. Brandon's roller coaster vocal sounds more derailed than deranged as he plays dodgems with the sax. Play with it, don't fight it!

The rhythm section — voodoo drums that talk cluttered garbage, Stan Stammers hamming it up on the bass and bringing the whole thing down to a hard, rocky wedge of noise — flounders in a sea of indifference. Theatre Of Hate desperately need another guitarist, if only for live work. Brandon should see a video of the 'We Hire 'Em To Fire 'Em' tour to see Hate's squawky splendour stabbing fireworks into The Clash's complacency.

Of course the 'billy' loved it. the 'billy' is a mutant strain of the 'ant' and, following the demise of the 'ant' the whole movement orbits inexorably around Theatre Of Hate's scheme of things. But despite the gratuitous encores, there were more than enough people leaving before the end to worry Kirk just a little. He needs it. He needs to be more than just the mouse that roared.

Amrik Rai

The Corporation *Pic: Francoise Sauze*

TOUGHEN UP!

THE CORPORATION

Hope And Anchor

IT'S BEEN a long time since we passed this way, but it looks like something worthwhile is once again starting to stir in the bowels of some of London's sweatier pub venues.

Bands that would have been showcasing their talents this time last year via discreet one-off gigs for the cool sophisticats in the more upmarket West End clubs are now returning to less salubrious surroundings — Animal Nightlife to Brixton's Fridge, Pride to the Marquee and now The Corporation to the spiritual home of the dreaded pub rockers, The Hope And Anchor.

"It's a case of taking what is basically dance music into the pubs," says bespectacled Corporation vocalist Paul Winters. "Rather than perform in a club where you're competing with records as smooth and well-produced as ABC and Junior, we're bringing things back down to earth. We're going for something more permanent, more serious than just fashion appeal."

That seriousness is reflected by the six figures up on the small stage of the Hope: the music is tougher and the lyrics far less escapist than the paperweight pop that currently dominates the national chart — Flash, Dexys and Rockers Revenge excepted — as titles such as 'Threats And Promises', 'Are You Happy?' and 'New Battle Dress' will testify.

The Corporation have little time for the niceties of a sugar-sweet melody, preferring to build their songs around a powerful, pulsating rhythmic root. Though they profess a keen interest in northern soul — half the band originally hailing from Cleethorpes — the end result is probably closer to the more mutant end of the funk spectrum, with shades of the tortured astringency of The Contortions.

Frontman Winters (singer/songwriter/guitarist) is the focal point, his slightly nervous good humour a deceptive introduction to the hardness lurking just below the surface. But the music is very much a team effort — this is the *Corporation*, after all — with Keith Robson (bass), John Alexander (drums), Rob Maclagan (sax), Brian Bull (trumpet) and Graham Cusak (percussion) all playing a vital part in forging an overall sound which maintains a constant rough edge without becoming too repetitive.

The only real drawback is the ultimate quality of some of the material, the weaker songs lacking the poignancy and punch to be able to stand in their own right as potential record releases.

As a good live group on an increasingly depressed circuit, however, The Corporation are well worth a second glance — hard dance music without any phoney rebel poses.

Adrian Thrills

BOYS ONLY PAPER

THE BOYS TOWN GANG

Heaven

A HOMECOMING of sorts for the Gang: a show in an exclusively gay club (strictly no female admittance) similar to the ones with which they supposedly began their careers back in Boystown LA, long before their current international chart status.

With the surprising success of 'Can't Take My Eyes Off You', however, The Boys Town Gang have become a very different group to the one which last year cut two storming singles in 'Cruising The Streets' and 'You're The One', as James T discovered in last week's *NME* piece.

Success has mellowed the Gang beyond belief and what was once blatant, abrasive funk with a brusque, butch sense of humour is now nothing more than bland, run-of-the-mill gay disco with just the occasional snippet of mild innuendo thrown in as a reminder of more raucous roots. And when The Boys Town Gang begin talking about 'getting into ballads', man, you know the time has come to move on.

The one saving grace of a PA in which 'Cruising' was reduced to a minute-long medley-segment and all the backing music was on tape was the power and panache of singer Jackson Moore — no more than five feet tall and the only female in the house!

Now Ms Moore is no tender soul singer, delivering the songs in a belting, bawling burst of energy totally at odds with the rest of a hopelessly, er, limp show.

A stream of lame Motown cover versions — 'Remember Me', 'Ain't No Mountain', 'Yester Me', etc — isn't really my idea of a Friday night on the town. And not wanting anyone in the audience to get the wrong idea, I made my excuses and left as the trio returned for a rapturously received encore.

Adrian Thrills

DAVE KELLY

Golden Lion, Fulham

TAKE A PUB — any pub — and I'll personally guarantee that within you will find Dave Kelly, or something like him. Ten to one you'll also find one of those quiet, *OTT*-type audiences (75 per cent "mates of the band") who know what they're going to see.

Kelly and company, which tonight includes fellow Blues Banders McGuiness and Fletcher, have been around long enough to know all this. They honestly play for the kicks, urging bonhomie a step or two in the right direction.

Half-way through the set, when Kelly announces wryly that they're going to "move forward to the '60s" the impression is of a man who knows his niche. And what's more, he likes it.

Most of the material is either from Kelly's own album, or unadventurous covers. The usual fare, in fact, relying heavily on Kelly's fire - in - the - depths voice and the audience, who are behind him from the start; the best kind of life - assurance possible.

Mark Mitchell

PARK STARS!

LARKS IN THE PARK

Liverpool, Sefton Park

EVERYBODY, it seemed, came to Sefton Park, Liverpoool's green and pleasant heart, over the bank holiday weekend; punks, scallieu, the hip, the not so hip, mums and dads with the kids, and one or two hippies pretending that the park was something like the mud at Reading.

They were all here to watch an entirely praiseworthy event rejoicing under the name of Larks In The Park, now in its third year. Organised by half a dozen local luminaries, the whole party is free and aims to present the best in local music live from the splendour of the ornate Victorian bandstand. It's all financed through grants, sponsorship and collections on the site.

As a special treat the BBC used the same site to film Echo And The Bunnymen on Thursday and Bow Wow Wow who stole the show on the Friday, with Annabella teasing the camera-struck youngsters who jumped into the stagnant moat to show their excitement (or was it to cool their ardour?)

The big crowds came on the Saturday and Sunday afternoons to soak up the sun on the grassy slopes, consuming wine, ice cream, and ganja in equal proportions.

The music wasn't too bad either, though quality was sacrificed to that great god Variety. Delado, a group made up of about 30 of Toxteth's African community, were Saturday's High-spot, creating an amazingly dense noise with their rhythmic drumming and chants.

Toxteth again provided the stars on Sunday with reggae band Crossection, whose hard rhythms and lilting vocals were perfect for a lazy sunny afternoon. Monday, the most promising day musically, was wet and windy but a thousand or so hardy souls braved the elements and we went ahead with our picnic.

Hambi And The Dance's classy pop shone through the murk, and made it all worthwhile, as did Franke Goes To Hollywood, who are THE name to drop right now and what a name. With their showbizzy act, all steamy leather-clad sex and tongue-in-cheek sleaze, goes a truly funky sound — these weirdos will be big.

The organisation was flexible enough to allow unusual (and unbilled) acts like Dave The Fire-eater (I always thought fire-eaters were called Wallendi or something) to perform alongside the 16 local groups on show, which made for a whole weekend of fun, and showed that there's still life left in this decaying city.

Kev Mc

Frankie Goes To Hollywood *Pic: John Stoddart*

Annabella *Pic: John Stoddart*

WATERY GRAVE

H2O

Glasgow Mayfair

1983 has been a good year for Scottish trend-chasers H2O. A support slot on the Classix Nouveaux "Eyes Of The Universe" world tour, a highly-acclaimed Kid Jensen session and a *Smash Hits* feature were followed by a single on CBS (a Colin Thurston production, released in picture-disc form) and an appearance on the *David Essex Showcase*.

This success was achieved by displays of stolid professionalism, cold determination and a pompous sense of self-importance, which masks the vacuum in which they pose without purpose or passion.

Totally lacking in humour and spontaneity, H2O reveal an impressive knowledge of the lexicon of rock, without managing to fashion a memorable song. The vocalist attempts to combine Sylvian and Mackenzie, but ends up dangerously close to a Steve Wright send-up, whilst the five (t)rusty musos are capable and uninspiring.

A glance at your *NME* dated 15 February 1984 ("and still only 75p") will reveal a brief account of their eventual 'split' (due, of course, to "musical differences" — these boys know Rock's Rich Tapestry stitch by stitch — but actually on account of the recession in the mail-order baggy trouser trade).

The singer lives down the road from Clare Grogan. It's the nearest to stardom he will ever come.

Matthew Jefferies

INDIANS IN MOSCOW

Humberside Theatre, Hull

THERE'S no fantasy about this industrialism. Tucked away on an industrial estate deep in the underbelly of windswept Hull, Humberside Theatre is like a corrugated iron storage shed both outside and in.

To an outsider it's laughable; to the hippery of Hull it's the only fun in town, and it's all set for a closedown. This really is Bleak City.

This band, though, are an idea of brilliance in germination. Indians In Moscow (so if you live in Hull you've got to have your mind on somewhere else) are a projection of punk electronics —taking a lead from early Banshees and the serrated edge of Wire and cocking an eloquent sneer at the wimpotronics of Depeche Mode and the rapid degeneration of the Human League.

Spearhead of the attack is Adel — a bad girl where-did-we-go-wrong reflection/distortion of Clare Grogan — who executes a bruising seduction on the audience. Tired of characterless musical love affairs? Have an exhilaratingly sordid affair with Indians In Moscow.

As the fascination with the bright-but-vacuous bubble pops, Indians In Moscow will be shooting some of the sharpest poison arrows.

As for the rest of Hull, all that is left is risking life and limb at the apparently aptly nick-named Wellie Club.

Don Watson

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The Liverpool Echo *Pic: John Stoddart*

RABBITING ON

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

Liverpool, Sefton Park

TO THE *Star Trek* tune, a well bevvied Bunnyband took the stage. Had they been at the fabled Seffy Park magic mushrooms? Was this REALLY the new Woodstock? Should I have worn a khaftan?

All fears that they were the Ultimate Trip were shattered as the Bunnydrunks produced an immaculate, forceful hour of rock music. Both the New Punk and HM sheep in wolves' clothing should come and see Bunnyhead to see what Real Power is about. Mac and Will thrashed, Les and Pete added to the onslaught, things got HARD.

The third album complex is still there, as the inability to record the LP in time (hence the postponed tour) shows. As a result there was only a tentative showing of unrecorded songs: 'The Equation' and one other, but what was performed bodes well for the Big One.

The older songs have been developed and distorted until WITHOUT EXCEPTION they tingle and tangle the senses. It's been said so many times that the Bunnyidols are the epitome of all that is good about Rock, but they mustn't be allowed to sit back and think that their songs have a divine right to instant immortality. They're going to have to keep on proving and improving, something that at the moment they're certainly doing.

On 'Do It Clean' the Bunnystars twitched and twisted as the music shimmered and tore. Mac in an off-the-chest black T-shirt looked great as he staggered around the microphone urging us to dance with our brains not our feet-whatever that means. It was an eruptive yet controlled climax to a vital performance.

Paul Mathur

SCRITTI POLITTI.

Scritti Politti

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Pete Burns plays dead

Pic: David Bailey

ONE MAN'S RESURRECTION

DEAD OR ALIVE

Liverpool Warehouse

DEAD OR ALIVE'S extravagant frontperson Pete Burns (the mannequin that launched a thousand imitators) has clearly decided that he looks too good and sounds too distinctive not to be a star.

So he's changed personnel, kept quiet but busy for six months and stepped out this week with his new, deliberately more accessible sound.

An old Dead Or Alive show was one long heavy dirge, dragging Pete's undoubted talents slowly and painfully nowhere; but tonight the overhaul is obvious and welcome right from the start.

The set opens with a taped dense Moroder-type disco beat, complete with female dancer and dry ice, and then Pete enters, dreadlocks swinging, and the group career into the excellent new 'Misty Circles' which is eminently danceable.

The old intensity is still there (similar in execution to the Banshees) but perhaps even more ferociously forceful, powered along by Joe Musker's wonderfully controlled drumming.

Pete, gliding around the stage front, dominates as ever, the singing style still grand and operatic, but the newly adopted (dance) stance gives him even more chance to excel, particularly in the funky "What's the solution?" complete with chanted choruses, whistles and unceasing percussion.

Maybe the introduction of funk and the abandonment of epic "creations" in favour of more listenable "songs" hints at blatant expediency, but who cares — it works. Dead Or Alive are going to shatter a lot of people's preconceptions.

Kev Mc

FLUX OFF!

DIRT
FLUX OF PINK INDIANS

Moonlight Club, West Hampstead

YOU JUST know what to expect as soon as you walk through the door.

The new Crass LP is spinning out its awesome tale, assorted banners hang from the walls proclaiming various facets of freedom — anarchism, feminism, this-ism, that-ism, and hordes of anarcho-punk offspring haunt the gallery. Would-be subversives mix with spikey rock and rollers as meaningful ideology meets r'n'r mythology. Go there.

Flux Of Pink Indians are old hands at this game, merging intelligent lyrics with their particular brand of noise. "I don't want your progress," intones Colin, with his hand on his heart, as harsh guitars grate away in the background.

Flux swirl their way through a set that is actually quite inventive; sometimes brash and basic, sometimes slow and atmospheric. 'Tube Disasters' is their finest moment, a raucous number that dissects the perils of vicarious existence and the answer is lived out, if only on stage for 40 minutes. Who knows?

At this the positive end of the punk scene (that is, the carefully inspired rather than the Oi Oi aggravated), Dirt are the current darlings. They play a hard, fast and lumpen sound that easily gets the clamouring crowd going. The lyrics are also very direct, certainly no punches pulled, with the chant of *"Object, Refuse, Reject, Abuse"* that is their maxim.

However where Flux convince, Dirt seem all too calculated. Their orthodox Crass approach is enjoyable to an extent but along with a lot of the underground output it quickly becomes predictable.

It's not often that the band step beyond the proscribed limits of rebel punk behaviour, and when they do it's only to sink down into a sloppy version of 'The House Of The Rising Sun' accompanied by suitable rock star posturing.

Perhaps the whole thing is nothing more than a slight aberration from the rock spectacle, plenty of acting and lots of spirited noise, but I doubt it. There were indications tonight, especially from Flux Of Pink Indians, that this type of punk *is* producing a statement that has both sincerity and direction. The only mistake being that the path is fearfully straight and precise; it should enjoy a few corners, curves and bends. After all, man cannot live by dread alone. Rise.

Richard North

GLITTERING PRIZES?

GARY GLITTER

Venue, Victoria

WHAT IS IT about Gary Glitter that demands so much enthusiasm from such a diverse bunch as graced this latest episode of his continuing revival story?

Why should Glitter, of all the mouldy old teenybop permutations now consigned to palookaville, succeed in revitalising a brief chart career — enjoying lowly hits and packed houses while creating his own special category, precariously balancing between kitsched-up, camped-up has-been revivalism and demi-legendary fame.

Glitter's appeal reaches across the board — from swaying North Bank boozers giving him the old 'come on', to frail fashion children caught up in a mixture of half-myth and 'bad taste' hip, appreciating the *concept*, the *joke*, easily as much as the monolithic music.

His determination to persevere relies on an unquestionable faith from the fans, and an unquestioning faith in *them* never to tire of infinite retreads. A continuing moderate success at least allows him to pay his followers the respect of a muscular back-up to complement their throaty delight — a luxury missing on those 'come backs' where a hideously faceless pick-up band chugged and simpered.

Now we are treated to three original Glitterbandsmen (!) who, despite looking like lorry drivers in threadbare lurex and bondage, supply the oomph that GG built a reputation upon.

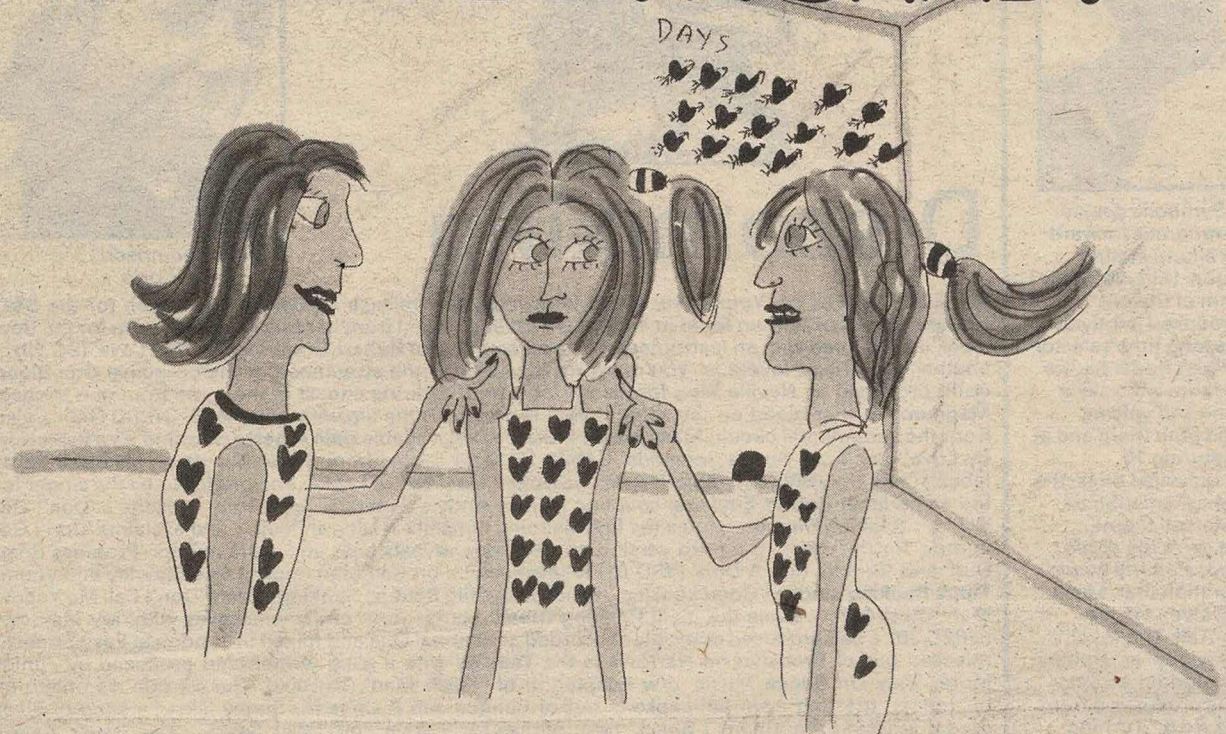
Glitter himself, apart from having actually shed most of the world famous gut, is the same as ever — decked out in leatherette and bacofoil, tossing glances and asides, chiding and cheerleading, revelling in the limelight and customary shower of spittle from the cabbagebrains.

The show is, of course, much too long: while the applause keeps ringing, Gary simply *will not* make the timely exit. 30 minutes would have been heaven but tedium sets in on the hour, and the early humour and gleeful nostalgia fades quickly.

Gary Glitter is very competently treading water at the moment. His ultimate renewal and return from exile, though, depend on a hit single — the occurence of which would appear slight in the extreme.

James T. Kirk

VIDEO SYNCRASY



Genius of video?

JAMES T KIRK looks at a slice of Cucumber Studios' work — their pioneering animated pop promos

THAT THREE of the most visually impressive pop promotional videos have all been the work of one company is doubtless admirable, but hardly astonishing information — until, that is, you consider that the company have only ever made *four* such promos.

Costello's seminal 'Accidents Will Happen', Tom Tom Club's 'Genius Of Love' and Chas Jankel's less publicised 'Questionnaire' are all the work of Cucumber Studios. All stress Cucumber's attitude of releasing the occasional, high quality video, in an industry rapidly gaining a sour, quick buck reputation.

A background in TV commercials grants directors Rocky Morton and Annabel Jankel (Chas' sister) the freedom to explore state-of-the-art techniques in their specialised field of animation without kowtowing to the vagaries of record company policy and chart movement.

Meeting on the animation course at Guildford School of Art, Morton and Jankel worked the regular circuit of in-house and freelance animation jobs (such as Bob Godfrey's teatime winner *Roobarb)* before being drawn into the punk upheavals of 1977. They decided to pool their ideas within the independent framework of Cucumber.

Their first short films, shown at an arty-punko establishment named the Rat Club (including a video of The Table's 'Do The Standing Still' which the group would play along to, live), garnered a mixed response — considerable enthusiasm on one hand, but also gut-churning scepticism at their more extreme images of animated tongues and internal workings. Both The Jam and The Clash, as potential customers, deemed these experiments too weird, so the initial rent was paid for by producing Nigerian aspirin commercials.

A fortunate connection at Radar Records gleaned the information that a video was needed to promote 'Accidents Will Happen' as Costello was touring abroad. Cucumber secured the job and a complete free hand in representing the song — the resulting work is still possibly *the* finest non live action promo.

The following four years have seen Cucumber resisting the temptation to churn out quick sub-'Accidents' copies, and honing their craft in the more concentrated, though higher budgeted world of TV adverts. They've only returned to pop videos where the complementary visuals could in some way innovate — ranging from high-tech computer graphics to the total naivety of the 'Genius Of Love' roving crayon squiggles.

Cucumber now employ production manager Andy Morahan specifically to attract new customers armed with an interesting initial brief and prepared to allow Cucumber full creative rein.

Morton and Jankel's ultimate aim, like most independent film-makers, is to graduate into feature movies. Citing David Lynch's *Eraserhead* as the most influential film of recent years, they are already planning their first excursion — promising a similarly drastic and innovative atmosphere.

In the meantime their newest promo, for King Trigger's 'River', successfully mates animation with a group's usual desire for live action — an effective marriage, sating record company and group needs to 'picture the popsters' without sacrificing Cucumber's own original stamp.

— JAMES T KIRK

A little bit Ritzy

HAVE YOU heard the one about the bald nutter, the guy with the 'degree' (nudge nudge), and the three girls with the big hearts? No? Oh good, that means that I'm in the right column and that this is the **Kid Creole & The Coconuts 'Live At The Ritz, New York'** (48 minutes, Island) video review. And now for the punchline . . .

Although the Creole Kid is adored throughout the Western world as the '80s answer to Busby Berkeley, his 'Live At The Ritz' bit is a bit too dry. In fact the Coconuts are the only things worth going crackers about in the whole video. The set pieces have been seen on nearly every club video screen in the country and the songs themselves aren't really that great . . . honestly.

So how do they fill 48 minutes with saleable goods? They load it up with the ever-manic Coati Mundi and the 'oh-so-divine' madness of Lori Eastside and those Coconuts. And how! Eastside growls and prowls enough to keep Darnell well caged; Hernandez, with his telephoto eyes, glistening head and slapstick panache plays Igor to Darnell's Dr Frankenstein; and the Coconuts just ooze jolly juice over the whole set, as well as making five costume changes and some neat choruses, all mixed up with their cling-film-tight dance routines.

The camera angles are pretty obtuse but they still manage to find the funniest moments; like Eastside dressed as a tart in 'Table Manners', strutting and strolling around the footlights while the punters in the front row force dollar bills at her. Darnell seems to melt into the folds of his zoot suit whenever the competition hots up although he pulls off a couple of cool moves with Hernandez.

An amusing distraction maybe, and the gloss definitely covers the cracks in the band's musical repertoire, but at the end of it all the tape is found wanting. What was destined to become The Greatest Show On Earth turns out as a candyfloss stall . . .

. . . and from the gaily coloured rapping 'At The Ritz' to the drab hole at the Rainbow, London. It's a big leap down as well, but you're sharing the hole with the premier reggae vocalists in the world and if they can lump it, so can I, **Black Uhuru 'Tear It Up Live At The Rainbow'** (48 minutes, Island) and I was there, and they did. In fact, without fear of contradiction, I can honestly say that nobody mashed the Rainbow with such power except Marley himself. That was reality: unfortunately Island have failed to put the audience, and the atmosphere, into the little black box that holds the cassette.

Uhuru: Rainbow reggae. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

Though they are far from being the most exciting band visually, Uhuru still conjure up their own sense of magic; Rose stepping in some pure skank, Puma flowing with the same feline grace as her namesake, Ducky just standing firm. Support is solid from Taxi All Stars, and cabbies Sly and Robbie keep the ride as rough as ever.

Shame indeed that the cameraman wasn't as proficient as the people on stage. Grab a brew and a spliff, close your eyes and you're nearly there. Uhuru means freedom, and they'll never put that in boxes.

— DAVID DORRELL

VID-REVIEWS

VID-NEWS

EDDIE AND Sunshine have just released a nine-song, 34-minute video called 'Home Entertainment', which features tracks like 'Lines', 'The Last Bouquet' and 'Another Teardrop'. Costing £14.99, plus £1.00 p&p, it's available from VC/U Entertainments, Suite 1001, 11 Kelcross Rd, London N5 2QS. Or send in your own blank VHS one-hour video-cassette, and they'll copy the tape for £6.99 plus £1.00 p&p.

Also available this week is the first independent video by a Bristol group. 'Victims At 3AM' by **The Escape** mixes live songs with footage of "deepest Avon" and runs for 30 minutes. It's available on VHS or Betamax on mail order for £10.00, plus 50p p&p, from Volatile Videos, c/o 57 Belvoir Rd, St Andrews, Bristol 6.

Finally, news of two singles. **Swim's** 'Talking To A Shadow' video, described as "the dreams of a poet obsessed by the ghost of his dead lover", is available from ZimZam, 29 Leigh Rd, Highbury, London N5 1AH, price yet to be fixed. And **The Architects of Disaster** release 'Cucumber Sandwich' and 'Friendly Fire' on Neuter Records, 23 Hospital Rd, Arlesey, Beds SG15 6RL. Send £3 with a blank tape or £9 without.

Incidentally, The Vidiot would like to remind all you cheapskates that if you sent us copies of the tapes, we could review them too.

— THE VIDIOT

MUSIC VIDEO TOP TWENTY

1	(1)	**Complete Madness**	Madness (Stiff)
2	(3)	**Transglobal Unity Express**	The Jam (Spectrum)
3	(-)	**Siouxsie & the Banshees**	(Spectrum)
4	(7)	**Rock Flashback**	Deep Purple (BBC/3M)
5	(-)	**Greatest Flix**	Queen (EMI)
6	(6)	**The Best of Blondie**	(Chrysalis)
7	(18)	**Gary Numan's Micromusic**	(Palace Video)
8	(10)	**Live At The Theatre Royal Drury Lane**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Virgin)
9	(2)	**Videostars**	(EMI)
10	(-)	**The Kids Are Alright**	Who (Spectrum)
11	(5)	**Tear It Up**	Black Uhuru (Island Pictures)
12	(4)	**Hot Gossip**	(EMI)
13	(-)	**Bob Marley & The Wailers**	(EMI)
14	(-)	**King Of Rock 'n' Roll**	Elvis Presley (World of Video 2000)
15	(8)	**Swan Lake**	The Royal Ballet (Thorn/EMI)
16	(-)	**Strange Case Of Alice Cooper In Concert**	(20th Century Fox)
17	(-)	**Physical**	Olivia Newton John (EMI)
18	(20)	**Never Say Die**	Black Sabbath (VCL)
19	(11)	**Live At Pompeii**	Pink Floyd (Spectrum)
20	(17)	**Motorhead**	(Spectrum)

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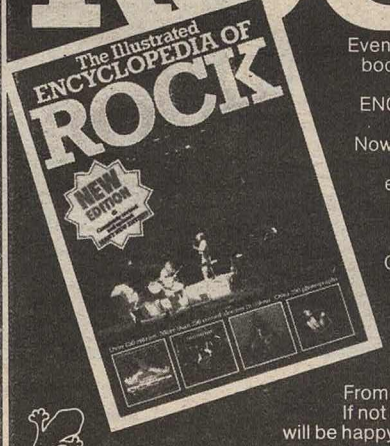

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REGGAE RUNNINGS

Progress Driver

YOUTH vocal trio Voice Of Progress have a debut LP out on the Negus Roots label entitled 'Mini Bus Driver' (NERLP 003).

Formed last month and led by Delroy "Junior" Reid, Voice Of Progress features harmony from Terry McDonald and Sammy Tracy. The voicing from the latter two is the first time they have been in a studio. Junior is already established of course, with solo titles for Hugh Mundell, Negus Roots and the Jammy 'Jailhouse' rock.

Eight hard tracks laid at Channel One and Tuff Gong distinguish this LP, with description of "Working On A Site', 'Shadow After Dark', 'Lost In Space' and the plea of the title track *"be careful how you drive with me."* Composed by J Reid and produced by R Palmer.

ERST Ray Symbolic deejay **Ranking Joe** comes forward with a new album stating 'Armageddon' (KVL 9010) for the Kingdom of Covent Garden. Produced jointly by Joe and his long time selector Jah Screw with Roots Radics band, the album was laid at Channel One and voicing commenced both there and at Harry J. Featuring 10 previously unissued titles, the album collects variation on 'Linstead Market' theme, where *"me carry me ackee go"* and *"not a quatty would sell"*, declaration that 'Music Alone Shall Live', off Joe Jones with 'Talk Too Much', 'A You Mr Finigan' and others.

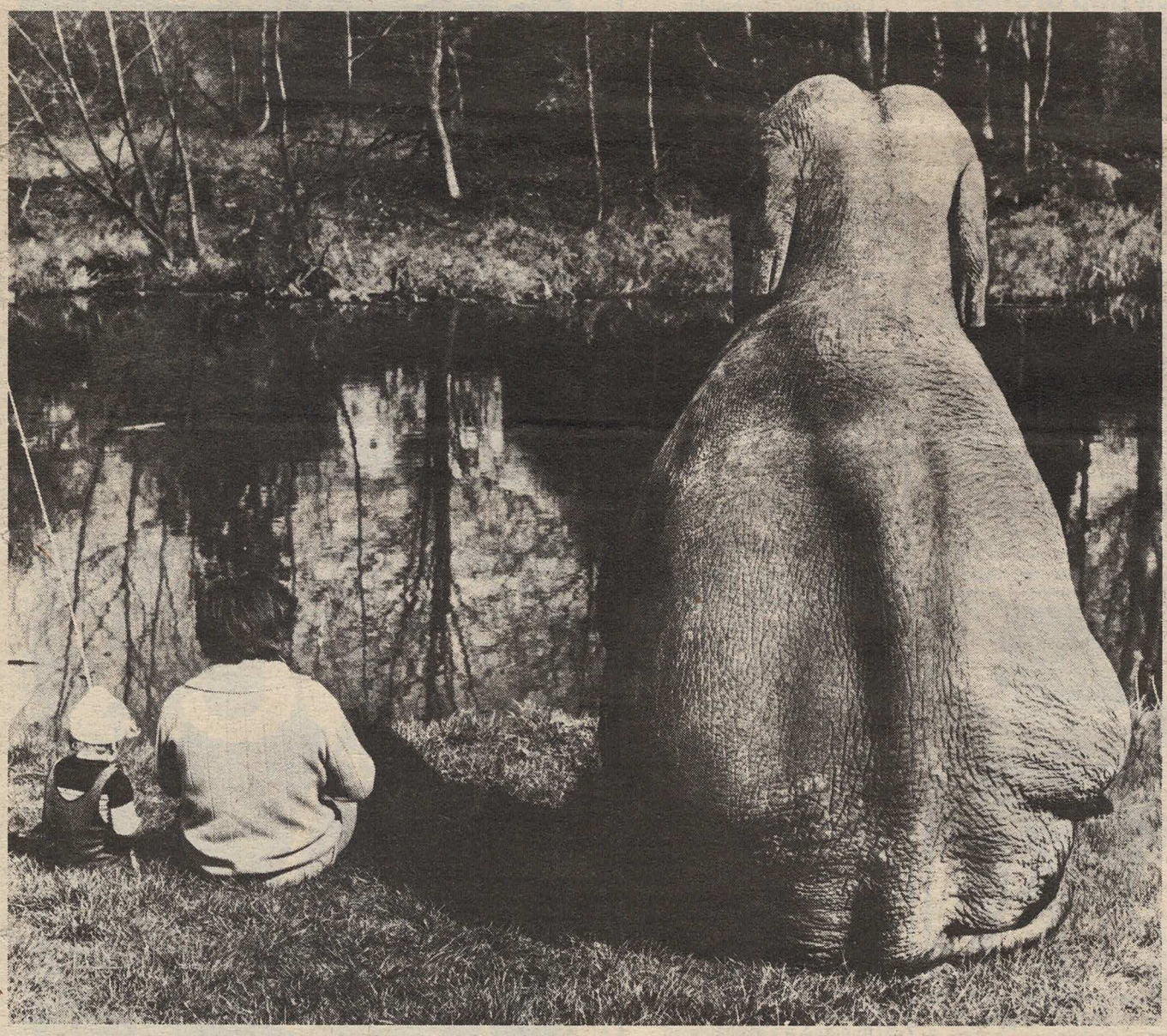
Also on Kingdom a Royals Roy Cousins production from duo **Peter & Paul:** 'Turning Point' c/w 'The Way I Am Feeling' (KV 8024-12).

Discomixing

Carroll Thompson
Pic: David Corio

AN ADAPTATION of 'Your Love' is the latest discomix release by **Carroll Thompson** for the S&G connection out of Roman Road in London's east end. Taken from her forthcoming album for the Bow label, it is coupled with an instrumental answer courtesy of **Hubert Grant** entitled 'My Love' (SG 20) ... another proscribed lovers is 'You're Worth It', a lyric to the sweetheart of the collective **One Blood** outfit produced by Neville King for his NK label and featuring a toast of the same from one **Michael Magnum.** Further blood on the same theme is drawn on the flip with 'Chapter 3' (NKRD 008) ... also from the sentimental circuit, Mass Media Music make available **Dale Alberts** crooning 'I've Been Hurt By Love' c/w 'Love Songs Serenade' (MMM 12 1010) ... new from **Sugar Minott** on his Black Roots label is 'Mix Up' (BRD 05), featuring an uncredited toast by **Lui Lepke;** and produced by the singer for the same label **Robert Emanuel** coupling Horace Andy's 'Illiteracy' with Tony Brevette's 'Don't Get Weary'; **Ranking Simeon** refutes the first claiming himself a 'Cultural Deejay' and exclaims 'Don't Get Jumpy' for the other. The third version on each side reveals bass and drum mix for 'Progress Road Dub' and 'Strictly Rub A Dub' (BRD 01) respectively ... on Red Man imprint **Gee Slowley** and young **Tippa Ranking** singjay 'Good Looking', while on the flip **Reuben Ranking** insists 'Don't Call Me Yellow Man' (RED 002) ... while the most **Ranking Dread** comes forth on Greensleeves with 'My Mammy' (GRED 96), a self produced dedication recorded at Channel One and mixed in London at Easy Street ... released out of Brooklyn on Narrows is the **Tamlins** with a song written and produced by Junior More, 'Play On Regga Music' c/w adaptation of 'Trash Man' (NR 008). The topside also features uncredited toasting from Lui Lepke ... out of Canada **Jah P** sings for Sunny Island a song of River Jordan utilising the 'Shank I Sheck' horn phrase for 'I Love You' (MHL 5449) ... also issued **Banna Spar,** 'Change's Coming' (Oraima — CUS 1429); and toaster **Cork Screw,** 'Hard Road To Calvary' (Grimm Ben) ...

Calculation No. 24 from Texas Instruments.



A task for the TI-30 LCD:

At what angle must the elephant swim to reach the other bank at a point directly opposite?

Peter wants to cross a wide river with his big friend, to a point directly opposite. The river is 73 metres wide, flows at 0.4 metres a second and the elephant swims at the rate of 0.7 metres a second.

The TI-30 LCD copes easily with this classic trigonometric problem, and is as simple to use as it is precise. It calculates the exact angle, which is easily read from the LCD display. As the follow-up to the world-famous TI-30 school calculator, the TI-30 LCD offers even more – conversion from radians to degrees, selection of the number of decimal places, factorial n! and a built-in constant memory that retains data even when the TI-30 LCD is switched off.

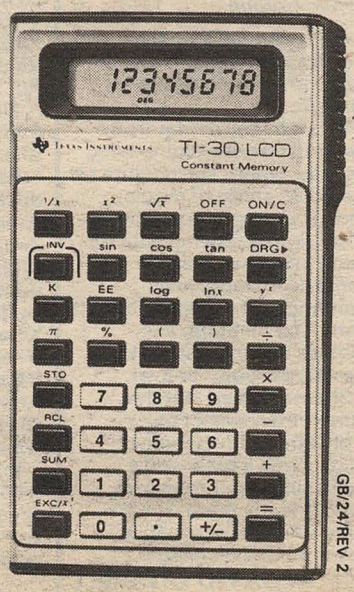
Thanks to the algebraic operating system, calculations can be keyed in the way they are written – from left to right. The TI-30 LCD is quick and easy to use too, because it has an uncomplicated colour-coded key board. And 4 rubber feet hold it firmly in place on any desk.

The rugged case and the five year alkaline battery life make it ideal for tough school life.

There is also the comprehensive user's guide developed with leading educators.

The TI-30 LCD for 'O' and 'A' levels is just one example of how Texas Instruments help you calculate more efficiently. We'll help you do better.

Solution, using the TI-30 LCD: The elephant has to swim against the current at an angle of 34.8 degrees.



TEXAS INSTRUMENTS

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing strictly from a semi-frequency — methinkes I see some crooked Mimickejeere . . . two new DJ duos surface out of Jamaica with records on 7" pre in praise of reggae music. The first, in their own words, *"say I a Johnny Tinslice, I a Reggie Culture,"* one a worker and organiser, the other a student and a footballer, who claim on All Nations *"from England unto America, from a Europe to a Africa, to the hills of the place Nigeria, unto the valleys and the pits of Angola. Say* 'Reggae A Fi Conka'." An A Brown production . . . **and tax my Muse with this fantasticke Grace** . . . the other arrive on Arabic Intl as Santana and Mannix, chant and singjay 'Reggae Music' with *"once you hit the road Mannix. There ain't no, there ain't no turning back Santana."* This arranged by S Clachar . . . **turning my Papers, askes, 'What have we heere?'** . . . also new on JA pre: Barrington Levy, 'Hammer' (Jah Guidance); Johnny Osbourne, 'Yo Yo' (Black Zodiac); Donovan McKoy, 'Youth Men' (DM); Icho Candy, 'Captain Selassie I' (Jwyanza) and The Melodians back together for 'Get Up And Dance' (Qu) . . . **making withall some filthy Anticke Face** . . . new UK 7": Matumbi interpreting Bevan Fagan's 'In Daylight' (Solid Groove); Dennis Brown, 'Halfway Up Halfway Down' (A&M); Althea Rosemarie, 'Tonight Is The Night'; Musical Youth rearranging the Mighty Diamonds for 'Pass The Dutchie' (YOU 1); Aswad, 'African Children Part 2' c/w 'Your Recipe' (CBS); and two sides of soca from Explainer, 'Lorraine' and 'Leave Mih Man' (Sun Burst) . . .

★ ★ ★

I FEAR NO CENSURE, nor what thou canst say . . . Prince Lincoln Thompson and the Royal Rasses at Brighton Top Rank this Friday . . . **nor shall my Spirit one jot of vigour lose** . . . on Saturday is held a young West Indians talent contest for the Haringey Arts Council Challenge Trophy at Hornsey Town Hall, The Broadway, N8 — 7.30 to 11 pm — with singers, dancers, choral groups, poets. Adults £1.50 Youth 80p . . . **think'st though my Wit shall keepe the pack Horse Way** . . . S&G present A Lovers Rock Night at 5a Praed Street, Paddington — 9 pm till 5 am — featuring live on stage "female trio of the year" Simplicity supported by Tenastellin. Sounds by Tony Williams . . . **that ev'ry Dudgen low Invention goes?** . . . The Place to be Happy is Here "South Tottenham Hideaway", 379 Overbury Road (Seven Sisters Road), N15. A Session every Sunday from 3.30 to 9 pm. Music by Year One Hi Fi Papa Marcus with Charlie, Steve, Millard, Tipper at the controls & Reggie Sebastan with Glen, Mike & David . . . **since Sonnets thus in Bundles are imprest** . . . Bumbles Discotheque (formerly Bluesville), 242 Wood Green High Rd, N22 starting Monday, September 13 and every Monday you'll be entertained by Capital Radio's DJ David Radigan along with Papa Face and Neville King sound with the latest reggae & soul & revivals. Doors open 8 pm to 1 am. Admission fee £2 . . . **and ev'ry Drudge doth dull our satiate Eare** . . . rocking & swinging to the No 1 Sir Coxsone Outernational at Bennetts Riverside Club, Battersea Sq, 5/13 Battersea High Street, SW11. Open every night from Wednesday to Sunday — 10 pm to late. Lady members free on Wednesday . . .

★ ★ ★

THINK'ST THOU MY Love shall in the Ragges be drest . . . Public Meeting on Friday, September 10 at 7.30 pm in Lambeth Town Hall (side entrance), Acre Lane, Brixton SW2. Stop world war — Thatcher out now! . . . **that ev'ry Dowdy, ev'ry Trull doth weare?** . . . to coincide with Mikey Dread and UB40's 10 day tour commencing on September 13, DATC are releasing a 10" plate 'Rub A Dub And Rub A Dub Dub' c/w 'Heavyweight Style', the latter a remix of the 'SWALK' LP track 'Heavyweight Sound' . . . **up, to my Pitch, no common Judgement flyes** . . . Small Axe No 12 carries articles on Ranking Joe, I Jah Man Levi, Lion Youth and more and is available from Mr Ray Hurford, 17 Hume Point, 2 Jersey Road, Custom House, London E16 3QP. Price 35p . . . **I scorne all Earthly Dung-bred Scarabies** . . . upcoming Alton Ellis LP on Silver Camel: 'Daydreaming' . . . **One Love** . . .

don't touch that D·I·A·L

Playing with the undertones

IF YOU'RE unhappy with the tone range from your hi-fi amp, then a graphic equaliser could be what you're looking/listening for.

Hi-fi snobs will tell you that you don't want tone controls anyway, but as these people tend to listen to classical music in anechoic chambers they can quite safely be left to their own rather spartan devices.

Listening to modern popular music with all its charmingly diverse factions makes at least one thing clear — the stuff has generally been mucked about no end when recorded, so what's the harm in mucking it around some more just as it reaches your speakers?

Back to the point, more or less, and you'll recall that a graphic equaliser is like an extended tone control. Instead of one control knob for bass and one control knob for treble, the graphic equaliser gives you a range of control sliders spread right across the range of tones, or frequencies, that you hear.

The bass control knob on your present amplifier, for example, is probably set at a frequency somewhere around 100Hz, which is the sort of frequency at which the bass guitar works. And your treble control is probably set at about 10kHz, where cymbals and similar electronic percussion lurk. So you have control over two fixed frequency points — when you think about it, not a very versatile system, especially when confronted with your front room.

But what do you actually use the tone controls for? A recent poll shows that once you've found a good setting on the tone controls they tend to stay there, totally neglected: what you've done is to set the tone controls for the best approximation of a decent sound in that particular room, given the limitations of your two (sometimes even three) tone controls. If the sound hurtling round your room does particularly odd things (and most does), then the attractions of the graphic equaliser are manifold.

I borrowed a relatively expensive graphic equaliser from Atlantex Music, the UK distributor of MXR products (which are made in Rochester, New York State). Those of you who spend your spare time gazing into the back of group's vans will know that MXR make lots of effects pedals for guitars, keyboards, or whatever instrument you care to bung into them, and that these pedals make novices sound like novices playing through effects pedals.

Illustration: Mark Fairnington

MXR boxes are certainly among the most respected of these effects devices, and the company has expanded to produce professional effects equipment suitable for recording studio use too. The graphic equaliser I looked at is the Stereo Octave Eq, coming from MXR's 'Consumer Products Group' — 'consumer' in this context means hi-fi, whereas 'professional' means studio, or at least musician. It's expensive at £260.15, but is up to their normal high standard of manufacture.

With the MXR Stereo Octave Eq, the control sliders — 22 of them — are spread across the long slim front of the unit in two main groups, left channel and right channel, each of which has 10 sliders. The remaining two sliders control overall level of each channel.

The frequencies that each slider controls are as follows: 31Hz, 62Hz, 125Hz, 250Hz (grouped as 'bass' controls); 50Hz, 1kHz, 2kHz (grouped as 'middle' controls); 4kHz, 8kHz, and 16kHz (grouped as 'treble' controls). These frequencies are, as you'd expect, exactly the same for each channel, so that you can vary the sound for each speaker — necessary if you have the speakers in different settings within the room.

The only other controls on the MXR graphic are four pushbutton switches on the right; LF OUT/IN is a subsonic filter that will get rid of turntable rumble and other lowly poop; EQ OUT/IN lets you compare the graphic set-up with the normal untreated tone; and the last two, SOURCE/MONITOR and TAPE/EQ, combine when the device is linked to a tape machine so that you can process either the tape input or output signal.

Connectors on the back of the box allow you to link it direct to your amp to control your speakers' sound, or to add a tape machine into the circuit and so use the equaliser in slightly more creative conditions.

The MXR can thus be very useful when, say, mixing down four-track cassettes from the current Tascam or Fostex machines, for cleaning up and generally improving the performance of old tapes, or even for tailoring the recorded sound of cassettes for the car's bottom-light system.

My only real criticism of the MXR is one that can be levelled just as strongly at quite a lot of American equipment exported for use here in the UK — the Stereo Octave Eq comes with a useless American two-pin plug still on the end of the mains cable, so it's out with the scissors. The American mains cable isn't colour-coded — two identical black-sheathed cores are all there is — so one assumes (rightly, as I'm still here) that they can go to either live or neutral.

Some guidance added to the manual beyond the perfunctory "complies with the required electrical specifications for the country of destination" would be most welcome. And the small piece of sticky paper covering up "110-125 volts" with "210-250 volts" is easily removable.

But in use the MXR is a good bet. You can find cheaper graphic equalisers — I saw a five-band-per-channel going for about 40 quid a few weeks back — so shop around if you're not sure exactly how useful a graphic equaliser could be. As for me, it's back to my spartan Quad.

— **TONY BACON**

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT

CASING: Black metal and plastic; brown and white legends
MEASUREMENTS: 19in (W) x 3½in (H) x 6in (D)
WEIGHT: Approx 6lbs
POWER: 210 - 250 volts AC, 50 - 60Hz
FREQUENCY RESPONSE: 20Hz-20kHz, +0, −1dB
DYNAMIC RANGE: Better than 113dB
MAX INPUT LEVEL: +18dBV (8Vrms) (20Hz-20kHz).
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STRANGLERS

FROM PAGE 29

interested. The more you read about it the more you realise the implications are incredible, the way events happen, the way the planet's going.

"Us poor buggers doing whatever we're doing, we don't really have a grasp of who's pulling the strings. We think it's the politicians or whoever we're told on TV. All our information comes to us third hand anyway. Most folks would say this only shows your inability to accept the mundanity of political processes, a kind of paranoia . . ."

Well there's no doubt that throughout the last 2,000 years there are certain running systems in civilisation that are still around now. If they've existed for so long it would be naive to suppose they're not well organised and that they leave everything to chance. Being aware of their existence is half of the solution.

"I think the way people live their lives . . . we're creatures of habit, we adopt systems of behaviour. With that in mind, people aren't really aware of the forces operating on them . . ."

Cornwell talks of the role of 'co-incidences', random accidents of fate that aren't really accidents at all (of Arthur Koestler *The Roots Of Co-incidence*, for example, or Jung's theory of synchronicity). What, then, did that idea make of his own time in prison? Did he feel that was that something that had to happen?

"Now it's over, yes, in a way I do feel that. It was a very good learning experience. My attitude to certain illegal substances was flippant and actually rather silly. It brought home to me the dependence others had on me. In a group, if you're out of action you're affecting them . . ."

How can you go from that realisation to making 'Golden Brown'?

"Contrary to what is sometimes said, it's not about heroin. There's a lot of different things it could be about. People used to do this with old Beatles songs, finding cryptic messages. One Dutch journalist even thought 'Golden Brown' was about the white slave trade — you know, 'How long have The Stranglers been into white slavery?' Unbelievable . . .

"There *was* a secret message on 'Have You Got Enough Time' on 'Black And White', a morse code message that said 'SOS This Is Planet Earth. We are fucked'. One guy wrote in and told us."

We enter a protracted and tortuous dialogue about The Stranglers' Euro-ideals. He thinks my hostility quaint, I find his enthusiasm disconcerting.

"The EEC thing seems to have gone wrong, a lot of people are writing it off already, but how long has it been in existence? Only a few years, but it's something that must happen. You can see its growth among young people, the emergence of French and German music sung in their own languages — and these feelings and passions can exist inside a European framework.

"One area where the Euro-idealism is getting screwed up is with the no-nukes thing, which is a very positive and strong force. We played a No Nukes gig in Utrecht — I think it was the biggest indoor event in Holland ever — around 30,000 people. They weren't just Dutch, they were French, Belgian, German, Swiss — all you have to do is find an issue like that which goes right across the board.

"There's nothing wrong in being proud of being English, French, or whatever as long as you realise that there are people who have the right to be proud of what *they* are.

"One thing I was very pissed off about was that the anti-nuke collection, 'Life In The European Theatre', wasn't a million seller. None of the audience I spoke to on our European tour had even heard of it."

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■ From page 23

face of Heavy Metal presents itself with a collection of wives, girlfriends and aunties and uncles: not a groupie in sight.

There's been a feeling of anxiety from the band about tonight's performance. For some reason or other, Newcastle, the 'home of Heavy Metal', still walks around hiding behind a collapsed brick wall called Lindisfarne. The audiences are often violently critical, as the Tygers have already seen: they remember well the time they were canned.

But the opening night of the tour was a breeze. They played like heroes and the atmosphere was definitely the stuff hard rock dreams are made of. It was irrelevent that the sound mix was appalling, irrelevant and unimportant that the fiery guitars crushed the life out of subtlety and experimentation. Role playing, nauseating pandering and an age-old tradition were definitely the order of the day.

So what happened to technique and atmosphere? What became of change? I told Fred my problems in the early hours of the morning.

"I'm sorry you saw it that way, although I knew you would. What it basically boils down to is role playing. While we are looking for change and going through what is a testy time for the band, there has to be caution and a certain amount of give and take.

"There's a danger that if you make drastic changes, the hard rock public will ditch you . . . after all, if they can get something very basic from a million other bands, then there's no incentive to adapt to a band that does want to change. And it's even more important that in the live situation that we act like politicians, everything's got to be done step by step."

Wouldn't you be better off in a different sort of music altogether?

"There's a basic problem in that music has been so badly segregated into little boxes. It means that people will round and say look, you can't do that, you're a hard rock or whatever. It's a very inhibiting factor and one that has been fostered in no small degree by record companies and the press, who are quite happy sitting in their little boxes.

"Personally I think the near future is going to see a drastic change in the structure of rock because people are getting sick of all this incestuous rock'n'roll business and getting sick of the lack of any new influences into music. It's time people took the blinkers off and started experimenting again."

Do you think rock'n'roll will last forever?

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HAPPY!!

FROM PAGE 14

watching a band telling you what you should be doing, how you should be doing it and where you should be doing it? We don't say that. All we're saying basically is come out and enjoy yourself. Because that's what we're doing."

SUCH ARE the misunderstandings that occur through lack of communication! Here we all were, thinking A Certain Ratio were devising some devilishly subversive concept, and all they want to do is make us happy! Maybe they should be recording in Atlanta, not Manchester; for Casablanca, not Factory. Not that Factory, still the most consistent and adventurous of the independents, can't accommodate pleasure — have you been to the Hacienda yet? But do ACR find the silly misconceptions about the label as a shelter for depressives in any way inhibiting?

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Donald rightly remains loyal to Factory, A Certain Ratio and the concept of happiness to the end. He drives us to the station and shoots us one final, winning smile that ought to convince us of ACR's current intent. I fondly bear his grin in mind all the way back to London, soundtracking it with a succession of ACR tapes. I feel elation, sorrow, desire, the urge to move, until the latest single 'Guess Who?' and the new material abruptly dispel all emotions, leaving behind a peculiar, discomforting emptiness. Not even something luscious enough to dwell in.

I think back on A Certain Ratio and remember them, to paraphrase T. S. Eliot, not as inspired thin boys or lost, violent souls, but only as the hollow men . . .

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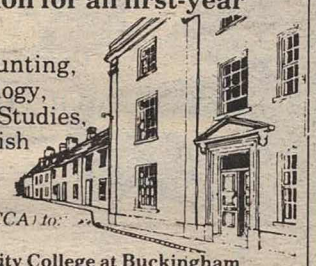

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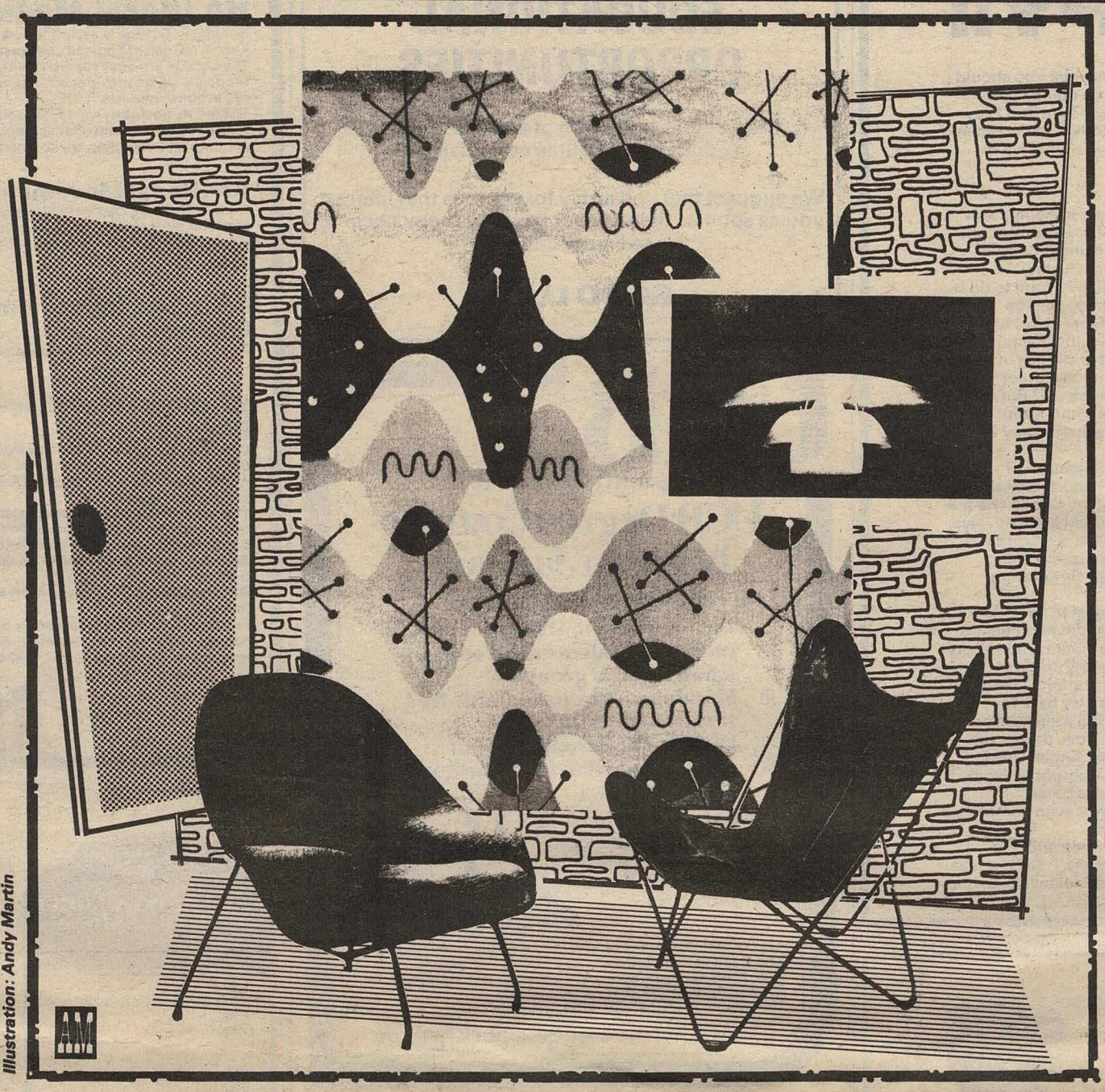


Illustration: Andy Martin

GASBAG

Graham Lock takes the hot seat face to face with readers' letters.

Write to us at GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

CAMDEN PALACE RACISTS?

We would like to bring to your attention an incident which occurred at the Camden Palace, London; a venue strongly associated with Messrs Steve Strange and Rusty Egan.

On Saturday August 14, while waiting in the queue for entry, we saw two black men, a few places in front of us, get turned away at the door. This did not perturb us too much until we also reached the entrance. Two of us, Vasos and Ozmen (whites), were allowed inside, whereas the third member of the group, Kevin (black), was refused entry. On enquiring the reason why, he was told that he was "not dressed right". On pointing out that Kevin was dressed exactly the same as Vasos, who was already inside, the rebuff was repeated. We then all departed.

On the following Tuesday we contacted the Palace by phone and were given two appointments to speak to the manager at 9pm and 10pm the same evening. Both appointments were broken. We were spoken to, however, by a woman who suggested again that it was because of Kevin's dress; and by a man, probably a bouncer, who told us that eight black men had come into the Palace earlier and had started trouble. He told us that he thought Kevin was one of them trying to gain re-entry. However, this was not mentioned to us on the night at the door.

Considering that readmission would cost another £4, we find their reason implausible. We suspect that the Palace door-persons operate a quota system for blacks. As we arrived quite late — after 11.15pm — Kevin and the other two black men missed out.

This ruined our evening.
Vasos Korkou, Kevin Boyle, Ozmen Antser, London W13.

Two weeks last Friday at 11pm, I went with a group of my friends to the Camden Palace. This was not my first visit there — I have spent many pounds on entrance and drinks at the Palace since it opened.

At the door we had trouble. One of my friends (who is white) entered without difficulty. My way was barred as I tried. I am a Pakistani. I asked why I could not go in, and was told because of the way I was dressed. This surprised me, since I was dressed stylishly and fashionably, and anyone who has been in the Palace on a Friday will know that many people in there are not.

However, I returned about 20 minutes later even more impeccably dressed. Again entry was refused: "We told you before, you're barred!" No discussion was allowed and we were forced away from the door.

One of my white friends was not allowed in since he was recognised as with me, but the other two did get in, and spoke to the manager and the bar manager without success: "It's up to the bouncers." And the bouncers were adamant.

Then to a friend's blunt question: "You won't let him in because he's coloured, will you?", the answer was a straightforward yes.

Does the fashionable and radical image of the Palace really need the Music Machine's racist thug-like bouncers?
Azhar, London SW19.
I spoke to Mick Parker, general manager at Camden Palace, who denied the charges of racial discrimination. "We turn away about 200 people every Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and some happen to be black, but so are a lot of the people we let in. Our policy is to allow in only *fashionable* people, not ordinary types, and we judge this from their dress, their attitudes, what they look like. We're very strict about that, but there's no colour bar at all."

He added that any bouncer who said otherwise was "wrong" and that "I'll sack anyone who really did turn people away just because they were black".

I also rang the Commission for Racial Equality to see what action people could take if they thought they'd been discriminated against. It seems the standard procedure is to make an application to the County Court, claiming discrimination; and CRE have a Complaints Committee who will advise people and may help them with legal action. You can contact CRE at Elliot House, 10-12 Allington St, London SW1E 5EF (01-828 7022).

Racist or not, Camden Palace is obviously so elitist that it's hardly surprising if people get the wrong idea when they're turned away. But it does seem a remarkable coincidence that in both of the letters sent to us, it was the white guys who were allowed in and the black guys who were turned away. Maybe black's just not a fashionable colour. — GL

WE DON'T NIETZSCHE PENMAN GROOVE THANG

Friedrich Nietzsche said you aren't free from ANYTHING, you are free FOR something. And if that means expressing your view of things musically then fair enough. I'm angry at Paul Du Noyer's blinkered review of the Au Pairs' album on the grounds that what's good for him is what's good. If someone has something to say and says so, you can't criticise them for saying it but you can disagree with what they say.

Music doesn't change anything. But it can confirm, reflect or SUGGEST something different. Friedrich Nietzsche also said another pertinent thing: "The more one is a musician, the more one is a philosopher."
Johnnie Kay, London SW8
I think Freddie Mercury has disproved that one. Incidentally, the name to blame is Penman not Du Noyer. — GL

So Ian Penman thinks the Au Pairs are humourless and pigeonholes them as a feminist band. You'd think by now the reactionary *petit bourgeoisie (petit* being the operative word in Penman's case) would realise that they'll be first up against the wall.
Mr V. I. Lenin, Ms Rosa Luxembourg, Balsall Heath, Birmingham 12
Calling the vibes player Milt Hampton is the only glint of humour I can find on 'Sense And Sensuality'. It *is* a dismal LP. — GL

As far as *welt* goes, Ian Penman does not know his *schmerz* from his *anschauung*. Linguistic dexterity does not of itself carve one a comfortable ni(etzs)che in life.
Chris MacLeod, Dartington, Devon.
Let's not Hegel over details. Ian is free of Kant and can Russell up jokes out of thin Ayer. No, seriously, I think there is an important question here. How many Schopenhauers to Xmas? — GL

MICHAEL FOOT: WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS

Stop press! Worzel Gummidge joins Haysi Fantayzee.
Jeremy 'Give Us Back Our Short Letters' Goater.

TOO-RYE-AY LITTLE BIT HARDER

Kevin Rowland questioning the depth of David Bowie's music and talent is like Barbara Cartland doubting the value of the novels of Jane Austen.
An Irate Prophecy member, Wiltshire.
Come on, I lean towards that viewpoint on Bowie myself. — GL

GO STRAIGHT TO HELL, BOY

So Ian Penman decides that Organised Religion is an enemy, that religion should be dead and buried, that the church does not perform any good works — hence his inverted commas *(Gasbag* 21/8/82).

I am sick and tired of the bigoted musings of people like Penman. Why must religion be always regarded as a threat? Why must toe-rags like Penman pull to bits something that tries to teach people about love and kindness, something which saves lives the world over, something which can unite a country (ie Poland) into fighting for its rights?

Why, Ian, the inverted commas around good works? Surely not even an infantile, narrow-minded prat like yourself can dispute the lives saved by organisations like 'Survive' (a Catholic organisation). Did you see Mother Theresa in Beirut the other day? Another "scrounging, land-owning anachronistic bastion" of the enemy, I don't doubt.

Direct your ill-placed wrath at the arseholes in the governments of affluent countries who give pitifully little to the starving in the other two thirds of the world, but don't kick the hand that feeds the hungry.
Mike The Spike, Manchester

Ian Penman, all rhetoric and no reason, should stick to cocktail prices. He's cruel, unfair, irresponsible, egotistical, self-righteous, actively apathetic and uncaring. I could destroy his clumsy, predictable, hypocritical, blinkered view of religion — and other things — in my sleep.

Out of guilt, hate, or fear of real morality (or mortality), he seems to disagree with church, Charity, spiritual work and upholding moral standards — the collapse of which provides further confusion, ignorance and pain for most. He offers no real alternative — he is nothing. Even his happiness (ugh) appears purchasable. All he does is hide in his shallow world of overboard statement, sensory and sensual consumerism, delighting in obsessive, spiteful, pointless, destructive "criticism", and confusing current social/political faces of religion with its root value and aims.

Anyway, the present unholy, money-worshipping, Earth-raping, sedated, runaway Western 'Empire' will soon get it, as any visionary could tell you ("What do you think of Western civilization, Mr Ghandi?" — "It would be a very good idea.").

Death and Night and Blood to the lot of you.
A Buddhist.
So much for love and kindness. I mean, I've heard of Bible thumpers, but a Thesaurus thumper . . ! Ian is absolutely right. Organised religion has meant 2000 years of murder, persecution and repression. For every Mother Theresa, it throws up dozens of Ian Paisleys or Ayatollah Khomenis. And for every life saved by Survive, how many hundreds were burned alive by the Inquisition (a Catholic organisation)? As for the starving, if the Catholic Church didn't take such an imbecilic stand on contraception, there'd be a lot less of those too. You've heard of the Rhythm and Blues? It was Catholic theology that brought them together. — GL

As a Christian, I feel obliged to write to you regarding the pathetic and miserable title of the new long player by a band called Crass. Chancing upon Paul Du Noyer's review of 'Christ — The Album', my immediate thought was of disgust. Who do these people think they are, denouncing, or rather, mocking, the Christian faith?

The catalogue number is, I quote, "Bollox 2U2" — words fail me. Do you realise, Crass, that Jesus died for you? No, I suppose you don't.

I suppose I should pity you, Crass. One day you'll realise. But by then it will be too late.
David W, The Street End, Everton FC.
David W? Weren't you in Teenage Jesus And The Jerks? — GL

WHAT ARE WORDSWORTH?

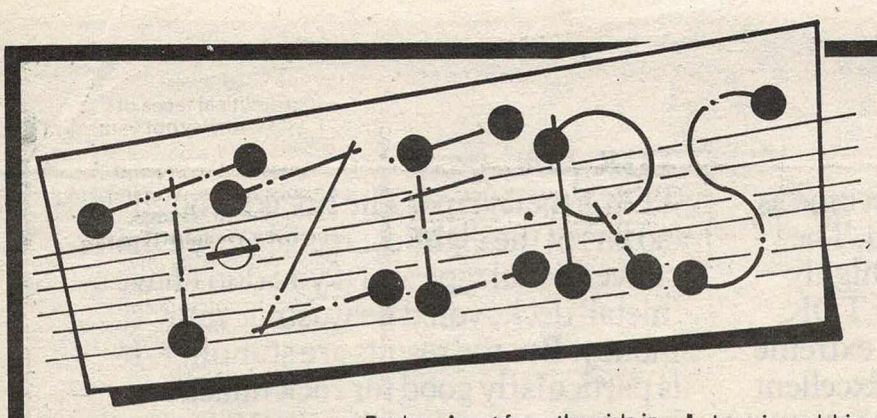
To W. Bonney, Holloway, N7, *Gasbag* correspondent (28/8/82). You sound like a typical whingeing 'poet', the sort that haunt boring pubs wearing long macs, beards and depressed expressions. Poetry's BORING — I'm not a poet, I'm a RANTER. Poets don't have a sense of humour and can't hold their Fosters. Ranters like Blitz, Fosters, Dexys and slagging off wallies like you and that prat Penman. 'Real poets' indeed. FUCK POETRY!!!
Attila, Ranter, Harlow
I think it's great that a new wave of poetry is happening but I wish they weren't so Butch. Poetry can have feeling without being Wimpish and Pretentious.

The way I see it, the more you risk showing the emotion you feel, the better a poet you are. You can be hard without being HARD.

I'm still glad it's happening.
Nick O'Neil, Lancaster.
PS, here's one of mine. One day I got out of the bath (I was 7) and all my clothes had been taken away. And all there was was grown up clothes. And I had to change to put them on.

"Where is all my innocence?
"Where is all my hope?
"Did my bathtime wash it off
"With bubble-bath and soap?
"Where are all my little clothes
"And where's my Mummy now?
"She's grown old
"And I've grown up
"Things have changed somehow."

"God is God, but a jacuzzi is a good soak" — Friedrich Nietzsche, 'The Bath Of Tragedy'.



THE SUN AND THE SILLY season have faded away, a dark cloud and autumnal hues cast their shadows over the beleaguered music scene. Times are hard and getting harder, it's wet and getting wetter, even **Bob** 'smiling boy' **Elms** is feeling the pinch, telling us how his ripped denim and greased quiff 'haircut' signifies the acknowledgement of the unkind climate. And, yea, pain and misery spread throughout the land even as far as megabuck superstars like **Sting**.

On the casting couch at *T-Zers* local shrink last week the blonde one confessed: "I'm becoming increasingly schizophrenic. It's one of the defence mechanisms success sets up. It's really like mainlining — it's very difficult to keep together. I think I'm doing fairly well. I'm not completely mixed up, but I am addicted to success now . . ."

Someone trying his best to form a habit is **Jock MacDonald**. No stranger to *T-Zers* over the years, Jock was the man who organised 100 a side football matches for various charities in the past, the man who formed the first all sheep rock group, the man who organised the first underwater free festival etc. Nowadays Jock fronts multi talented group **Red Lipstique** who have been sponsored by cosmetic manufacturers Revlon. Apart from the girls in the group Revlon wanted to know if there were any gay male members. Quicker than you could say "limp wrist" recent father for the first time MacDonald jumped at the chance of more moolah, and told the girls (and boys) at Revlon he was of the homo persuasion . . .

Totally unconnected with the last story, the extremely butch **Soft Cell** have had their second LP bootlegged before it was even recorded. Unscrupulous wideboys stole the tapes (it says here) the duo were demoing in a South London studio. Undeterred Cell have gone to New York to record the official version and **David Ball** is looking to swap partners temporarily with **Suicide** to record covers of two Suicide originals featuring **Alan Vega** on vocals . . .

Let's hear it for good taste dept. Camberwell band **King Kurt** currently delighting audiences at London's 101 Club by showering onlookers with offal, giblets and sheeps' lungs. Not a bad deal as it turns out — members of the crowd slinging back sausages. Also notable for 'fruit inspired' haircuts (pineapples and coconuts) the group will pass on their stylish know how for 20p a snip after gigs . . .

The man behind **Toto Coelo**'s 'I Eat Cannibals' single is **Barry Blue** whose 'Dancing On A Saturday Night' charted in 1973 with a thumping **Glitter** beat and a ridiculous luminous blue jumpsuit . . .

What we doctors call "a buzz in rock biz circles" broke out this week with the arrival of new **Bruce Springsteen** album tapes in London. A totally acoustic set, it's described as a return to early stomping ground of **Dylan**-style folk protest. Meanwhile in New York black radio stations are holding the top positions in all the listener popularity charts . . .

Old lags strike back! **Peter Noone**, formerly of **Herman's Hermits** and goon of this parish, is currently starring in a Broadway version of **Gilbert and Sullivan**'s *Pirates Of Penzance*. Away from home seems to have softened up the old braincells; according to Noone the best thing about America was finding an apartment where he could eat in the kitchen "just like real English working class people". Meanwhile back in blighty, still determined to proved himself "the king of rock", **Tommy Steele** has chiselled a sculpture as a tribute to **The Beatles**. The statue is to be erected in Liverpool with Tom selling it to the city council for . . . half a sixpence of course. "Well over the odds for that," said one outraged citizen . . .

Once an *NME* hot tip for the top, **Stimulin'** are now in disarray with frontman **Alix** looking for new band members . . .

SOME BIZARRE teen tycoon **Stevo** is in America polishing up the leather and oiling the chains for **Soft Cell** and attempting to sign Californian fruitcases **The Residents**. Stevo is also trying to flog his latest proteges **Psychik TV** — formed from half of **Throbbing Gristle**, they are a group playing some 'extraordinary' love songs and are going to surprise us all with their breadth, variety and sweetness. However, faced with the prospect of **Genesis P Orridge** strumming a lilting acoustic ballad on acoustic guitar *T-Zers* thinks it can wait a little longer (*Like forever? — Ed.)* for the record's release . . .

Three live scorpions were recently tossed onstage at American rock band of the same name. Apparently somebody thought there wasn't enough sting in the group . . .

Not content with being actively involved with the greatest load of festering gorilla mucus ever to hit the cinema — **Ken** 'I've always been mad' **Russell**'s *Tommy* — **The Who** have just released a short film which is accompanying *The Thing* at less tasteful cinemas. Named after the limp 'Face Dances' LP the flick is based around a PR launch for the LP — with the sixteen artists who contributed portraits to the LP sleeve explaining how they saw the artists they'd painted . . .

Meanwhile **Pete Townshend** is to be the star of a 30 minute film *A Day In The Life Of Pete Townshend* with a full supporting cast by Pete Townshend . . .

Appearing recently at a CBS Records convention in exotic Torquay **Adam Ant** was introduced as **"Adam Oberstein"** brother of CBS Supremo **Maurice Oberstein**. Adam spent the first ten or fifteen minutes of his set doing an embarrassingly accurate send-up of his label's big cheese . . .

Spandau Ballet are the men behind the theme music for BBC's hopeless new Saturday night television programme *The Late Late Breakfast Show*. Fuehrer **Gary Kemp** was asked for a solo piece but insisted that his buddies be involved also. With a new single in the pipeline the group are off to record their third LP in the Bahamas . . .

Well known **Orange Juice** wimp about town **Edwyn Collins** spotted wearing a **Sex Pistols** T-shirt at The Camden Palace last week. Sod Oi, sod neu punk and, Edwyn, sorry to disappoint you, but sod the *real* punk revival as well . . .

On the way: a 'literary' collaboration between **Lydia** 'terminally out to' **Lunch** and **Exene** from **X**. Their book of poetry is titled *Adulterers Anonymous* . . .

The hottest unsigned band in London **Animal Nightlife** are no more . . . no more unsigned that is. They are on the verge of inking a deal with Innervision, a label also hot on the trail of **The Corporation** who get the thumbs up from **Adrian Thrills** in this week's live pages . . .

Slothful **Captain Sensible** faced an unusual threat to his beauty sleep when 'Happy Talk' was in the charts. His dad, a very early riser, would come charging into his bedroom, radio turned up to full volume whenever he heard 'Happy Talk' on the airwaves, shouting "Listen son, they're playing your record" . . .

The Captain's current single 'Wot' was written when he was woken by a steam-hammer outside his bedroom window while on tour in America with **The Damned**. The incensed Captain leapt out of bed and leaned out of the window with his tape-recorder to capture its insistent rhythm for posterity and the rest, as they say, is history . . .

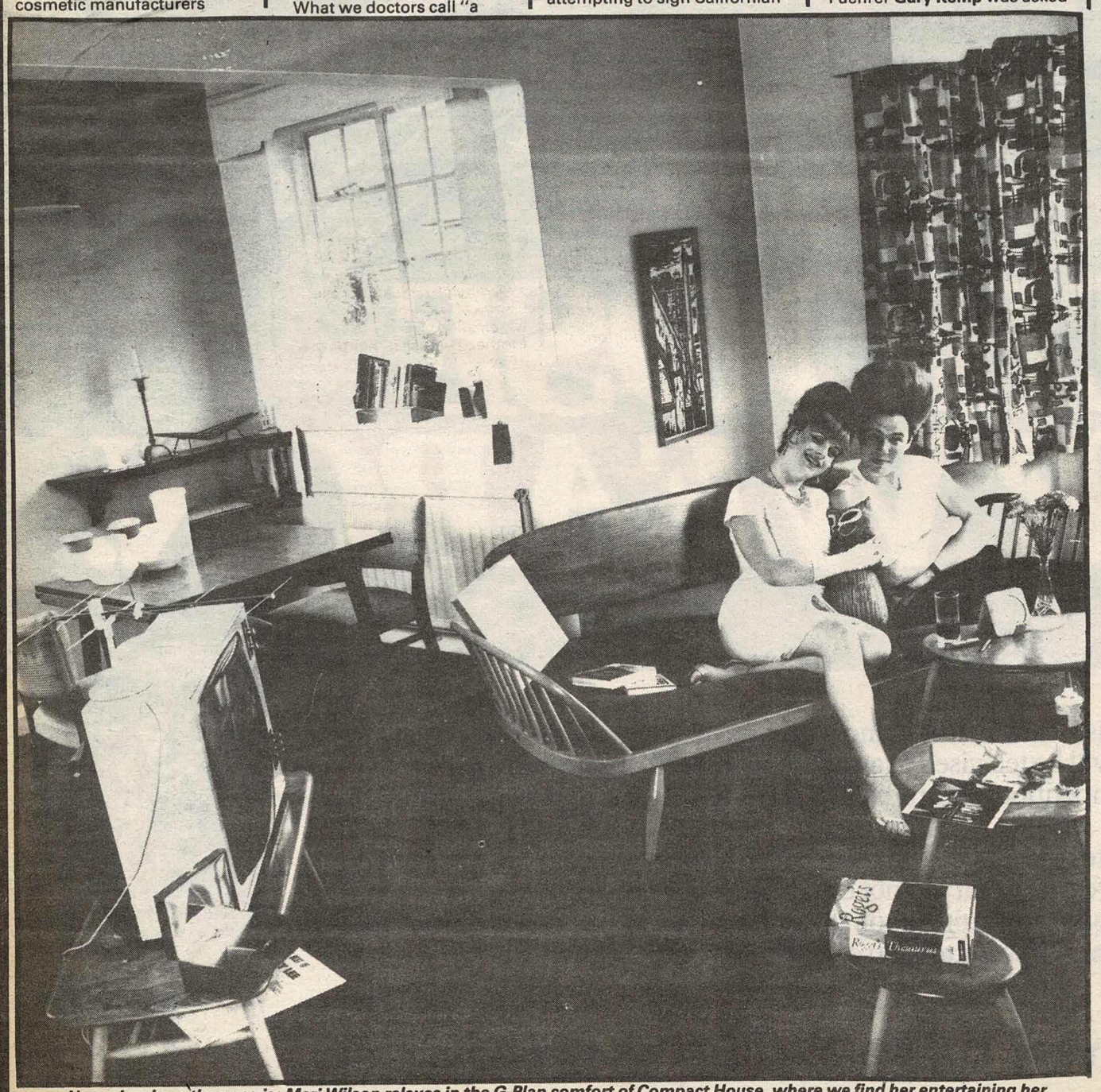
For this week's **Dexys Midnight Runners** *T-Zer* we have to go back two years (is this a contender for the latest ever *T-Zers* entry?) when they played Belfast. The group, then in their original line-up, filled out a sort of *Portrait Of The Artist* for a local fanzine. Ever the champion of the underdog, supremo **Ironrod Rowland** demanded that someone put 'IRA' on their lists of likes. **Andy Growcutt** the unfortunate member was, not surprisingly, the recipient of several threats following the imparting of the information . . .

Later in the evening at a pre-gig respite in the Europa Hotel the lads were stunned to see a bloke entering the hotel carrying a lifesize cut-out of the boy on the cover of 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels'. It was in fact the self-same guy in the picture, now 23-years-old bearing a moustache and barely recognisable as the kid photographed ten years previous. The cover shot was taken when the troubles began in Belfast and he had had to flee his home which was one of those streets being burnt out at the time . . .

Richard Jobson is currently celebrating release from his contract Virgin Records and has just returned from a poetry tour of the States . . .

Exiled from his Manchester home in the far reaches of Hackney, **Howard** "Do you remember when I was the most important man in the world" **Devoto** *(Yeah, it was one wet afternoon in back in February 1978 and we were bored for something to do, so what? — Ed)* made a rare manifestation to watch **Design For Living** last week — their guitarist **Jo Jo** is working on his solo LP . . .

Meanwhile **Sting** has decided to weather the storm by writing the script for a movie based on **Mervyn Peake**'s *Gormenghast* novels, Sting playing anti-hero **Steerpike**. "He's a man I can identify with. He is the riser, the climber, the rebel, the deceiver and the trickster. I relate to that because I live in Hampstead but I come from a place next to the shipyards in Newcastle . . ."



Home is where the pose is: Mari Wilson relaxes in the G-Plan comfort of Compact House, where we find her entertaining her number one fan, Broderick Ham. Brod hails from Vermont USA and spent his savings to come over and meet Mari. That's modern living, kids!

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